C364 Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt 6-1

THE UPLIFT

March, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall; instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head:
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

---James Whitcomb Riley

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord N. C.

A HINT.

Any man or woman, who feels an interest in unfortunate youth, and can spare a day from pressing duties, can go out in the average town and secure without trouble at least twenty five subscribers for THE UPLIFT.

The purpose gives an opportunity for the telling of an interesting and engaging story---that of the conservation of youth, life.

The results of your efforts strengthens us---gives us the sinews for development and enlargements.

ONE MAN WITH BUT LITTLE EFFORT SENT IN 23 SUBSCRIBERS FROM STATESVILLE.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VI. CONCORD, N. C., MARCH, 1915 No. 1

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Wonder if the interesting meetings held in Charlotte come up to that point where they fully satisfy the ideals (religious) of a certain cotton buyer?

The announcement has been made that Charlotte will again this year celebrate in fitting manner the anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. The purpose is to have it on a large scale.

The evangelist is again with us. Some twenty years ago they were numerous and then for a season they disappeared. Now as then all kinds of men and vocations take up the evangelistic field and stir things in a varying degree. The greatest excitement and interest and preparation attend the operations of Billy Sunday, the base-ball artist. His work is so enormous that it covers an out-lay that can only be expressed in six figures. The crowds that attend these meetings are large and seem very responsive to the earnest efforts being made by the evangelists, wherever they be engaged.

WE ARE BEHOLDEN.

In another column will be seen the names of contributors to a fund amounting to two hundred and thirty-one dollars. The needs and necessities of this institution, in its developing and growing life, are so many and so pressing that our whole course and operations are along the line of elimination of those things that can possibly be left off.

Every department is the buisiest scene anywhere to be found when that department is running. It has come to be recognized that along with the mind and the heart it is wisdom to systematically develop the body, other than what is gained in the field, on the lawn, in the wood-working shop &c. But we have never spent one cent of our improvement fund or maintenance fund for other than dire necessities. Generous friends, believers in the cause, applauders of accomplishments and many who are really and truly interested in that boy that has had no chance, have contributed time and time again to those things, which the miser and the crank and the grouch and the selfish term "frills."

Our boys get the ball fever, which attacks normal men and women every where alike—our boys feel like "skinning the cat" and doing other stunts, harmeless but exciting, just like other boys. Who is it, without a grouch or liver trouble, does not love to see boys be boys in all those games known to the realm of athletics?

Our funds would not admit of an expenditure for the equipment of an athletic field or supply the individual needs of the boys for this purpose and this fact was made known to a few capable, interested friends in Concord. And in a short time, without a murmur, but with a charming spirit of interest, showing appreciation of the opportunity to do this very thing, these gentlemen contributed two hundred and thirty-one dollars for this very purpose—it was done in less time than these words are rattled off on our high-speed typewriter.

We have had acquaintances to express wonder that men who could command much better salaries than this institution can afford and that other men and women would give their time and talent to the growth and interest of this institution without pay or reward; but when generous, big-hearted folks respond to every call or invitation, is it any wonder that others more closely in touch with the cause, nursing every item of revenue and craving sympathy of all should not be urged on, if possible, to greater effort?

And just the other day, as is his habit about every quarter and sometimes every full moon, a letter came from Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, about a little matter and out fell a check —Col. Boyden writes a check and then writes a letter gretting that he couldn't make it larger. Oh, but this world is full of big heats.

Jackson Training School,
Concord N. C.
Gentlemen:-

We have your letter of 26th asking for our usual donation to the Jackson Training School.

We are pleased to hand you our check for $25. as donor to the School annually. We were waiting for the notice as we did not just know when it fell due and can assure you it is given with the feeling that it is well bestowed and will yield a handsome dividend to the State in better boys that she is fitting for a purer and nobler manhood.

With best wishes we are
Your very truly
Cline and Moose.

THE BLUE-BACK SPELLER

Miss Fannie E. S. Heck, of Raleigh, some years ago penned a few verses on the Blue-Back Speller, which in this day of County Commencements and contests in Spelling, is brought to mind when we come to know that they are not making in the public schools of to-day as good spellers as they did years ago when the old fashioned country teacher used religiously Webster's Blue-Back. The new method in teaching reading has just about destroyed the making of spellers.

In a certain county there was recently held a county spelling contest,

using the adopted speller. From the various schools came eighteen contestants. One hundred words were selected from the very book that had been in use, and the representatives from the various schools are supposed to have won the honor of entering this county-contest by having "spelled down" the school from which they came.

In this particular contest one contestant only spelled 35 of the hundred words selected from the book which had been in use. The highest record was 95 out of the one hundred, which is in itself a magnificent record.

In another column of this number of The Uplift, we are pleased to give not only the picture of Miss Heck, but her pleasing lines on the Blue-Back Speller. It is worth while in looking up. It was regarded so clever that it found its way in the Library of Southern Literature, a ten volume publication of high character and interest.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The General Assembly of 1915 has adjourned. As students of political events look at things, it was regarded a conservative body of representative citizens, clothed with commissions and power to act for the people.

Some wholesome legislation was enacted, the ice was broken looking for easier accomplishments along certain lines in the future, and a number of measures expected to be enacted into law failed of passage. Prohibition was strengthened by further rigid legislation; the extreme elements and the donothings compromised on the much agitated insurance measure; the health laws and kindred subjects received generous treatment at the hands of the General Assembly; a Fish Commission and a Highway Commission were favorably disposed of after causing loud and losing fights for years and years. The Revenue Bill was left practically as written by the General Assembly of 1913. The Machinery act—that instrument that turns the trick—was slightly doctored, and in as much as the matter has been so vigorously discussed and a new assessment is fixed for this year there is good reason for some improvement; but it is certain that much invisible wealth will, as in the past, escape its duty in helping bear the cost of the government of the state, and the average man will hold his own—paying all that is possible to be collected out of him, for all his property is visible and is known of all men.

The General Assembly was composed of a splendid body of men—men of high character and high purpose. It was pleasing, too, to see the splendid spirit that prevailed between the two parties. Nothing occurred to disturb the leaders of either party towards each other. Fine spirit prevailed.

The unfortunate and untimely death of Speaker E. R. Wooten caused the unanimous election of of T. C. Bowie to the chair to fill out the remaining term. He presided as if specially cut out for the work. Lieutenant - Govenor Daughtridge filled the presidency of the Senate as if he were a special order. He was ably assisted frequently, during his absence, by Senator Gardner, the popular and able Senator from Cleavland.

And the legalized primary got a start.

MRS. JACKSON.

Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, of the South, is dead. The relict of Stonewall, Jackson, the famous and daring confederate General who lost his life by an accident that brought to the Confederacy a staggering blow, was easily the first lady of the South; and by her superior character and surpassing talent and gentleness, she remembered appreciating and admiring friends throughout the North.

Mrs. Jackson's death was not unexpected. Having found the three score and ten, it was just natural to hear the final call come at any time. She had been spared an unusual period to give comfort and pleasure to loved ones and to thousands, who knew the stirring and trying times only through such intelligent and accurate characters of which Mrs. Jackson was typical.

Though modest and reserved, this splendid woman wieldid a powerful influence among men and women. Her sympathies and helpfulness were never refused any and all causes that concerned a health growth, a betterment of condition or the relief of suffering.

She was a charter trustee of this institution. Her deep interest in its growth and service touched and encouraged those charged with its active and daily direction. Her visits to the Institution were events both kelpful and inspiring.

In the memory of this sweet spirited woman, strong but gentle, firm and resolute but kind, the people of the South have a rich and an abiding legacy.

The inauguration of the idea and practice of the County Commencement deserves a monument. It is one real advance that inspires effort and encourages by a proper recognition of that class of pupils who, in the future, must be depended upon to fill, in great measure, the calls and duties of the times. The person who invented the County Commencement is a genius.

The correspondents of Paris, London, Berlin and Petrogrod, have not yet seen any of their prophecies fulfilled The war continues---terror and destruction reigns---neither nation is whipped. It may end, it seems, by sheer exhaustion.

The Charlotte papers, always good and entertaining, have become almost religious journals.

Trash and poison for the mind are as much out of place on the library table as adulterated food is on the breakfast table.

It does not matter much how clumsy your feet are if they are pointed in the right direction, and moving.

SOUTH MOURNS DEATH OF JACKSON'S WIDOW

MRS. MARY ANNA JACKSON, WIDOW OF THOMAS JONATHAN (STONEWALL) JACKSON; THE JACKSON MONUMENT IN CAPITOL SQUARE, AND GENERAL JACKSON.

Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson---The South's First Lady Passes.

On the 24th day of March Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, of Charlotte and the first lady of the South, the widow of the famous General Stonewall Jackson, of the Confederate army, died peacefully at her home in Charlotte, surrounded by relatives and friends. She had been ill for months, and her death was not unexpected.

A friend of THE UPLIFT and a great admirer of the distinguished and accomplished woman contributes the following for publication:

"This writer had the good fortune to be socially thrown with the esteemed and revered Mrs. Jackson, the subject of this sketch. I was impressed with her great interest in little things, the budding of trees, the echoes of young childhood, the simplicity of youth and the unfortunate ones. In the changes of things, both in the fauna and animal kingdom; and in all affairs of life, social as well as political, she was cognizant of the most trivial act or courtesies. She was a splendid example of calmness and steadiness, both in her religious life, which was beautiful, and in her life that was sweet for its sincerity and simplicity.

As I picture her life I can not refrain from repeating these lines: 'Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?' She was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, the founder of Davidson College, she was born for a higher destiny than that of earth for at our best we are only pilgrims and strangers here--'Heaven is our home.'

The passing of Mrs. Jackson is the breaking of another vital link that connected us with the days when our Southland suffered from the devastation of war and all its attendant horrors and sorrows. The homage paid by Charlotte will long be remembered as the most impressive tribute ever witnessed in that city. In the First Presbyterian church where the simple and impressive funeral services were held, the decorations with old Confederate flags and draperies of red and white bunting with myriads of floral offerings made a beautiful and appropriate setting in keeping with the memories surrounding the life of the distinguished deceased. The pew which Mrs. Jackson was accustomed to occupy was marked by a wreath of laurels at either end and was unoccupied.

The personel of the immense crowd drawn to this funeral touched nearly every phase of life, an attestation of the esteem in which she was held—the grey clad Confederate veterans, the bright-eyed Children of the Confederacy, the boy scouts,

the military cadets in their bright colored uniforms, the malitia and scores of prominent women and many not of the cause of which she was an important figure signalized by their presence their esteem of one who was a worthy exponent of the highest ideals of Southern womanhood.

The body of Mrs. Jackson was carried to Lexington, Virginia, in a special car, furnished by the Southern Railway, and accompanied by her only grand-daughter, Mrs.E. R. Preston, her husband, Hon. E. R. Preston, other relatives, a military escort composed of malitia from Charlotte and a delegation composed of representative citizens from various quarters of the state.

In Lexington Mrs. Jackson's body was placed by the side of her husband, General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, in a vault beneath the Jackson monument in the Lexington Cemetery.

Self-Discipline.

It is a bitter medicine, but the one thing most needed in the human soul is discipline.

It is well to have force, genius, vigor, enthusiasm, power; but you may have them and be a criminal, a maniac, or a cad; you become great only when you add self-control.

You may attain to the true aristocracy of the world. These are overcomers. These are they who have passed through the cleansing fires. These are they who rule their own stormy passion, their own mighty ambitions and boundless longings with a will of tempered steel.

And these are the beloved. You know them, in every walk of life you have met them, soldiers of the light, the old guard of the best things of humanity.

How, then, can I learn that art of self-mastery? you ask. Here are a few suggestions.

First, it comes only by practice. You must learn it as you would learn to play the violin. It is a matter of patience and persistence. And surely if you are willing to exercise to develop your muscles, you ought to be willing to exercise to develop your character, your power to enjoy yourself and your ability to be a source of happiness to others. Don't make a resolution. Just begin doing it. Whenever you have a conviction, whenever your reason points out a certain thing to do, do it at once.

Then, when you see clearly what you ought to do, do it cheerfully. Don't pity yourself. Don't advertise your virtue.

Don't wrestle, fight and pray. The essential element of a strong personality is quiet power. Those who fight are weak. Do what you have to do, dismiss the matter, and go ahead.

The first of all insurance policies, to insure oneself the maximum of happiness and efficiency, is to learn how to make oneself do what he knows he ought to do, yet what he hates to do, and to learn to do this smoothly, without struggle or self-torture. Without that, there is positively no peace. Without that life is sure to turn bitter.

The contented people are those who have themselves in hand. The gratification of desire is an endless task. It is like attempting to fill the bottomless pit with water from a tin cup.

But the control of desire is a sure road to a full and joyous life. The man who has disciplined himself can be happy whether poor or rich. He who is the master of the world, is not its slave.

Your vision must be clear. You must see plainly that to let your desires master you means self contempt and degradation. And you must learn, whenever you have commanded the fierce waves of passion to be still, when you have resisted the storm of fierce and evil longing, and the waves and winds have subsided, baffled by your strength, you must learn then to laugh in pride, to realize how good it is to be a man.

You know them, the real ladies of the world, a real gentleman not by heredity of endowment, not by display or cheap vanity, but by the open, free, happy, strong life that comes from selfdiscipline constantly exerted.—Frank Crane.

How Shot Is Made.

The manufacture of shot, described by Mr. O. C. Horn, in Forest and Stream, requires a high tower, a perforated pan, a tank of water and "tempered" lead.

Shot is made by dropping the molten lead from a high point to the earth. The lead forms into globules just as the raindrops do when they fall from the clouds. Ordinarily, we do not realize that raindrops are little spheres, but under the proper conditions they freeze, and we have hailstones, which may be called shot made of ice.

In the making of shot, pure lead is melted and mixed with "temper" that consists mainly of tin, and then poured into a perforated pan or sieve. The perforations vary according to the size of shot to be made.

A temper is mixed with lead in order to make the globules form when the lead falls. If pure lead were used, it would fall in the form of little bars, instead of round shot.

In order that the globules may have plenty of time to form, the lead must fall a long distance, and so towers are built. The towers used to be made as high as two hundred feet and even more but modern towers are rarely over one hundred and fifty feet.

The perforated pan into which the molten lead is poured is at the top of the tower, and the globules of lead fall through the perforations into the tanks of water at the bottom of the tower. The water cools them, also prevents them from flattening out, as they would if they fell on a solid floor.

From the water the shot goes to steam driers. After drying the perfect shot are separated from the imperfect by means of glass tables inclined enough so that the shot, when poured on at one end of the table will roll to the other end. At the farther end of the table are two gutters side by side. The imperfect shot roll slowly and with difficulty, so than they have not enough momentum to carry them beyond the gutter. The perfectly round shot roll easily and swiftly and when they reach the foot of the table, they jump nimbly across the first gutter and land in the second.

After separation, the perfect shot are polished by rolling in plumbago, and workmen then put them in bags for shipment or send them direct to the cartridge-filling department to be loaded into shells.

Division Of Life.

The seven ages of man have been well tabulated by somebody or other on an acquisitive basis. Thus:

First Age—Sees the earth,

Second Age—Wants it.

Third Age—Hustles to get it.

Fourth Age—Decides to be satisfied with only half of it.

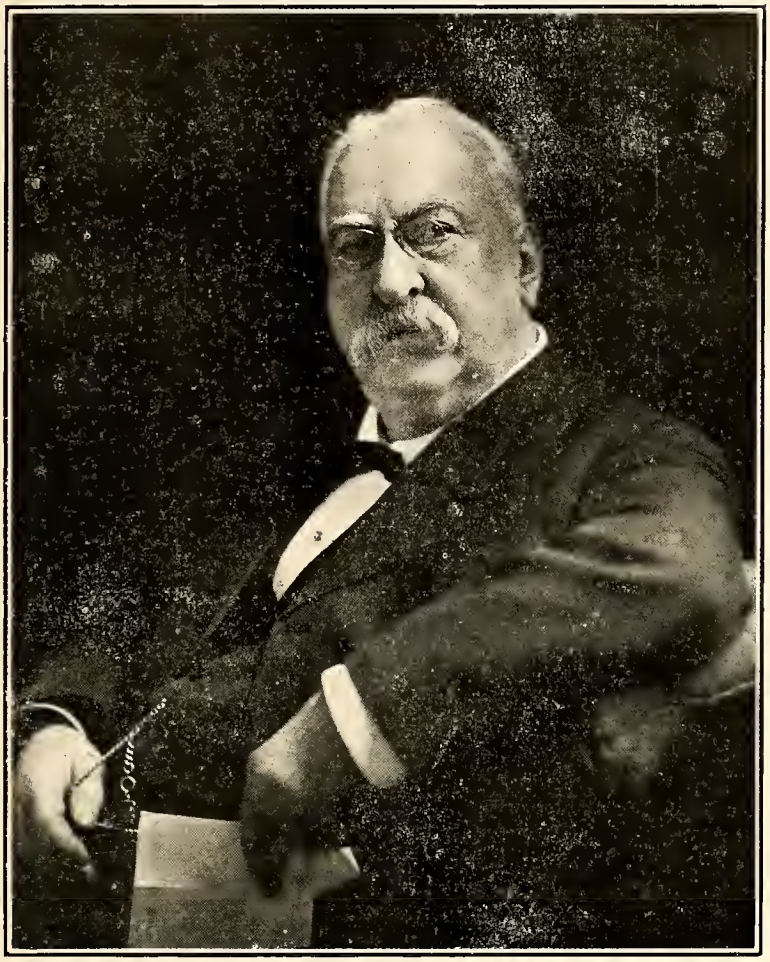
Fifth Age—Becomes still more moderate.

Sixth Age—Now content to possess a six by two strip of it.

Seventh Age—Gets the strip.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

COL. A. B. ANDREWS PASSES.



[An admiring friend had prepared an appreciation of the life and accomplishments of Col. Alexander Boyd Andrews, first Vice President of the Southern Railway, and one of the states most valuable and influential citizeus to be specially used in this issue. It is what this writer desired to say of the distinguished citizen living. Death has claimed him, and it is not practicable at this time to use the article.

Col. Andrews after a very brief illiness starting with a chill on Friday, the 16th of April, followed by pneumonia, died Saturday night April 17th. Col. Andrews was in his seventy fourth year.]

Hard to Undo a Wrong.

"What makes you do it so slowly and carefully when you're in such a hurry to get through?" impatiently demanded the small companions of a little girl for whom she was waiting. They were both eager to get out to play, but the young seamstress had her allotted task to complete first. "'Cause to-morrow'll come after to-day, and it's such hard work to pick out stitches that are wrong," was the sober response. "It's easy to hurry, but it's hard to undo them when they're crooked." She had learned a lesson that covers all life's work as well as that of the needle. It is easy to give rein to impatience and press forward rashly and hastily, but, oh! the pain and humiliation of trying to undo things that should never have been done; of trying to take back words that should never have been spoken.---Selected.

Miss B---"Paul, write a short theme on the subject of baseball."

Paul handed in the next day---"Rain, no game."---The Eclogue.

GYMNASIUM NEEDED.

If any good can be derived from physical culture, if there is anything to athletic training or physical development, about which the public is so much concerned, the Jackson Training School is certainly the place where every good feature can be brought out. The boys there are not allowed to stay up late at nights, to eat at irregular times, nor do anything to run down their constitutions —smoking is out of the question. They are given good, substantial food and are required to go to bed at 8 o'clock and get up at 6 in the morning. The boys go to school half a day and work the other half; but, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy says Poor Richard, so the boys are given a regular time to play every day. And, if there are boys in the State that deserve a time to enjoy out-of-door-sport, they are the boys of the Jackson Training School.

The managers of the school have felt the need for some kind of a physical culture apparatus, but the State has never appropriated any money that could be used toward establishing a gymnasium or toward furthering athletics at the school; and when this was explained to some of the business men of Concord a few days ago, a collection was taken and $231 was raised in a short while. The gentlemen and business firms that contributed so liberaly and readily were G. W. Patterson, $25: Parks-Belk Co., $25; Richie Hardware Co., $25; York-Wadsworth Co., $25; Bell & Harris Furniture Co., $25; A. F. Hartsell Grocery Co., $25; Efird Bros. $20; Cline & Moose, $10; W. J. Hill & Son, $10; A. B. Pounds, $10; D. L. Bost & Son, $5, H. G. Ritz, $5; W. C. Houston, $5; cash, $5.

It is not desired by these men to see base ball players or boxers, or professional sprinters developed out of the boys, but they want them to feel that citizens of the State are interested in them; and expect them to develop their moral characters and physical body while they are at the school so that when they are dismissed they will be useful and capable citizens.

Just as Dead.

It doesn't seem to occur to the average person that tuberculosis or Bright's disease, typhoid fever or pneumonia, will kill a person just as dead as smallpox. To hear a lot of persons talk, one would think that smallpox is so fatal that it would kill a man about ten times as dead as any of the other diseases.—Selected.

The Iron Chancellor

By Emil G. H. Kraeling.

Beside the banks of the Elbe, on its way to the North Sea, lies the village of Schonhausen. If you were to go through the rich valley on a day in June, when the sun flashes on the waving rye, when orchards gleam with the blood-red of ripening cherries, when the larks and the nightingales are singing as they soar in the blue, you would agree that there is a wonderful charm hovering over this historic land. If you went on and entered the village you would see there an ancient church, whose tower stands forth like some grim old knight, guarding the heritage of the lords of Schonhausen. A great crack like the blow of a Titan's sword has rent the breast of the steeple. Hundreds of years ago that rent was made when Germany was Europe's battleground, when the French, the Swedes, the Danes, the Slavs and even armies of brother-German states visited Schonhausen with fire and pillage. The Swedes used this old church as a stable. A fire broke out in it, and under the heat of the fire the wall of the steeple was burst asunder. If you entered the church with me you would see the graves of the Lords of Bismarck. Great was their piety, proved in the fire of unspeakable trials; great their iron bravery shown on countless battlefields. Here at Schonhausen we see the great tragedy of Germany's history. The thirty years' war, the seven years' war, the war for freedom, the Civil wars—wars without number, fire, flood, pestilence—all these were visited upon the fathers, so that they knew this earth only as the vale of tears. And why all these wars? Because Germany was helpless, divided into several hundred states, filled with petty jealousies that were nourished by French and Russians, Austrians and Britons, to keep her weak and impotent. That was the Germany into which Bismarck was born on April 1, 1815, just one hundred years ago. Here at his ancestral home, Schonhausen, he could read the sad record of misery and strife, and here he could imbibe the grim hardness of his iron forebears.

As a mere stripling of seven years, Otto von Bismarck was sent to school in the city of Berlin. It seems pitiful that a boy so young should be deprived of his home, but his mother was a woman of great ambition, who laid much emphasis on education. She was beautiful and brilliant, but in many ways very cold. Of mother love Bismarck experienced but little. He was confirmed in Berlin by the great theologian, Schleiermacher. At the university he studied especially law and history. During one year and a half he fought twenty-five duels. After passing his examinations he received a position in the State employ. But the dry legal work was not to his taste. He hated it, for his wild nature desired action. The treadmill of routine was stifling to him. He served his year in the army and then resigned his state position. In his blood was the longing to live in the country as his fathers had done, in the country "over which lay the blue haze of the distant hills."

BISMARCK

For years Bismarck managed the country estates that fell to his heritage. He had left the university an unbeliever—had not prayed in many years. The people of his region were very religious, and so it is easy to understand that Bismarck was looked at askance by many. As time went on many stories of sinister nature were circulated about him. He was called the "wild Bismarck." Folks said that he awakened his guests by shooting a pistol bullet through the ceiling. Ladies would not sit at dinner at the side of Otto von Bismarck. The poetry of Byron with its ucanny melancholy fascinated him. The turning-point, however, in his life came through the bride of one of his boyhood friends, Marie von Thadden, who took a great interest in Bismarck, and a thousand times pleaded with him to return to the ways of his fathers. What living she did not achieve, her dying accomplished. When she lay on her death-bed, Bismarck fell on his knees and prayed to God for the first time since his sixteenth year. His prayer was not heard, but the ice was broken. God's hand had brought him to repentance. From now on his faith is hewn out of granite, and everywhere in his life he sees God's will and God's hand.

After his marriage to Johanna von Puttkammer, a daughter of a very religious family, with whom he lived in the greatest of happiness, Bismarck was gradually drawn into the political life of the German nation. As a member of a very old family (older than even the royal Hohenzollerns) he was elected to represent his province in the congress called by King Frederic William IV to satisfy the agitation for a more liberal government. In those days the European governments were all quite absolutistic and the people were very much dissatisfied. At this congress Bismarck first came into the public limelight. Although he was not by any means an adherent of absolutism, he took the part of the king against what he believed to be excessive radicalism. His first biographer has left us a description of Bismarck's first public appearance. He arose at the congress, "a tall figure of mighty build, his thick hair cut short, his healthy, ruddy face framed by a strong, blond beard, his eyes bright gray." So he presented a knightly appearance, every inch a fighter. The conservative party, and the king himself, soon took notice of Bismarck. He was drawn into the government's councils, and when the unrest among the people became continually greater, he was suggested as member of the cabinet; but the king wrote beside Bismarck's name, "Only useful when the bayonet reigns." His increasing prominence brought it about that he was sent to Russia as ambassador, where he gained much useful experience, and later on he was also sent to Paris, so that his knowledge of the conditions and aims at these courts made him pre-eminently fitted to take the position of chief minister in the Prussian State, which was given to him by King William I in 1862. The king had been coerced into the choice of Bismarck, whom he did not like, by the insistence of Albrechet von Roon, the minister of War, one of the most famous of Prussian gen-

erals. The dissension between king and parliament was so great that Roon believed only a man of Bismarck's iron nature could save the ship of state from being wrecked. His selection was received by a storm of abuse and jeers. To the radicals he was a narrow Prussian junker. To others, on account of his bluntness, a man that should not be taken seriously.

Stormy and full of thorns were Bismarck's early days as Minister of State. In 1861 he spoke his famous words before parliament' "Not by talking and majority decisions are the great questions of a time decided, but by blood and iron." This statement has been much misrepresented as though Bismarck advocated brutality as the supreme law of nations. But this was far from being his meaning. He was stating an historical fact in the interest of the bill for reorganizing the Prussian army, and merely pointing out the crime of leaving the country helpless against its numerous enemies, whom no amount of talking would be able to ward off if they made war on Prussia. For years Bismarck and the parliament were on war-footing. At times he despaired of the future of his country, often he wanted to quit his post, but out of a sense of duty he held out. To serve his king was his one motive.

With the years the internal dissensions faded, as Bismarck loomed an ever larger figure in foreign affairs. With marvelous sagacity he outwitted the diplomats of hostile countries. Always he had one great aim in view---the unification of Germany under the leadership of Prussia. The first step to this was the liberation of the German province, Schleswig-Holstein, from Danish oppressions. The next was the war with Austria, which was always hindering German unification. The great paladins, Moltke and Roon, carried Prussian standards to victory after victory. Some of the South German states joined with Austria against Prussia, and when Austria had been overwhelmingly defeated, Bismarck made the South German states enter into a league with Prussia, or as we would say now an "entente." The war with Austria was thus one of the greatest events in German history. After Austria was defeated, Bismarck extended to it the hrother hand, and forced his king to make most lenient terms. The third and last step in the building of the greater Germany was the Franco-Prussia war of 1870-71. Bismarck took advantage of this enthusiasm manifested by all German states in this struggle against their ancient foe to establish the lasting confederation under the hegemony of Prussia, and at Versailles, before the gates of Paris, William I was made German Emperor.

One of the most touching traits in Bismarck's character was his unfaltering loyalty to his king. When once, during the Austrian crisis, an attempt at assassination was made upon him in the streets of Berlin, in which Bismarck was slightly wounded, he spoke to a great multitude that cheered under his window, "To die for my king and my fatherland, whether on the battlefield or on the street pavement, would be my greatest joy, and I pray that God may give me such a death. Long live His Majesty the king!" And when Bismarck found it necessary to resign his position as chancellor of the German Empire because he could not subscribe to some of the policies of William II, he showed no resentment against his monarch, for, as he said, he was nothing but a faithful servant of the throne. But the nation which now idolized Bismarck, who had made it great, was deeply roused by the seeming ingratitude of William II toward the aged friend of his father and grandfather, and it was not until a few years ago that the emperor succeeded in overcoming the unpopularity which he had brought upon himself by the dismissal of Bismarck.

The Christianity of Bismarck was a living thing. To him God was the God of nations, whose judgements and purposes history reveals. It was God's hand that prostrated Napoleon before Germany. It was God who decided battles. In the most momentous hours of his life he opened his Bible and read in the sacred book to gain strength and wisdom. A very pretty incident is told of him from the war of 1871. Bismarck had written a letter to his wife in which he bitterly condemned the enemy on account of a French conspiracy to murder high German officials. Immediately afterwards he went to a service in the field, where the chaplin preached on the text, "Love your enemies." Bismarck was so struck by the sermon that he took the letter from his pocket, and, not having time to write another, tore off the portion in which he had so harshly judged his foes, and so sent the mutilated message to his wife. Bismarck above all knew himself to be an instrument in God's hand. Many times he said that his faith in God was the sole basis of his courage and his power. "I am God's soldier," he wrote once. "Whither He sends me I must go, and I believe that He sends me and fashions my life according to His will." Into his family seal he set the words "In trinitate robur" —in the Triune God lies my strengh.

Bismarck was a titanic personality. Like some giant in the old Germanic sagas he stands forth, cool and fearless, but at times his gray eyes could flash with an uncanny light of anger. He could hate as fiercely as he could passionately love. When old General Wrangel, who, in 1864, had telegraphed the king that diplomats like Bismarck should be hung, later asked Bismarck, My son, can you forget?" Bismarck answered in rage, "No!" But when the old man, after a pause, asked, "My son, can't you forgive?" he answered, "With my whole heart." So the great chancellor also shows human traits.

There is a German poem which speaks of the German sword. For centuries that sword lay on the scrap-heap broken into bits. The enemy laughed and taunted the German. A land no bigger than Texas divided into two hundred and fifty little states eternally squabbling among themselves, an easy prey to the outsider. But then Bismarck went into the forge and gathered from the scrap-heap the broken pieces, and welded them together with the ringing blows of his hammer, and thus fashioned anew the German sword. The days when men could mock the German were over, for the sword of steel which Bismarck gave him he wielded with terrific fury. And as that ancient Germanic chieftain said to the haughty Romans, "We fear nothing save the heavens should fall in," so Bismarck, lifting up the shining sword which he had welded, once said, "We Germans fear God an naught else in the world!" And this saying and the might that lies behind it Bismarck bequeathed to the land of his fathers. And now on the centenary of his birth, the sword of Bismarck is being put to the severest test.

Content.

"Now, wouldn't you like to walk with your husband to the polls and cast in your vote with his?" asked the city lady of Mrs. Bean.

Mrs. Bean shook her head as she said, wearily: "For the land sakes! If there's anything a man can do by himself, let him do it."---Puck.

Sunshine is God's best germ destroyer.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

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JESSE C. FISHER, Director, Printing Department.

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Joe Varner was pleased to have his mother visit him a few days ago. Joe has been here quite a while now and he is liked by all the boys.

Miss Bessie Cope has returned to the institution to take up her duties as matron of the third cottage. We are very glad to have her with us again, for we missed her very much during her absence.

John William Sanderford was very much pleased to receive a visit from his aunt, Mrs. Mary E. Harp, of Durham, last Sunday. His aunt has visted him several times since he came to the school.

Three stone walls have been constructed at the Training School in the past month. One on each side of the chapel and one in front of the Roth Industrial Building. They help to beautify the grounds very much.

Work on our new Artesian well was temporarily suspended on account of an operation having to be performed on Mr. Anchor's foot, during the time he lost a toe. We are glad to say he is now able to be out again.

The installation of new officers was held on the first of this month in the Cone Literary Society. There was not a weak point in it and that goes far to show that a very good staff of officers were installed. Much progress is expected during the next two months.

Lee Young, of Lexington, received a visit from his father and mother last week. Lee has only been at the school for a few weeks but he is making friends of all the boys. He is in the King's Daughter's Cottage and promises to make a good citizen when he leaves the Training School.

The farm boys have been very busy for the past few weeks ploughing up new ground. There will oe more ground under cultivation this years at the Training School than ever before. If we have good luck with our crop this year we will reap one of the best crops ever harvested at the school since it was opened.

The new Sunday shoes were given out several weeks ago. That completed the boys Sunday outfit as they were recently fitted out in uniforms the oldest ones being discarded. Many of the boys received new uniforms and hats but there were not enough of these for all. The boys seem to be delighted with their new uniforms and shoes.

The printing office force is now busy printing a cook book for the Stonewall Circle of the King's Daughters of Concord. This will make the second book we have printed in the last few months; the first being the Convention Journal for the King's Daughters of North Carolina. The boys in the printing office like this kind of work very much.

The President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. R. E. Little, of Wadesboro, visted the school last week to see the boys While here she offered a prize to the boy whose record showed the best conduct during the next six months. She presented the boys with a beautiful little picture and a book. The boys were very glad to have her come out here.

The new library which was donated to the King's Daughter's Cottage by the King's Daughters of North Carolina has now been opened to the boys. There are some very fine books for the advanced grades as well as story books for the primary grades. All the boys thank the King's Daughters for their generous donation, especially those in the King's Daughter's Cottage.

It seems as though Winter is trying to outlive its term. Just as every one is expecting hot weather and planning to have a good time along comes Old Man Winter and covers the ground with snow. Though not expecting it we were ready to meet it and he did no harm at the Institution. This is the first snow we have had this winter and it came as a surprise, considering the warm weather we had been having previous.

The Stonewall Literary Society of Cottage No. 2 had its usual election of officers at the second meeting in March. A very fine staff of officers was elected. The officers elected are as follows: President, Sam Phillips, of Fayetteville; Vice-President, Harrison Byrd, of North Wilksboro; Secretary, Earl Murphy, of High Point; Critic, Gordon Kimball, of Statesville; Censor, Wayne Allen, of Statesville; Reporter, Amos Willis, of Lexington. Much progress is expected under our new officers.

Facts In Geography.

It's hard to believe, isn't it—

That the Pacific end of the Panama canal is farther east than the Atlantic end?

That Venice, Italy, and Montreal, Canada, are in about the same latitude?

That if an express train had started out from the earth for the planet Neptune at the opening of the year 1, and had traveled 60 miles an hour day and night ever since, it would not yet be half way there?

That Cuba would reach from New York to Chicago. That the mouth of the Amazon river is as near to Europe as it is to New York? That Texas is as large as Germany and as large as 212 Rhode Islands? That, when measured in degrees of longitude, San Francisco is about the middle of the United States, including Alaska. That the entire continent of South America lies farther east than Florida? That Glasgow, Scotland, is in the same latitude as Alaska? That if the southern end of Chile, South America, were placed at Florida that single country would extend northward entirely across the United States and Canada and half way across Hudson Bay?

The Blue-Back Speller

MISS FANNIE E. S. HECK,

the author of the accompanying lines on the Blue-Back Speller.

I'd been mighty busy plowin',
  When there came a half a peck
Of letters, sent from Raleigh,
  And askin' me, direct,
To come and take a hand with them
  At spellin' in a Bee,
For helpin' on a set of folks
  They called the Y. M. C.

I'd been a famous speller,
  In the days of Auld Lang Syne,
But that was thirty years ago,
  And hardly thought to shine
But Charlie Cook said "risk it"
  And I wasn't loth to show
That the good old blue-back speller
  Is one thing that I know.

The house was well-nigh crowded
  When the time came for the Bee,
And, after some persuadin',
  There came up along with me
M. D. and D. D. doctors
  And M. A.'s full a score,
And editors and teachers,
  And of lawyers several more.

'Twas funny then to see 'em,
  As the hard words came like hail,
A pausin' and a stammerin'
  And a turnin' almost pale,
But, law! it all came to me
  Like it used to long ago,
And I saw the blue-back speller,
  With each long and even row.

And I gave 'em, with the column,
  The place, the side, the page,
For I saw those words like faces
  Of old friends that do not age;
But those learned folks kept droppin,
  Like the leaves off any tree,
And at last there was'nt standin'
  But a D. D. up with me.

And then there came a poser,
  And the doctor he went down,
And a shout went up that startled
  Half the sleepy folks in town.
But I didn't care for prizes---
  The thing that made me glad
Was to down with the blue-back
  I studied when a lad.

In Interest of Hog Raising.

Two acts forced by the General Assembly in the interest of protecting hogs against cholera meant more than a passing notice. They are:---

THE FIRST.

Section 1. That it shall be the duty of every person, firm or corporation who shall lose a hog by any form of natural death to have the same buried in the earth to a depth of at least two feet within twelve hours after the death of the animal.

Section 2. That any person, firm or corporation that shall fail to comply with the terms of this act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be fined not less than $5.00 nor more than $10.00 for each offense at the discretion of the court.

Section 3. That this act shall be in force on and after the first day of May, 1915.

In the Generel Assembly read three times, and ratified this the 9th day of March.

THE SECOND ONE.

Section 1. That section three thousand, four hundred and sixty-six of the revisal of nineteen hundred and five be and the same is hereby amended by striking out the word "and" between "jackdaws" and "rice birds" and adding after word "rice-birds" the words "turkey buzzards and vultures."

Section 2. That all laws and clauses of laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

Section 3. That this act shall be in force from and after its ratification.

In the General Assembly read three times and ratified, this the 9th day of March, 1915.

This act permits the killing of turkey buzzards and vultures.

Brave Berry.

Berry is the night watch-dog at the Electrical Company's plant in Cleveland, Ohio. He succeded the human watchman sometime ago, when the latter proved unreliable and was discharged. Berry is a big, powerful animal, part Newfoundland and the rest St. Benard. He tips the scales at one hundred and seventy pounds, and is always on the job. He is also on the pay roll of the company at seventy cents a week, the cost of his food.

Berry was recently the hero of a night encounter with two desperate safe-robbers, who had gained entrance to the office by sawing the lock. When the door was burst open, the brave dog gave instant battle to the burglars, who, armed with pieces of lead pipe, rained blow after blow upon him.

With howls of mingled pain and determination, Berry fought the human thieves until they retreated into the darkness. In the desperate struggle, Berry had acquitted himself nobly, and though frightfully injured, upheld the reputation of his kind for fearlessness and reliability. In the morning, he was found lying beside the safe, whose contents of several hundred dollars had not been touched, but with only enough life to give a feeble wag of welcome to his superintendent.

Berry was taken to a hospital, where for two weeks it was uncertain whether he would live or die. He finally recovered, and has now returned to work.—Our Dumb Animals

"Run upstairs, Tommy, and bring baby's nightgown" said Tommy's mother.

"Don't want to," said Tommy.

"O, Tommy. If you are not kind to your little sister she will put on her wings and fly back to heaven."

Tommy's reply came promptly:

"Well let her put on her wings and fly upstairs for the nightgown."—Exchange.

WHY TWO OLD PEOPLE SURRENDERED---UNCONSCIOUS INFLUENCE.

By M. N. C.

We can never tell what influence one person's life may have upon that of another, let him be high in station or of lowly birth; neither can we tell till in the future whether the seed were actually sown in fertile ground, or in poor, rocky soil, or choked out by the sins of the world.

There were once, to my certain knowledge, two old people brought into the church, who ever afterwards enjoyed the Christian religion and the sweet association of new friends by a simple statement of a child. These two people came from the North early in the seventies, soon after or during the reconstruction period in the South and settled on a small farm adjoining that of a family who had previous to the Civil War possessed large estates, negroes, horses, carriages and other things that went to constitute an ideal Southern homestead, and noted for its hospitality.

The life of these two homes was widely different. The Northern people came South for no other purpose than to better their condition by accepting opportunities and by work--and they surely worked. The other home just a short distance away seemed disorganized for no one knew just how to work--the foreman of the plantation was gone; Luke, the carriage driver, free; Emily, the seamstress, no longer remained in the sewing-room; and the maid, too, was gone. 'Twas years of trial, discomfort and doubt before this father and mother with a bevy of bright children could adjust themselves to conditions for neither had ever worked or directed.

The youngest girl of the home—a bright, calculating, conscientious and serious minded child—this largely due perhaps to pre-natal influences, because of exisiting and depressing conditions in the Southland—was always alert and ever watched the two Northern neighbors, man and wife, who worked from early morn till long after the evening sun sank far below the horizon. These people were of the Pennsylvania Dutch; and their farm, their home, with a little flower garden to the east side and enclosed with a white-washed fence, always presented a neat and attractive appearance.

There was no visiting between the two homes and yet there was no friction—only an occasionial exchange of neighborly courtesy when absolutely necessary.

'Twas the flower garden, with its brilliant and variegated flowers, enclosed by the white pailings, and the movements of that thrifty housewife with skirts tucked high around the waist line that fascinated this lassie as she peeped between the pailings into the little garden, longing for the pleasure of plucking red and pink geraniums, many colored peonies and taking them home to put them into a large vace (resurrected after the war from its burial place for safety) that occupied a conspicuous place in the large and bare parlor.

Years passed—the Dutch woman grew older and mellowed just as the soil that she so assiduously cultivated softened and responded to kind and constant treatment at her strong hands; also the little poke-bonnetted girl gave promise of ripening into glorious womanhood. This young girl was not a laggard in school; and early in life she united with the church; she was faithful in the discharge of every duty; thoughtful of the rights and pleasures of others; and she revered and loved old age.

By chance, after many years of separation, the Dutch woman and her watchful girl neighbor, now a woman of varied experience in life--the elder woman bent from age and incessant toil—met. It was a revival of the past and in that communion hopes for the future were revealed. "Kind friend," said the elderly lady," let me now tell you a secret, a precious secret: it was your influence that led me into the church." "No?" replied questioningly the younger woman, "tell me how and when." And the elderly woman continued: "When a young girl, you united with the church and in the course of a conversation soon afterwards you made this remark in my presence, 'to unite with the churce seems but a little thing to do for God when we remember how much He has done for us, but I have done this much.' And that remark was a sermon to me, and from one so young it burned itself into my mind and heart, and right there and then I decided that I too would come out on the Lord's side and use my influence for the upbuilding of His Kingdom—my husband joined me—and we were ever afterwards happy."

This child's act and words had their influence in teaching the way to live and it taught the way to die—and thus it was that one of God's little ones brought two precious souls to the cross of Christ.

OPPOSITION.

Opposition is an immeasurable help to man. It is one of the world's greatest boons to human success known. As the kite rises against, and not with, the wind, so the resistance of opposition will bear man up to the higher and grander realms of life. A head-wind is better than no breeze at all. In a sail boat no man ever reached his destination in a dead calm. Nor have men gained success without their storms. Great characters have been molded by virtue of great opposition. Then let us not despair because we are confronted by this imaginary obstacle. It is not an enemy, but a friend. Severe opposition is what a man needs, if he would amount to something. Without it his life is a blank. Hardship and self-denial and sacrifice constitute the soil fram which manhood and self-reliance are developed. He who cannot endure the storms of life without flinching and stem the tide Prometheus-like without murmuring, will never see the sun at high twelve; and when he lies down toward the west, he will be overlooked and forgotten! But he who forces himself against the blowing winds with a tranquil mind, a steady balance, and a cheeeful heart will reach his goal in triumph, and leave the world the better for his brief visit and effort.—Young Folks.

People always turn out better when there is a call to do something.

"MY DADDY'S DEAD."

They tell me that my daddy's dead;
The other day my mamma read
A letter that the postman brought,
And then she bowed her pretty head,
And cried, and cried an awful lot,
Then took me in her arms and said:
"O laddie, laddie! daddy's dead!"
I hardly can believe it's so;
Why, just a little while ago,
He stood with me by mamma's side,
And spoke so quiet like and slow,
While mamma held his hand and cried,
Until he stooped and whispered low;
"Our country needs her sons, you know."
And then he said, "Good-by," and took
Me in his arms---my! how they shook!---
And hugged me to his breast "for keep,"
Just like the Shepherd with the crook
Holds in His arms the little sheep,
And daddy's eyes had just the look
As has the Shepherd in the book!
And just this morning mamma stayed
Upstairs so long I grew afraid,
Because the house was awful still,
And even when I talked or played,
It sounded empty like, and until
I knelt by mamma where she prayed,
And on her head my hand was laid.
And then I felt it must be true,
And closer to my mamma drew;
Why, we need daddy just as bad
As anything---indeed, we do,
For mamma's heart is awful sad,
And something hurts me througn and through,
My daddy's dead! What will we do?

---Selected.

Listen, Young Man!

The achievements of youth startle the world. Experience is often the worst teacher. Her rebuffs dampen ardor and deaden ambition. Youth is not fettered by a knowledge of limitations, so it rushes in where angels fear to tread and performs miracles. Not knowing the impossible, youth has faith in achieving it.

Raphael painted the Madonna of St. Anthony at 22 years of age, the Sistine Madonna at 27. Shelley wrote his sublime drama, "Prometheus Unbound," at 27. Alexander Hamilton wrote two of the most influential political pamphlets of his time at 17; and at 20 he joined Wasnington's private staff. John Calvin published his "Institutes of Theology" at 27. Burns wrote three of his greatest poems at the same age. William Pitt was Chancellor of the Excheauer at 23; at 25 he was one of the foremost men of his time. Clive was head of the English forces in India, distinguished himself at Arcot and was called a "heaven-born" general by Pitt at 27.

Mozart composed an opera for the opera house at Milan when 15 years old; at 21 he had written 300 compositions; at 30 he was the greatest composer of Europe. Keats won an immortal place among English poets and died at 26. Edison at 22 received $40,000 for a telegraphic invention.

Isaac Newton ignored all the authority and tradition of time, and discovered the law of gravitation 27. Bell didn't know he could'nt talk from Denver to Boston, so he invented the telephone at 27.

Napoleon rebuked an officer for saying "Impossible" in his presence. Napoleon said: "There are no Alps," and led the French Army into Italy at 27. Had Joan of Arc been older and experienced she would not have attemped to lead the French into Orleans and drive the English beyond the Loire. At 17 she stood victorious beside Charles when he was crowned King in the cathedral.

So close is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low "Thou Must"
The Youth replies, "I can."

The world owes much to the abounding belief of Youth. Youth will undertake and accomplish big tasks. Youth has blazed its trails into undiscovered realms and brought back a new law, a new song, or a new machine.

An army of men can run a cotton gin, but it took Eli Whitney, a youth of 27, with abounding faith, to invent it. There are a thousand men who can send a wireless message, but it took Marconi, a youth of 24, with unfathomed faith, to discover the law. There are a host of men to play the March, but it took Mozart, a youth of 20, with unquenched enthusiasm, to compose it.

In the executive's chair and around the directors' table of successful business enterprise are many men scarcely turned 30. They are not demagogues; they have not sat idle in the market places bemoaning the inequality of fortune.

Sad will be the old age of the youth who forgets his father's struggles, his father's thrift, his father's God; and lets the morrow take care of itself.

The world owes no man a living, but every youth owes the world a life.--From Leslie's.

A happy heart and a cheery disposition will bring much joy and sunshine into the lives of those who must face sorrow and suffering. There is much of real helpfulness and wisdom in the words spoken many years ago by Henry Ward Beecher: "If God gave you gayety and cheer of spirits, lift up the care worn by it. Whenever you go, shine and sing. In every household there is drudgery. In every household there is sorrow. If you come as a prince with a cheerful, buoyant, . . . do not lay aside those royal robes of yours. Let humor bedew duty."

Many a cough ends in a coffin.

Live Roanoke.

What has been considered one of the finest examples of localized and efficient work is the eradication of malaria in the Roanoke Rapids community. The story reads with as keen interest as a report of the Gorgas anti-malaria campaign conducted in the Panama Canal Zone. As a matter of fact the methods employed by the Roanoke Rapids force are the same as those in the Canal Zone.

The situation was somewhat as follows: There were four streams running in and around the town which afforded breeding places for mosquitoes in vast quantities and made malaria a disease of almost plague-like proportions. One out of every seven persons examined was found to be infected. Officials from the United States Public Health Service made a survey of this community and recommended that these four streams be drained and oiled and that the under-brush be cut out. On this recommedation, through the support and co-operation of the different mill companies and corporations, the work was undertaken. About 7 miles of ditching was done and 40 acres or more of under-brush well cleaned out. The streams and their tributaries were oiled, which process was accomplished as follows: A drip can containing crude petroleum oil was placed at the head of every little stream, which, by constant dripping, kept a thin film of oil upon the surface of the water. This prevented the mosquito's breeding by killing the eggs and larvae.

As a result of this anti-mosquito campaign, malarial chills were reduced about 32 per cent the first year and this in spite of the fact that a person once infected with malria is liable to have recurrences every summer for two or three years. The effects already noted as a result of this work are set forth in the following extract from the committee's report:

"During the summer of 1913, prior to any anti-malarial work, the mills were constantly short of help on account of a large number sick from malaria. During the past summer there never was a day when the mills did not have sufficient help, and it was a frequent occurrence, notably at the Roanoke mills, that help had to be turned away. It is true that a number of people had malarial chills during the summer of 1914, but as 95 per cent of them were recurrences from an infection of the previous year they were easily controlled, and the operatives in rare instances had to quit work. It is a fact that 95 per cent of all cases of malaria occurring during the past malarial season bore the history of having had the disease in the year prior, very few new comers being infected."

The committee advised further that, if the work that is already started is continued, in three years the place will be practically free from malaria.

Credit for organizing this work and pushing it through thus far belongs very largely to Dr. T. W. M. Long, the local health officer, and to several mills and private individuals who contributed in all over $3800.00 toward the work. The Roanoke Mills Company, the Patterson Mills Company and the Roanoke Rapids Power Company contributed $1,000 each toward the work.

A True Friend.

Rare is the person who has not one friend. Few are they who cannot point to some one person as their most confidential friend. We all feel the need of companionship, and to have a friend that sticks and is true is a most valuable asset. On this general subject we quote a most interesting and illuminating paragraph from the Woman's World. It says: "Just about the most priceless thing on earth is a good comrade---one you can be frank and easy and comfortable with---another human being with whom you are thoroughly at home, whether he has pennies or millions, and who will walk with you and talk with you without envy or design. Friends are of all sorts and full of uncertainties. The word friendship is as elastic as rubber and as changeable as the weather, and you never know; in fact, no two definitions of friend or friendship have agreed since the world began. But there is no question about a true comrade. Man or woman, husband or wife, the story is the same, and the old, old Latin motto holds: "A faithful comrade is a sure anchor." We should seek to value at their full worth the true friends whom we have attracted to ourselves.

Idaho.

For her I'd leave Virgina,
I'd leave my Mary Land,
I'd part with Mrs. Sippi,
The widow fair and bland.
I'd bid farewell to Georgia,
Though Georgia would be true.

I'd part with Minie Sota,
I'd part with Della Ware,
I'd leave brunette Miss Souri,
Or the Carolina pair.
These women are all lovely,
True hearted girls I know,
But I'd give them all the go by
And cleave to Ida Ho,
I like her breezy manners.

I like her honest ways;
I like her in the moonlight,
I like her sunny days.
Good bye my own Virginia,
And other girls I know:
I'm hanging 'round the gatepost
Of a girl named Ida Ho.

—Exchange.

As Children Say It.

Little Mary's father had denied her a pleasure which she had confidently expected to enjoy, says the Philadelphia Puhlic Ledger. That night when she said her prayer at her mother's knee she concluded with this petition: "And please don't give my papa any more children. He don't know how to treat those he's got now."

A Thought for the Season.

Our God and Father, we thank Thee for the awakened earth: for the sweet incense of renewing nature; for the fair light of the sun and the genial breezes; for the brightening vistas before our eyes and the increasing hopes within us; for sing- ing birds and humming bees and budding plants and crooning insects. Lord, these are Thine. From Thy hand they have come even as we ourselves. Grant that we may find joy in them and may serve Thee in that joy. Arouse in us the spirit of the time, that we may be quickened to grow and to give Thee praise in joyful development, and to give our fellowman and every creature cheer and brightness. Lord, on Thee do we depend for life, for growth, for hope, for joy. Grant that we shall receive these in such measure as we need, and let us not forget from Whom they are received and to Whom they must be retuned. Amen.---Selected.

How North Carolina Counties Rank in Cattle Raising.

In The Progressive Farmer of March 6 was printed the figures showing how North Carolina counties rank in number of hogs per 1,000 acres of land. The following table, also prepared by Mr. Daniel, now shows the average number of cattle per 1,000 acres of land in each county. See how your county ranks:

Rank		Number
1.	Ashe	81
2.	Alleghany	80
3.	Watauga	55
4.	Madison	50
4.	Buncombe	50
6.	Haywood	45
7.	Mitchell	42
8.	Yancey	40
9.	Henderson	38
10.	Gaston	37
10.	Rowan	37
10.	Catawba	37
13.	Alamance	36
13.	Mecklenburg	36
13.	Guilford	36
17.	Alexander	35
17.	Iredell	35
19.	Forsyth	34
20.	Wilkes	33
20.	Cabarrus	33
22.	Davie	32
22.	Pasquotank	32
22.	Lincoln	32
25.	Cherokee	31
26.	Union	30
26.	Yadkin	30
28.	Vance	29
28.	Warren	29
28.	Perquimans	29
28.	Camden	29
32.	Stanley	28
32.	Rutherford	28
34.	Davidson	27
34.	Jackson	27
36.	Durham	26
36.	Johnston	26
36.	Northampton	26
36.	Rockingham	26
40.	Clay	25
40.	Hertford	25
40.	Macon	25
43.	Wake	24
43.	Stokes	24
43.	Caldwell	24
43.	Chatham	24
43.	Franklin	24
43.	Granville	24
49.	Orange	23
50.	Chowan	22
50.	Randolph	22
50.	Sampson	22
53.	Halifax	21
53.	Person	21
53.	Duplin	21
56.	Anson	20
56.	Bertie	20
56.	Currituck	20
56.	Graham	20
56.	Harnett	20
56.	Martin	20
56.	McDowell	20
56.	Pitt	20
56.	Polk	20
56.	Transylvania	20
66.	Burke	19
66.	Lee	19
68.	Gates	18
69.	Caswell	17
69.	Surry	17
69.	Washington	17
72.	Beaufort	16
72.	Swain	16
72.	Lenoir	16
75.	Brunswick	15
75.	Craven	15
75.	Edgecombe	15
75.	Hyde	15
75.	Jones	15
75.	Wayne	15
81.	Montgomery	14
81.	Moore	14
81.	Nash	14
81.	Pamlico	14
85.	Tyrrell	13
86.	Pender	12
86.	Richmond	12
86.	Cumberland	12
86.	Columbus	12
86.	Carteret	12
91.	Greene	11
91.	Onslow	11
93.	Bladen	9
94.	Robeson	8
94.	Scotland	8
94.	Wilson	8
97.	New Hanover	7
98.	Dare	5

The Law Opens the Door.

"Towns and counties are already taking advantage of the new law and are paying the way of their tubercular patients at the State Sanitorium according to the provisions of the law," said the superintendent of that institution recently. "It's a wise measure," said he, "because through it, the poor widow, the orphan child and those that are otherwise not able to pay the dollar a day may be given treatment and restored as useful citizens that otherwise would have had no chance."

The law referred to was one passed by the recent General Assembly and one that empowers cities, towns and counties to provide for the treatment of their indigent tubercular sick at the State Sanatorium, the cost of the treatment to be not more than a dollar per day. This law makes possible the means whereby towns and counties may care for their tubercular sick and give them a chance at recovery under the best possible circumstances the State can afford.

In some states, counties and towns maintain their own sanatoria, but for efficiency and economy, a sanatorium maintained by the State and co-operated with by the towns and counties has proven the better plan.

This act of the Legislature that gives the poor a chance along with the rich or those able to pay, opens the doors of the State Sanatorium to a field of much wider usefulness. No longer are the doors barred and now the responsibility rests with the city, town or county in which there is a tubercular patient.

The Jamaican Mind

During the early period of the work on the Panama Canal many persons were injured by jumping on and off trains in motion on the Panama Railroad. There were on the Zone police force many West Indians who were trained and capable men, but incurably literal. An order was issued to the force to arrest any person found jumping on or off a train in motion, and the next day two West Indian policemen brought into the police station a white man who was struggling fiercely to break away from them.

"What have you arrested him for?" asked the police seargeant who was on duty.

"For jumping on and off the rear of a train, sah" one of the policemen replied.

"The goose!" cried the arrested man. "I'm the brakeman!"

On one occasion a Jamaican boy who was a switch tender in Culebra Cut, was found asleep with his head re ting on the rails of a switch. "Dats" all right boss," said the boy, when waked. "No train can get by here widout me knowin it.

Another who had been instructed to switch to a certain track all dirt trains that came out of the Cut, let a long train of dump cars start by on the wrong track before he bethought himself and pulled the switch; the train was split in two, several of the cars were derailed. "Why," the boy protested sadly, when he was rebuked, "I saved half de train, anyway!"—Joseph B. Bishop, secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission, in The Youth's Companion.

"What are you standing here for and crying little boy?"

"Waitin' fer the extra. Pa said I musn't come home without a great victory."—C. Fliegende Blatter.

Where is Tipperary?

And where is Tipperary?

"It's along way to go," says the music hall ballad that half world is singing, which is the utmost that the majority of the singers know about the real Tipperary.

It is related that Cromwell once stood on a hill top in Erin surveyed the smiling expanse of fertile plain that unfolded before his eyes. "That is a land worth fighting for!" he exclaimed. He was gazing at the golden vale—the heart of Tipperary.

Tipperary today is a region as beautiful as its people are hospitable and kindly; a peaceful region quitely prosperous, a people proud of their history and their relics of the golden age of Cashel of the Kings. It is a region whose story is interwoven with the most glorious and the most distressing events of Irish history. It is a region bright with color and vivid with romance.

A word about the Tipperary of today. There is Tipperary the county and Tipperary the garrison town. No matter which of the two the rimester had in mind when he made his song Tipperary town is described as a "slow" sort of a place, which never recovered from the "kick up" in the Irish party after Parnell's death---but more of this later. Tipperary county is in the Irish province of Munster, and is the sixth largest county in Ireland, having 1,092,962 acres of peat bog, meadow, field and mountain. It is a varied and picturesque land. Most of it is a great plain. On its southern border are the Knockmealdown mountains, and north of them the wild Galtrees---Galtymore, the highest of them, lifts its ancient head over 3,000 feet in the air. On the east are the Slieve-Ardagh hills, and near the town of Templemore the storied Devil's Bit mountains. The Suir is Tipperary's biggest river. It takes its rise in the Devil's Bit, and flows southward and eastward by the historic towns of Templemore, Thurles-Cashel and Clonmel. The river Shannon, the poets' own river, washes the border of the country.

Tipperary of this modern day is one of the best agricultural districts in Ireland. From Cashel to Limerick, right in the midst of Tipperary, stretches the Golden Vale, the most fertile valley in all Erin. Tipperary is given mostly to agriculture and dairying. There are some ancient lead mines, whose ores hold a trace of silver, but they engage only a small portion of the populace. Large meal and flour mills are scattered over the country, and the town of Tipperary comes second only to the city of Cork as a butter market.

The town of Tipperay is very ancient. King John built a castle there as far back as the thirteenth century and one of the landmarks of the place is an old gate house which belonged to an Augustinian monastery founded by Henry III. One of the show places of the town is the barracks built by the English Government, about which it seems that the government architects were simultaneously planning a barracks for Tipperary and a barracks for Hong Kong, China. Both sets of plans were drawn up and forwarded to their destinations. By some blunder the Tipperary plans went to Hong Kong and the Hong Kong plans to Tipperary. No one was any the wiser until the work of the builders was complete. So it happens that a fine piece of Anglo-Chinese architecture can be seen at the base of the Slieve-na-Muck hills of Tipperary.

"Tipperary," as the townspeople call it hasn't a very large population —6,000 according to the last available census figures. And one reason for this they say, is that the lads and lasses of Tipperary these many years have been turning their faces toward the United States.—Philadelphia Record.

LIFE WITHOUT BITTERNESS.

In an active life like mine one is brought face to face with stiff, dogmatic, censorious, unreasonable people. It is easy to say rough and sharp things about them and to them; and one is tempted to resist them, to demolish their certainties to show their lack of reason.

But one wins no victories that way, because the only victories are when one persuades and attracts and encourages. Then you can, perhaps, make people see what is beautiful and good, and find more things to love. But when you argue and controvert, the only thing you win is a little admiration for your skill, a little terror of your tongue.

So I thougt that I would henceforth only try to praise and bless what I thought worthy of love, and that if I were met by controversy I would argue, if I argued at all with good humor and amusement, not with bitterness, not to wound. Because bitterness really betrays a little touch of fear. It only means that you cannot trust the beautiful things by their own beauty and sweetness, and you try to maul your foe because you are afraid he may damage you if you do not anticipate him.

Life is so short, and yet there is so much to admire and love and to be interested in, that these ugly tempters are just a waste of time and strength. By yielding to them you only increase your power of being wounded. It is not as if you decreased stupidity or roughness by striking at it; you only put yourself on a baser level.

I do not mean to practice mildness and meekness; that is another sort of feebleness; but I would wish to be generous and chivalrous, and to be amused rather than angry. Life is full of pleasant absurdities, and the certainties of perverse and stupid people are among them, But impatience and rudeness and contempt are only the signs of timidity.---A. C. Benson in the North American Review.

A Hero.

This is the horrible tale of an East Cleveland child who had a precocious ambition to be known to his friends as a dead-game sport, according to the Cleveland "Plain Dealer." He was only ten years old, but the virus was already permeating his system. And so it happened that one day he smoked a cigarette. And it made him grievous sick. A doctor had to be summoned and the mother of the child had to be present with wet cloths to place upon the marble brow, the kid was that ill.

And finally he was so all in that he was obliged to speak as follows:

"Mother, I am about to die!"

"No dear," answered the mother, "you feel badly, but in a few minutes the fever will leave you and you will forget that you were ever sick."

"Mother," continued the little sufferer, presently, "you can't kid me none whatever, I'm dying. I have one last request to make. Don't tell my little playmates that cigarettes killed me. They done it, but don't give it away. Tell the boys, mother, that I done drank myself to death! Make me a hero to my chums!"---Pittsburg Post.

A man grows in power as he develops initiative.—G. W. Middleton.

Sink or Swim.

In childhood we see the weakness and the strength, the vices and the virtures, the superstitions and the foibles of manhood.

A little boy of six had been begging to take a bath in the surf. But when he saw the crested breakers rolling towards the shore his desire was swallowed up in terror. After all other persuasion had proved futile, his father offered him fifty cents if he would let him carry him out in his arms. The new motive proved irresistible, and clasping the parental neck like a vice he permitted himself to be borne out into the surf. He stood it fairly well until the waves began to splash his trembling little ankles, and then exclaimed in broken accents, "Papa-I-guess-I-will-only-take-ten-cents-worth-this-time!"

You smile? Ah! but you are laughing at yourself and at the greater portion of mankind.

There rolls the sea of life! It invites us to plunge into its waters. We see the hardy swimmers sporting on its waves, and hear their shouts of exultations; but the first splash of the spray in our faces scares us back; it is so much colder and wetter than we thought!

To encourage us to take our plunge, attractive and costly rewards are offered us. They stimulate us for a moment, and under the impulse of this artificial courage we go forward, but before we have fairly wet our ankles we cry out with the faint-heartedness of the little child, "I-guess - I - will - only - take - ten-cents-worth-this-time!"

No man ever mastered the subline art of breasting life's billows on "ten cents worth!" He must do more than "wet his ankles!"

That was the trouble with Jenkins. He wanted a fortune, but when he learned that he had to "take his coat off," "roll up his sleeves," "begin at the bottom," "get wet and dirty and tired," he just said to himself under his breath, "I guess I will only take ten cents worth this time," and never went near the water again.

That was the trouble with Dobson, when he started into work for "Reform." He had looked at the men who went "bathing" (from a distance) and they seemed to him to be having great sport. So in he went.

But when the wind of ridicule began to blow in his face, and waves of abuse to roll over him, he just cut for the shore and muttered as he went, "I guess I will only take ten cents worth this time."

And that was the trouble with Spingley, when he tried to break off the drink habit. He couldn't stand the laughter of the "boys," nor the dry tickling in his throat, and thought he wouldn't quit this time. "Ten cents worth" was about all the tee-total-ism he could stand at one trial.

Any man who wants to learn to swim on the sea of life, must plunge in "all over," duck his head," "swallow water," and get half drowned!

"He must endure hardship," "bear the yoke," "be buffed!" Ten cents worth won't do! It must be "all or nothing," "do or die," "sink or swim," "survive or perish!"

Fifty cents worth of reward will always cost you just fifty cents worth of wetting.—Goss.

The Value of Time.

This is something few of us weigh correctly; in fact, there are very few who think about it at all. Do you remember before the holidays how you counted the days until the home-going? How many thought of what had to be accomplished in that time? It was merely the wish for the days to speed dy, for Christmas to come. And of course Christmas is the best time in the whole year, and we should want it to come. But before play, work you know. You will find in almost every one this intense desire for time to pass. When one thing is over, there is a blank space of time to get rid of before the next period in occurrences. In the child's conception of Time, Christmas is the definite incident. They live from Christmas to Christmas; the college girl or boy lives from September until December the twenty-fifth, from January to June. The society butterfly counts time from season to season and so on, every one pushes Time behind with a shove; only to go forward to pierce the future. There is a certain attraction about the mystery of the future which impels us to solve it. The old adage, "Take care the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves," might well be turned into, "Take care of the present and the future will take care of itself." Now we don't pretend to mean that there should be no ambition for the future ---most decidedly every one should have an ambition, and a lofty one. But our point is this---do in the present your work---your work, the tiny piece of mechanism in the world's work, which neglected or out of order, will change the whole construction. Have an ambition and strive to fulfill it, but do it now! Don't wait for the future. Fill up these spaces with good honest hard labor, and when the time comes make your play just as earnest. "Work while you work"---you know how it goes. The future is built upon the present, so the Present, the Foundation, is what we must build compactly and substantially, and above all things, with content.

A CURE.

"If you ever have a grouch get rid of it---shake it off in a hurry---for it is about your worst enemy. It will impair your intellect, interfere with your appetite, crippel your digestion, and make you an object of ridicule in the eyes of other people. It will chill the whinny of your horse, kill the affections of your faithful dog, and send your cat scampering to cover. It will make you a byword in the community, an all-round nuisance to humanity, and an object of disgust to yourself."---F. W. Barker.

Little kindnesses and thoughtful attentions bring joy into the lives of our friends and associates. Those are wise words of Sir Humphrey Davy: "Life is not made up of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart" —Exchange.

There had been serious trouble in a certain school. One of the teachers said he was no believer in hackneyed system of teaching.

"What is wanted," said he, "is something that will make the children think and reason for themselves. Mere addition and subtraction are too mechanical."

In accordance with his idea he gave his pupils 100 questions, of which the following is a specimen:

"What is it that can go up a stove-pipe down, but can not go up a stove-pipe up?"

The brain-fever hospitals there abouts were full of children for weeks afterward, and the teacher was dismissed without character, yet the answer to the riddle was very simple:

"An umbrella"—London Tit-Bits.

Know ye not who would be free themselves must strike the blow? By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?---Byron.

Imported Food and Feed in North Carolina.

(George W. Bradshaw, Randolph County Club. Figures based on 1910 census.)

(From The University News Letter.)

Rank	County	Deficit
1	Alleghany	$ 19,000
2	Clay	148,000
3	Tyrell	237,000
4	Camden	239,000
5	Graham	256,000
6	Orange	301,000
7	Currituck	309,000
8	Transylvania	338,000
9	Polk	372,000
10	Yancey	396,000
11	Gates	407,000
12	Dare	412,000
13	Martin	470,000
14	Alexander	476,000
15	Ashe	476,000
16	Pamlico	505,000
17	Hertford	518,000
18	Macon	524,000
19	Jackson	544,000
20	Yadkin	545,000
21	Lee	572,000
22	Swain	576,000
23	Hyde	594,000
24	Jones	603,000
25	Washington	632,000
26	Chowan	638,000
27	Watauga	674,000
28	Onslow	704,000
29	Greene	721,000
30	Pender	728,000
31	Perquimans	732,000
32	Caswell	734,000
33	McDowell	742,000
34	Davie	763,000
35	Cherokee	785,000
36	Mitchell	804,000
37	Stokes	817,000
38	Scotland	827,000
39	Montgomery	835,000
40	Lincoln	870,000
41	Moore	881,000
42	Haywood	895,000
43	Brunswick	906,000
44	Person	920,000
45	Northampton	944,000
46	Henderson	968,000
47	Caldwell	996,000
48	Carteret	998,000
49	Cleveland	1,001,000
50	Chatham	1,013,000
51	Bertie	1,047,000
52	Bladen	1,075,000
53	Davidson	1,107,000
54	Stanly	1,111,000
55	Warren	1,131,000
56	Burke	1,138,000
57	Randolph	1,145,000
58	Sampson	1,167,000
59	Pasquotank	1,176,000
60	Harnett	1,258,000
61	Richmond	1,283,000
62	Duplin	1,317,000
63	Lenoir	1,354,000
64	Wilkes	1,370,000
65	Alamance	1,373,000
66	Catawba	1,411,000
67	Granville	1'463,000
68	Columbus	1,470,000
69	Cabarrus	1,504,000
70	Vance	1,526,000
71	Surry	1,552,000
72	Irdell	1,558,000
73	Franklin	1,572,000
74	Rutherford	1,939,000
75	Anson	1,687,000
76	Wilson	1,759,000
77	Edgecomb	1,791,000
78	Wayne	1,845,000
79	Nash	1,850,000
80	Rowan	1,902,000
81	Beaufort	1,910,000
82	Madison	1,947,000
83	Johnston	1,960,000
84	Halifax	1,968,000
85	Union	2,004,000
86	Rockingham	2,089,000
87	Cumberland	2,300,000
88	Pitt	2,305,000
89	Craven	2,312,000
90	Gaston	2,378,000
91	New Hanover	2,464,000
92	Durham	2,559,000
93	Forsyth	2,734,000
94	Bucombe	2,853,000
95	Robeson	2,933,000
96	Guilford	3,681,000
97	Wake	3,987,000
98	Mecklenburg	4,663,000

Doctors Must Report.

"The Vital Statistics law must be respected," is the position taken by the Deputy State Registrar who has just returned from a trip over the eastern part of the State prosecuting doctors, midwives and undertakers who have been delinquent in reporting births and deaths to their local registrars.

It appears that in many cases the doctors, midwives and undertakers have gotten the impression that the local registrars are to look them up and get their reports. Similarly, some of the registrars have objected to and even resigned their officebecause they thought they had to follow up the doctors, midwives and undertakers and get reports of births and deaths from them. Now this is all wrong. It is not the local registrar's duty in any case to follow up the doctors, midwives and undertakers or even to ask them for reports. The law is very plain on this point and the local registrars of the State have been advised as to their duty, as have also the physicians, midwives and undertakers.

The Vital Statistics Department recently employed a special assistant to aid in making prosecutions where gross or wilful neglect has been found in the matter of reporting births and deaths. The law, to be of any value to anyone, must be fully enforced, otherwise the records will be not only deficient, but the statistics will be wrong and actually misleading and no one will know how misleading or how far wrong they really are. In other words, the thirty or forty thousand dollars now spent on this matter will be wasted or even worse than wasted if the law is not fully enforced.

Did You?

Did you give him a lift? He is a brother man
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.

Did yon give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancied was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road?
Or did you just let him go on with the load?

Do you know what it means to be losing the fight,
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means—just a clasp of the hand
When a man has borne about all a man ought to stand?

Did you ask what it was? Why the quivering lip,
Why the half-suppressed sob, the scalding tear drip?
Were you a brother of his when his time came of need?
Did you offer to help hlm, or didn't you heed?

—Selected.

On the Wrong Side.

Pat, who was left-handed, was being sworn in as a witness in the West Side Court of Denver, Colorado.

"Hold up your right hand," said the judge. Up went Pat's left hand.

"Hold up your right hand," commanded the judge sternly.

"Sure and I am, yer honor," declared Pat. "Me right hand's on me left side."—The Advance.

Too much fresh air is just enough

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Uncontaminated
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Identified as it is with the Southeastern Section of the United States, it is the purpose of the management of the Southern Railway Company to make its policies as helpful as may be practicable to the people of that Section.

Through its Land and Industrial Department and its Department of Farm Improvement Work it co-operates with the communities along its lines for the location of industries and of desirable classes of Farm Settlers and employs expert agents to co-operate with farmers seeking their advice as to improved farm methods, including diversification of crops, the building up of soil productivity, live stock raising and dairying. It has awarded scholarships in the State Agricultural Colleges of the States traversed by its lines to young men who would otherwise have been unable to avail themselves of an agricultural education. Realizing that the farmer who takes up the growing of new crops or the raising of live stock may be discouraged in his first season by the failure to market his products satisfactorily the Company has appointed market agents to give such information relative to markets, methods of packing, shipping, etc., as may be helpful to producers seeking their co-operation.

All of the co-operative development work of the Southern Railway Company is free to all persons in the territory traversed by its lines who may wish to avail themselves of it.

On matters relating to Southern development, or farm and factory openings, call on or address.

M. V. RICHARDS

Land and Industrial Agent

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE UPLIFT

April, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

The Worker's Prayer.

Let me do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom,
Of all who lives, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done, in the right way;"
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

---Henry Van Dyke.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord N. C.

A HINT.

Any man or woman, who feels an interest in unfortunate youth, and can spare a day from pressing duties, can go out in the average town and secure without trouble at least twenty five subscribers for THE UPLIFT.

The purpose gives an opportunity for the telling of an interesting and engaging story---that of the conservation of youth, life.

The results of your efforts strengthens us---gives us the sinews for development and inlargements.

ONE MAN WITH BUT LITTLE EFFORT SENT IN 23 SUBSCRIBERS FROM STATESVILLE.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VI. CONCORD, N. C., APRIL, 1915 No. 2

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The season of innumerable A. B's, B. S's, Ph. D's, D. D.'s, LL. D's &c. is upon us.

That's a great auditorium recently completed at the Thomasville Orphanage.

The Hague may be a good thing in the time of peace and normal temperament, but it is practically impotent in times of great disturbances.

The kindness of Mrs. Al. Fairbrother, of Everything at Greensboro, made it possible for THE UPLIFT to print the picture of the Jones home in Halifax.

It's just one thing after another in Charlotte to attract the eyes of the state—right out of the Chapman meeting into the festivities of the 20th of May celebration.

Things seem unusually quiet in South Carolina these days. Later: Gov. Manning has started something by sending constables to Charleston to look after the blind tigers.

The automobile is keeping up its record in maiming and killing folks. It will be ever thus so long as children, wild folks, careless folks, drunk or sober, are permitted to run them.

The campaign that had started up in certain quarters against our own Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, was short lived. The laugh is on the other fellow.

It would be a miracle could anybody under the heavens in the whole world do anything relative to the fish business to please Eastern North Carolina. It is not time yet for another miracle.

The state lost one of its foremost and most useful citizens in the death of Hon. J. A. Long, of Person county, in March. His success in life was marvelous, and the unselfish good that he did in life was abundant.

The storm centre of next year's election in NorthCarolina promises to hover around the office of Attorney General. There is but one avowed candidate yet in the field, and he's doing it merely for "vindication."

Congressman Page has taken the public into his confidence and announced that the seat of a congressman is good enough for him and that he has no notion of entering the gubernatorial contest in this state next year.

The figures and facts being gathered by one hundred men in the one hundred counties of North Carolina, during one month, will, it is safe to say, not be used in getting out boom booklets to advertise the financial greatness of any county.

This is the month in which certain men make sworn statements that do not tally with the exhibit when they come to make a statement seeking a larger line of credit. Wonder how a very rich man feels in making a tax-return that in cold words indicates one struggling for a living?

About the only good thing accomplished by the terrible war across the waters is that it has taught some people the names of the European countries and that the world is much larger than some folks think it is. It has taught also that a speedy victory does not lie with the great majorities, but that other things enter into the thing called SUCCESS.

Here's hoping that the people of Guilford county will authorize the county officials to erect that skyscraper court house. The proposition is a unique one in North Carolina, and, upon several publications of exhibits, it looks like an attractive and profitable venture. There is one thing certain, about which there is no contest, and that is: Guilford county needs a new court house.

The terrible war in Europe goes right on. There is but little of the news trust-worthy. Had all the reports been true up to this time, each contending army would have driven the other into the sea or all would have been completely annihilated. It may not end until each side is literally exhausted—it has every appearance of a war to the bitter end.

The evidence is accumulating that the "pure in heart" are more and more pleased with the operation of the Quart law, and the "morally stunted" are more convinced that "personal liberty" has about vanished. Having had an opportunity to ob-

LIGHT BREAKING.

Considerable progress was made in the State the past winter in the matter of night schools for illiterate adults. In the rural districts these innovations are called moonlight schools. Few people unacquainted with the work of teaching have any idea how rapidly illiterate adults learn to read and write. A young man 18 or 19 years old entered a night school in Raleigh. He couldn't read a word. He had never had any instruction in books. He attended the school three nights a week and in four months he wrote the following note to his teacher:

I never went to school before I came to night school.

I have nearly finished a reading book.

I can add, substract, multiply and divide.

By giving a little time at night, under a competent instructor, this young man was in the brief period of four months lifted from under a pall of ignorance and placed in position to help himself. What a work these night schools are doing! ---Ex.

serve in a recent trip over the state, there seems no doubt of the radical change in a number of places. It is ALL FOR THE BETTER.

Strawberry custard, cherry pie, blackberry pie, apple pie, peach pie ---that's the order. And the architecture, for the sake of embelisihing the table and making it look "real cute", may follow many designs, among them the late J. P. Caldwell's suggestions in dealing with Iredell county pies: Pies kivered and unkivered---pies barred and latticed &c. But, after all, we are glad to leave off Snitz pies until cold and wintry weather returns.

That inauguration event tnat took place at Chapel Hill when Dr. E. K. Graham became president of the University of North Carolina, was a brilliant affair and marked an important new beginning in the life of the institution. It is one of the happiest selections in positions of trust, usefulness and honor that have been made in the late history of North Carolina. The spirit and esteem of the state are behind President Graham, and he has an open field.

That the kink in the appropriation to the Western Hospital at Morganton, an institution that has wrought so much good to suffering patients and their sorrowing friends and families, by the wisdom of the officials of that institution, the deep patriotism and watchful care of the State's interests by Governor Craig and the sense of justice by State Senator Henry Gilliam, has been unraveled, is a cause for great rejoicing. That institution must not be crippled.

The destruction of the Luscitania was horrible; it is horrible too to contemplate the awful destruction intended by the hundreds of thousands of dollars of munitions of war being carried on the Luscitania. It would be assigning a new feature to war were we to think of it as manifesting humanity—war is just what Sherman said it was, nothing more nor less. It is fortunate for the people that Woodrow Wilson is at this very time president of the United States.

In another column may be found the one hundred words with which a test was held among the "crack" spellers of several schools at a county spelling contest. It may be safely believed that the record would not have been so miserable had the spelling been by oral method rather than by a written method. But bad as it is, it is infinitely better than the record made by the high school pupils of the state in their test with fifty words, considerably more simple and easier than the test given at that certain county contest. The showing is abominable.

Perhaps no more important and far-reaching public duty, in which the public shares a greater concern, is ever discharged in the state than the selection of one hundred men to direct the educational affairs of the one hundred counties in North Carolina. This event is on the first Monday in July. The duties of the County Superintendent of Education are so large that they call for a full-grown man, with tact, ability, earnestness and backbone. The cause of public education is no child's play and is too serious a matter for the exercise of blind sentiment or the coddling of pets.

PRESIDENT BOYDEN.

To succeed Col. A. B. Andrews, who has gone out from among us, Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, has been elected President of the Board of Trustees for the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Raleigh. No better selection was posible. If a greater love for the old Confederate soldier can be found than that always manifested by Col. Boyden it is unknown in the whole state.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

A certain chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution, having in hand consideration of the States' navies during the war for American Independence, met up with the daring deeds of John Paul Jones, the Scotchman. Of course, in Virginia they claim him as a Virginian; but others, interested in this Jones, can not exactly figure out "how come" all this energy being spent to establish a school at his "old colonial home" in Halifax county, North Carolina, by the national D. A. R's. Like in many other cases, Virginia appropriated John Paul Jones from among North Carolinians when something real important or startling needed a leader.

THE HOME CHRONICLE.

We have it that Supt. Walter Thompson, of the Children's Home, the orphanage of Western North Carolina Methodist Conference has gotten his work well in hands and now enjoys a splendid organization of his forces and helpers in this most important work of thechurch and humanity.

He has recently launched an official organ of the institution under the name of The Home Chronicle. Mechanically it is extremely neat, though small in size, but all precious things "are put up in small packages." There is a brightness in its contents, and many of the "ear marks" are not only pleasing but also leave no doubt of their origin. The Uplift wishes The Chronicle abundant success in its broad and important field not only for its own sake and the sake of its management but most especially for the sake of the great cause in which it labors.

The Devil of To-day.

The devil, in a word, has ceased to wear the face of a demon and the garb of an outlaw; he has become respectable, he knows the moral and social conventions, and, so long as it serves his purposes, observes them; he sometimes goes to church; he no longer shudders behind his mask when the cross confronts him, nor does he shrink from the test of holy water. He is no longer repulsive to the eye, but he is more maligant and hideous spiritually than was the devil that tempted our ancestors; he no longer wears his nature in his face and proclaims his calling by his dress, and he is therefore more dangerous. To the earlier generations he was an open foe; to us he is a secret enemy; he has always been the father of lies, but to-day he wears the air of truth—From the Outlook.

Why I Believe in Poverty.

By Editor Edward W. Bok in The Ladies' Home Journal of April.

I make my living trying to edit The Ladies' Home Journal. And because the public has been most generous in its acceptance of that periodical, a share of that success has logically come to me. Hence a number of my very good readers cherish an opinion that often I have been tempted to correct, a temptation to which I now yield. My correspondents express the conviction variously, but this extract from a letter is a fair sample:

"It is all very easy for you to preach economy to us when you do not know the necessity for it: to tell us how, as for example in my own case, we must live within my husband's income of eight hundred dollars a year, when you have never known what it is to live on less than thousands. Has it ever occured to you, born with the proverbial silver spoon in your mouth, that theoretical writing is pretty cold and futile compared to the actual hand-to-mouth struggle that so many of us live, day by day and year in and year out---an experience that you know not of?"

"An experience that you know not of!"

Now how far do the facts square with this statement?

Whether or not I was born with the proverbial "silver spoon in my mouth" I cannot say. It is true that I was born of well-to-do parents. But when I was six years old my father lost all his means, and faced life at forty-five, in a strange country, without even necessaries. There are men and their wives who know what that means: for a man to try to "come back" at forty-five and in a strange country!

I had the handicap of not knowing one word of the English language. I went to a public school and learned what I could. And sparse morsels they were! The boys were cruel, as boys are. The teachers were impatient, as tired teachers are.

My father could not find his place in the world. My mother who had always had servants at her beck and call, faced the problems of housekeeping that she had never learned nor been taught. And there was no money.

So, after school hours, my brother and I went home, but not to play. After-school hours meant for us to help a mother who daily grew more frail under the burdens that she could not carry. So, not for days, but for years, we two boys got up in the gray cold winter dawn when the bed feels so snug and warm to growing boys, and we sifted the cold ashes of the day-before's fire for a stray lump or two of unburned coal, and with what we had or could find we made the fire and warmed up the room. Then we set the table for the scant breakfast, went to school, and directly after school we washed the dishes, swept and scrubbed the floors. Living in a three-family tenement, each third week meant that we scrubbed the entire three flights of stairs from the third story to the first, as well as the doorsteps and the sidewalk outside. The latter work was the hardest: for we did it on Saturdays with the boys of the neighborhood looking on none too kindly, or we did it to the echo of the crack of the ball and bat on the adjoining lot!

In the evening, when other boys could sit by the lamp or study their lessons, we two boys went out with a basket and picked up wood and coal in the neighboring lots, or went after the dozen or so pieces of coal left from the ton of coal put in that afternoon by one of our neighbors, with the spot hungrily fixed in mind by one of us during the day, hoping that the man who carried in the coal might not be too careful in picking up the stray lumps!

"An experience that you know not of!" Don't I?

At ten years of age I got my first job: washing the windows of the baker's shop at fifty cents a week. In a week or two I was allowed to sell bread and cakes behind the counter after school hours for a dollar a week---handing out freshly baked cakes and warm, deliciously smelling bread, when scarcely a crumb had passed my mouth that day!

Then on Saturday mornings I served a route for a weekly paper, and sold my remaining stock on the street. It meant from sixty to seventy cents for that day's work.

I lived in Brooklyn, New York, and the chief means of transportation to Coney Island at that time was the horse car. Near where we lived the cars would stop to water the horses, the men would jump out and get a drink of water, but the women had no means of quenching their thirst. Seeing this lack I got a pail, filled it with water and a bit of ice, and, with a glass, jumped on each car on Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday, and sold my wares at a cent a glass. And when competition came, as it did very quickly when other boys saw that a Sunday's work meant two or three dollars, I squeezed a lemon or two in my pail, my liquid became "lemonade" and my price two cents a glass, and Sunday meant five dollars to me.

Then, in turn, I became a reporter evenings, an office boy daytimes, and learned stenography at midnight!

My correspondent says she supports her family of husband and child on eight hundred dollars a year, and says I have never known what that means. I supported a family of three on six dollars and twenty-five cents a week---less than onehalf of her yearly income. When my brother and I, combined, brought in eight hundred dollars a year we felt rich!

I have for the first time gone into these details in print so that my readers may know, at first hand, that the Editor of the Ladie's Home Journal is not a theorist when he writes or prints articles that preach economy or reflect a hand-to-hand struggle on a small or an invisible income. There is not a single step not an inch, on the road of direst poverty that I do not know or have not experienced. And, having experienced every thought, every feeling and every hardship that comes to those who travel that road, I say today that I rejoice with every boy who is going through the same experiences.

Nor am I discounting or forgetting one single pang of the keen hardships that such a struggle means. I would not today exchange my years of the keenest hardship that a boy can know or pass through for any single experience that could have come to me. I know what it means, not to earn a dollar but to earn two cents. I know the value of money as I could have learned it or known it in no other way. I could have been trained for my life work in no surer way. I could not have arrived at a truer understanding of what it means to face a day without a penny in hand, not a loaf of bread in the cupboard, not a piece of kindling wood for the fire---with nothing to eat, and then be a boy with the hunger of nine and ten, with a mother frail and discouraged!

"An experience that you know not of!" Don't I, my friend?

And yet I rejoice in the experience, and I repeat: I envy every boy who is in that condition and going through it. But---and here is the pivot of my strong belief in poverty as an undis-

guised blessing to a boy---I believe in poverty as a condition to experience, to go through, and then to get out of: not as a condition to stay in. "That's all very well," some will say, "easy enough to say, but how can you get out of it?" No one can definitely tell another that. No one told me. No two persons can find the same way out. Each must find his way for himself. That depends on the boy. I was determined to get out of poverty because my mother was not born in it, could not stand it, and did not belong in it. This gave me the first essential: a purpose. Then I backed up the purpose with effort and a willingness to work, and to work at anything that came my way, no matter what it was so long as it meant "the way out." I did not pick and choose: I took what came, and did it in the best way I knew how; and when I didn't like what I was doing I still did it well while I was doing it, but I saw to it that I didn't do it any longer than I had to do it. I used every rung in the ladder as a rung to the one above. It meant effort, of course, untiring, ceaseless and unsparing, and it meant work, hard as nails. But out of the effort and the work came the experience: the upbuilding: the development: the capacity to understand and sympathize: the greatest heritage that can come to a boy. And nothing in the world can give that to a boy, so that it will burn into him, as will poverty.

That is why I believe so strongly in poverty, the greatest blessing in the way of the deepest and fullest experience that can come to a boy. But, as I repeat: always as a condition to work out of: not to stay in.

Luck

This is a very common word. Every one is familiar with it. We have noticed that our grandfathers and grandmothers spoke of lucky and unlucky days. We have heard our fathers and mothers speaking of good and bad luck, when engaged in conversation with us around the family fire-side. Our brothers and sisters made use of it when conversing with us while we were engaged in our childish games. When we grew up and began to intermingle with other people of the world, we found all classes of society, both high and low, using this term. On account of its early use in our hearing and also, its universal use among all classes of society, we have adopted it into our own little vocabularies without inquiring into the ideas conveyed by it, nor is it probable that those did from whom we heard it. We make use of it in the same way that they did, and probably as frequently too. For when anything is underhaken by any one: and the result of it meets or goes beyond our expectation, we almost invaribly find ourselves saying, "He had good luck," if on the contrary it falls short of what we looked for, we say, "He had bad luck," Or when one, of whom we would not expect a great deal undertakes and accomplishes something which we think is beyond his ability, we say, "It was more through luck than good sense." What do we mean by such language; and what did they mean by it? The impression conveyed is that things happen thus and so, some ill, some well, without any particular cause. The very word luck is of itself suggestive of a want of regularity in the affairs of the world. of want of belief that worth, merit and character play a part in determining the station of man in life; or that attentiveness, untiring energy and an indomitable will, figure in the successful results of undertakings.

Where the idea of luck came from is not known; but grave men tell us that most of our superstitious notions have been inherited from the Middle Ages, where rank ignorance held sway in the mind. This notion of luck is certainly superstitious and may have probably been among that heritage which was transmitted to us from that time.

However or whatever may have been its origin, we know that it is among us and that it clings closely to the minds of some people. They look upon luck as a something that does all things among men which they can not account for. They regard it as a something whose favor is to be desired, a something under whose displeasure success would be impossible.

Many hard working men, believers in luck, have started in business with the hope that luck would favor them and give them success. They try one business awhile; and luck does not seem to be on their side, so they give it up. They engage in something else and yet the long looked for and much worshiped goddess does not appear. They try another business, still no luck is seen. They thus dally along attempting all things, but succeeding at nothing; until the best part of their lives have been spent. They, saddened and disappointed, make no more efforts. Oh! this has been the cause of many of the wretched failures that some have made of their lives. Its devotees swell the number of our gamblers, train-robbers, house-breakers, and murderers. They fancy that every rich or honored man has attained his wealth or honors not by any effort of his own; but by some peculiar turn of luck in his favor: and consequently has no special right to them; and they will get them away from him if they can. Their last act is murder, robbery or the like.

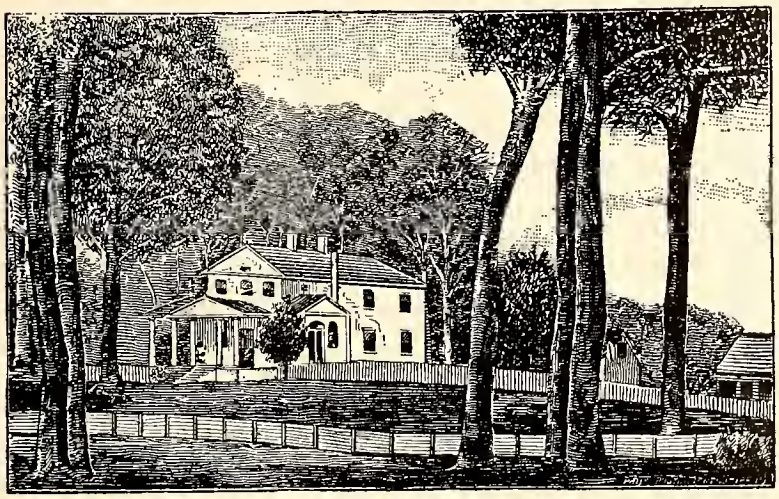
Some men have gone West thinking that there luck might cross their path and win for them honors or wealth; but those who go and are not disposed to win them by honest effort and constant toil or through wise and well directed steps, return very much disappointed.

In a world like ours in which everything from the smallest particle of matter to the globe, every being, every event, is governed by ceaseless and unvarying laws, there can be no spot favorable to the existence of luck; and he who expects to find one will be disappointed. Her riches are accumulated by the frugal, the energetic and the clear-sighted. Her honors are won by the bold and the daring. Genuine bravery of heart and a whole souled determination and indefatigable energy, are the keys with which to unlock her storehouse of treasures, and are the means by which we can appropriate them to ourselves. Labor and talent determine the success with which all meet in life.

If we were in a world where the sluggard's fields waved with the most bountiful harvests where virtue was despised and wantoness was courted where laziness was clothed with broadcloth and smartness walked in rags; where cowards received praises and honors, and heroes were despised and rejected we might believe in luck, a game of chance; but here where the rewards of labor, energy, braverv and virtue are as constant as the warmth in the rays of the sun, we cannot find any place in our minds for the idea of luck. Luck is the product of ignorant minds. It can find no room in the minds of the intelligent and thinking. Labor is the tree of life, and successes, happiness and honors are its fruit. The world was fashioned by labor, governments are founded by it and by its steady props they are sustained. Honors are won by labor and he who expects to wear them must pay the price. Never will they come through any curious turn of luck in our favor.

Necessity may be contemporaneous with inventions, but genius is its mother.

The Grove House, Halifax, N. C.



The Historic Run on the Site of which the Natioual D. A. R. contemplate establishing a Home and School.

In going through an old trunk the other day, hidden away in a mass of lost and forgotten things, an old manuscript came to light which, by reason of its rather voluminous and time-stained pages invited inspection and investigation. Reading the short preface, which explained the reason for having perpetrated such a rash act as essaying the role of historian, even in this limited and superficial way, our mind went back to a time when the literary wings of the editor of this page were beginning to show indications of pin feathers---when the energy and confidence of youth were ready to assume any task and balked at no undertaking.

In short we recalled that in compliance with a request from several friends who were at that time interested in preserving the traditions and memories of this historic spot, we prepared a sketch from such information as we could obtain, describing the once (for that period) elegant and hospitable home of Willie Jones, at the old decaying town of Halifax, a place made famous in North Carolina history by the important historical associations which clustered round it.

Ordinarily we should have thought nothing of the "find",which indeed seemed to come to us out of the grave of a dimly remembered past---but we then recalled that we had written such a sketch and that, expected to some day put it into type, had procured (where or from whom we have quite forgotten) one of the last photographs ever taken of this celebrated colonial home---at that time a mere remnant of its former glories---unoccupied, neglected, and fast becoming a ruin. Not satisfied with exploring the empty chambers and deserted banquet halls, which had resounded with the wit and wisdom of some of the most conspicuous figures in the early history of so great a state, we extended our researches to the old church and the weed choked burying ground, copying quaint epitaphs from broken headstones, indulging in philosophical reflections upon the instabality of all things earthly, and quite agreeing with Mr. Grey that "the path of glory leads but to the grave." The magazine spring---then the pride of contemporary Halifax---was also visited and large draughts of the storied waters eagerly quaffed---thirst satisfying if possessing no greater claim to the reputation it enjoyed.

And now this same historic colonial home---familiary known as "the Grove House," is being favorably considered as an appropriate ground work for the National D. A. R. home and school contemplated as a possibility of the near future. Its claims as the most suitable location for such an institution are being strongly urged by the North Carolina Chapter D. A. R., and that is why the above picture and the accompanying reminiscence are interesting at this time. From the picture, preserved through all these years, a new cut has been made, and whether recognized or not by those who know the place today, the fact remains that it looked that way at the time we visited Halifax 27 years ago, and the heavy timbers were then in a good state of preservation. Every one living in North Carolina, native or foreign born, is anxious to see such an institution as contemplated by the Daughters come to the State, and for many reasons the old Jones home at Halifax seems the logical preference. Let everybody get busy and locate the Home at Halifax---Mrs. Al. Fairbrother in Every. thing.

A Parable.

There is a parable that tells how a hen once trod on a duck's foot. She didn't mean to do it, and it didn't hurt much, but the duck got in a rage, and flew at the hen, shouting.

"Ill pay you for that!"

But as she flew she struck a goose, and the goose cried, "Ill pay you for that!" But as it ran its foot tore the fur of a cat.

"Ill pay you for that!" said the cat, as she sprang at the goose; but her claws pulled the fleece of a sheep that was in the farmyard.

The sheep ran for the cat, but hit a dog, the dog jumped for the sheep, but he struck an old cow by the gate.

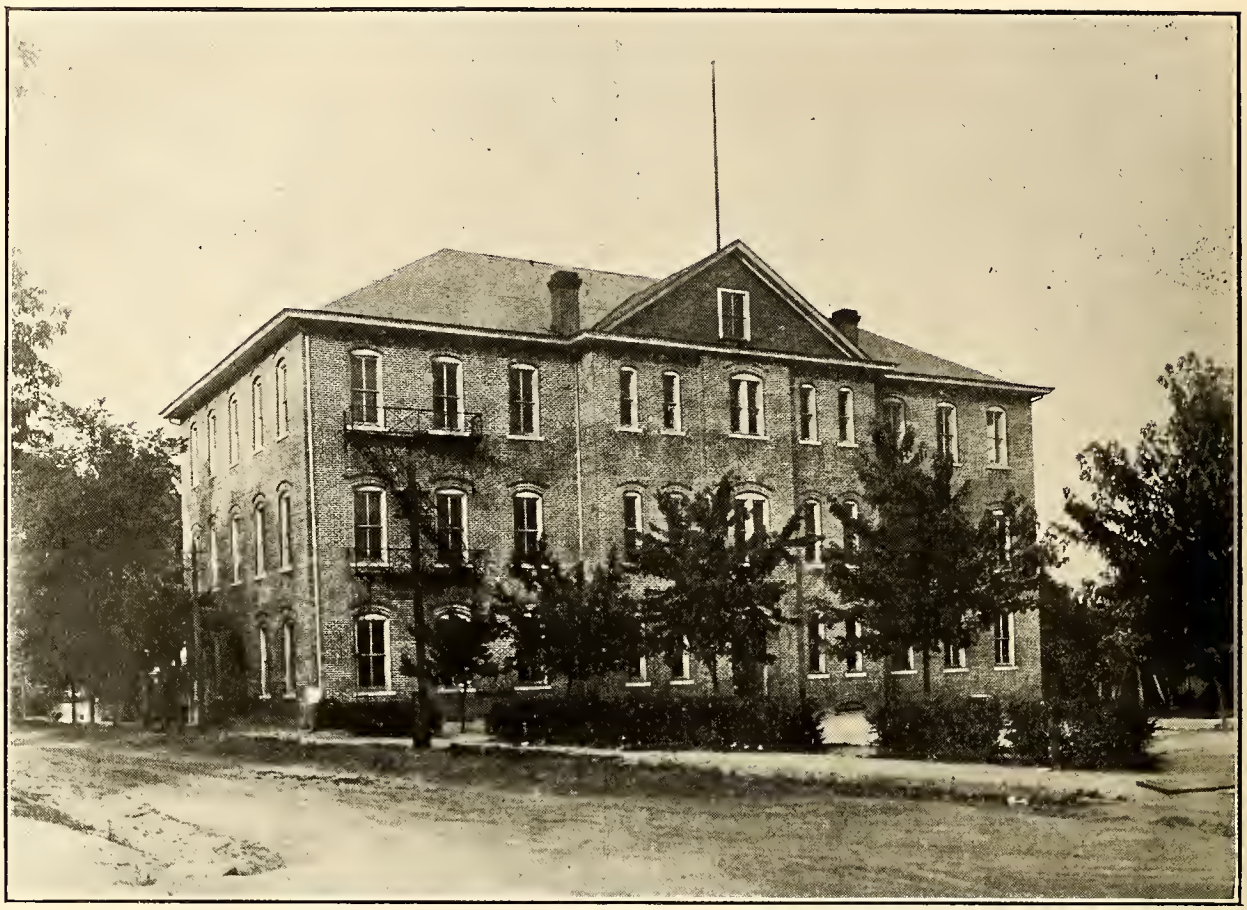
"Ill pay you for that!" cried the cow. But though she caught the dog, her horn grazed the skin of a horse standing by.

"Ill pay you for that!" shouted the horse. Then what a fuss there was all because a hen trod on a ducks foot, and the duck wouldn't overlook a little hurt! The master came out from the house to see what the row was, and sent them all in out of the sunshine into their barns and stalls and houses. It really spoilt all their good times, just because they would pay each other back.—Ex.

A Prayer.

Father, I pray for the gift of peace. My life is full of noise and nervousness, of flurry and worry and care. I want the peace of the Son of God whose Spirit was never ruffled by the storms that swept over His life. Lay Thy hand on my aching brain and take all the fever out of it. Lay Thy hand on my wild throbbing heart and help me to look out calmly on life. Lay Thy hand on my care-worn spirit and take the weariness out of it. And may the peace of God which passeth all understanding keep my heart and mind in the knowledge and love of Thy Son. Amen.— Edward Leigh Pell, D. D.

MOORESVILLE GRADED SCHOOL BUILDING.



Unity of purpose, intelligent control and earnest effort on the part of the people have given to the town of Mooresville, in South Iredell, not only a splendid and attractive school building but a local school system that is the pride of the community but also an object lesson to some larger towns not enjoying quite such a community spirit as prevails in Mooresville. A capable board, a thorough school man at its head, faithful and efficient teachers, and an enthusiastic patronage have made for Mooresville a school system far above the average.

Before I Was Twenty-One.

Recently three leading men spoke at the Men's Meeting in Cleveland on the subject, "Things I wish I had known before I was twenty-one." G. Leonard Fels, the first speaker, gave answers sent in by twenty-two men. Here they are. Every word is worth reading.

1 What I was going to do for a living, and what my life work would be.

2 That my health after thirty depended in a large degree, on what I put into my stomach before I was twnety-one.

3 How to take care of money.

4 The commercial assest of being neatly and sensibly dressed.

5 That a man's habits are mighty hard to change after he is twenty-one.

6 That a harvest depends upon the seeds sown; wheat produces wheat, thistles bring forth thistles, rag-weeds spoil good pasture, and wild oats sown will surely produce all kinds of misery and unhappiness.

7 That things worth while require time, patience and work.

8 That you can't get something for nothing.

9 That the world would give me just about what I deserved.

10 That by the sweat of my brow would I earn my bread.

11 That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labour, but it brings the best of everything else, namely, more enjoyable work, better food, more of the wholesome luxuries and pleasures of life, better folks to live and deal with, and best of all the genuine satisfaction that you are somebody worthy of respect, confidence, and priceless gift of friendship.

12 That honesty is the best policy, not only in dealing with my neighbors, but also in dealing with myself and God.

And it is also well once in a while to try to see others as they see them selves.---The Youth's companion.

"What's veal, Benny?"

"Oh, it's the part of the cow we eat before she grows up!"---Sacred Heart Review.

When the donkey saw the zebra
He began to switch his tail;
"Well, I never," was his comment;
"There's a mule that's been in jail."---The Horse lover.

DOING THE VERY BEST WE CAN.

We often hear a man say: "I am doing the best I can." Few realize the meaning of this declaration. If I am doing the best I can, I am abstaining from everything I ought not to do. When solicited or attempted to engage in a transaction or conversation whereby the tone of my own life would be lowered or the reputation or homes of my neighbors would be injured, no matter how great the financial gains or selfish pleasures involved, I steadfastly refuse. To do less is not the best I can do.

Felix Adler said: "Day by day, there are triumphs to be won over the passion that stirs in our breasts, over the rising anger that sears our lips; over the turpitudes that defile our hearts; over the spirit of impatience and mutiny that threatens the authority of our reason. By such triumphs we are raised above our baser selves, and the fire which consumes our grosser natures, like the flaming chariot of Elijah, bears us living into a higher world-"

No one is doing the best he can who does not diligently strive to do every common task well. Life is made up, not of great deeds, but common tasks. There was nothing remarkable or spectacular in what we did yesterday. It was merely a series of common place acts and experiences from morning to night. Nothing happened worth recording. So it was the day before, and the day before that, and so it will be to-morrow. To do common things well should be our ambition. Do them in the right spirit. Do them as in the service of humanity. Do them because they are right. Do them cheerfully, patiently, faithfully, beautifully. To do common things well is definitely greater than to do what men call great deeds meanly.

Let the conversation at the breakfast be elevating. Exclude all unworthy topics and tempers. Then go on with the daily round of housekeeping or teaching, or study, or business with a serene spirit and a high noble aim. Those common tasks which seem so monotonous and prosy will be grand when they are done in the right spirit. The great transaction may never come to your hands.

If it should come, the daily habit of doing little things with lofty aim will serve you well in the brilliant deed which may be worth recording. But remember, we are making history in the unhistoric deed as well as in the thing which shall be proclaimed from the housetop.

No one can do his best alone. Especially in the hours of dissappointment, defeat and affliction, we need sympathy and counsel. Woe to the man who does not live on such terms with others that he can have their sincere sympathy in the trying hour.

Keep in close touch, heart-to-heart touch, with father, mother, brother, sister, wife, children, and neighbors.

You can not do your best without them. Above all, keep in close touch with your Heavenly Father. Never become alienated, for one day, fresh Him in your mind. When the hour is darkest and the burden heaviest you will greatly need to feel that your aching heart is throbing close to His great heart of love, and you can say confidently: "The Lord is my helper."

Then, and only then can you do your best.

Only our best shall abide. The best we can do will leave its trace on men and things in this world, a trace which time cannot remove.

Nothing less than the best is worth while. We may be busy and careful about many things, and they may all seem very innocent and harmless, but if they are done in selfishness and pride, in spite and anger, they are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

They may bring financial gains, worldly honors and thrills and pleasure, but they are all no more than the vapor which appeareth for a little time and then "vanisheth away."

The best we can do, however born of material fruits, will somehow leave its mark on our character, on the world, and will be found "when the leaves of the judgment-book unfold."—Selected.

Oldest Pass Outstanding.

Capt. N. W. West, of this city, has perhaps the oldest railway pass in this State if not in the country. He consented yesterday to allow a reporter of the News and Observer to see the original document and to take a copy of it, which is as follows:

"North Car. R. Road,
"Feb. 3rd, 1859.

"The bearer, N. W. West, is for some time engaged on the Road. He has leave of absence to go on a short visit North. Any courtesy of pass to him will be reciprocated at any time ---by us.

"CHAS. F. D. FISHER,
"Prest."

The pass is in the handwriting of President Fisher and though written fifty-six years ago the ink is almost as black as the day it was written.

Capt. West at the time of receiving this pass had just completed a four years' apprenticeship as a machinist in the shops at what at that time was called Company's Shops, now Burlington, and was learning the road as an engineer.

Capt. West made the trip to New York and the pass was honored on the roads between this city and the great metropolis. In speaking of the trip yesterday, Capt. West recalled an incident that happened while in New York. He was stopping at the Astor House. There was a deep snow on the ground. While on the street he pulled out a five dollar bill of the Bank of the Rebublic. A friend playfully grabbed it and tore it half in two, one part falling and being trampled in the snow. The Captain took the half of the bill he retained to the Bank of the Republic and requested five dollors for it. He was referred to the president in his private office. He made known his request to this offical. The shrewd old financier told the Captain, then quite a young man, that it was only half of a bill and that if he gave him five dollars for it a person who might find the other half might come in and make the same request and the bank would be out five dollars. The Captain, however, told him that there was not much possibility of any one finding the half buried in a foot of snow and so the president gave him the five dollars requested.

At the outbreak of the war Capt. West quit the railroad and enlisted as a member of Manly's battery, the famous organization from this city which distinguished itself during the war for gallantry and bravery.

After the war, Capt. West engaged in business in this city in which he was highly successful, retiring a number of years ago with a full measure of this world's goods to keep the wolf from the door at long range. However, he still takes a lively interest not only in local but in world affairs in which he is well posted.—Raleigh News and Observer.

If Living.—A census clerk discovered that one of his blanks under the heading, "Age of father, if living," and "Age of mother, if living," had been filled in by one person with the figures 120 and 112. "But your parents were never so old, were they?" asked the astonished clerk. "No," was the reply, "but they would have been if living."

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

PUBLISHED BY

The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director, Printing Department.

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Our latest arrival is Gilbert Holloway, of Murphy, N. C. He has not been here but a few days but he is fast making the accquaintance of all the boys.

Mr. Philip Shaw's force is very busy working on the flower beds here at the institution. Considering the cold weather and late snow, we have had very good luck with our flowers this year.

A new lot of type has just been received for the printing office. It has arrived right at the time we most need it, for we are now printing a cook book for the King's Daughters of Concord.

Mrs. Gertie Fox, one of our matrons visited her home in Lenoir, for a short while during the first part of the month. She has now returned to take up her duties in the sewing-room instead of matron in one of the cottages.

If we have good luck with our melon patch this year we will have one of the largest crops ever raised at the Training School. Mr. M. R. Kiser has charge of the melon patch this year. He has planted 565 hills.

The boys have now started to going barefooted here at the Training School. As yet there have been no broken toes or cut feet which is quite unusual considering that the boys have been going barefooted for about two weeks now.

We have a large garden here this year. In it we have 1000 fine tomato plants. Most all of our boys like tomatoes and they will come in good this summer. We also have some very fine pepper, okra and egg plants that will soon be ripe.

The Margaret Burgwyn Chapel has now been wired for electricity. It was wired by Mr. H. E. Isenhour, It is hoped that it will not be long now until the chapel can be used to have services in for the boys and officers of the institution.

Mr. S. I. Parker, an officer at the institution, lost one of his Sigma Chi pins out on the campus. It was found by Bud Baine and returned to Mr. Parker, who gave Bud a reward for finding it. It had been lost two or three times before but always where it could be easily found.

The boys have played six games of baseball this season and lost one. They have played the first team of Gibson Mill twice and lost one of the games. It is the only game lost this season by the boys and they are in good spirits over it. We are hoping to have one of the strongest teams the school has ever had, this season.

A prize box of candy has been offered to the boy, who gets up the best essay on the subject of: 'The Lost Cause, or The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy.' The prize will be awarded by Mr. H. E. Isenhour, teacher of the advanced grades. The prize is limited to the English class in the evening school section. The name of the winner will appear in the next issue of the Uplift.

The officers elect for the Stonewall Literary Society of cottage number 2 are as follows: President, Harrison Byrd; Vice-President, Gordon Kimball; Secretary, Sam Phillips; Censor, Bill Newton; Critic, R. V. Lloyd; Reporter, Wayne Allen. The Society has made marked improvement for the last four months. The Committiees and officers are all working together now, and all hope to make more improvement.

Last month the boys were very much pleased to receive a visit from Mrs. Mercer Blaine, the wife of a missionary to China. She gave the boys a lecture on China in which she told many queer stories concerning the Chinese. She showed several pictures of different parts of China and explained them to the boys. She also gave some of her experiences as a missionary in China. The morning after she brought out a silk Chinese flag and showed it to the boys.

The Cone Literary Society had its usual election of officers on the first Monday of the month. A very good staff of offiicers was elected. The officers elect are: President, Charlie Randolph, of Kinston; Vice-President, Elisha Neathery, of Rocky Mount; Secretary, James Swaney, of Statesville; Critic, William Sanderford; of Raleigh; Treasuer, Lambeth Suit, of Thomasville; Reporter, Elisha Neathery, of Rocky Mount; Censor, Randolph White, of High-Point.

One of the best debates of the season was held by the Cone Literary Society of the King's Daughters Cottage on April 12th. The question was, Resolved: "That the aircraft are more destructive in the present European War than the submarine-boats." The affirmative side was represented by Joseph Gardner, of Monroe, and Lambeth Suit of Thomasville. The negative side was represented by Jno. William Sanderford, of Raleigh, and Elisha Neathery, of Rocky Mount. The speakers on the affirmative side held up their side strongly but the speakers on the negative came back at their opponents like they meant what they said. In the rejoinders the affirmative side came back doggedly but the negative side seemed to be prepared for it and won the debate unanimously. There were many visitors out to hear the debate; including Miss Mary E. Harp of Durham; the aunt of Jno. Wm. Sanderford, one of the speakers on the negative side. The Judges were: Miss Vindetta Hornbuckle, Mr. Chas. E. Boger and Miss Bessie Cope.

Casey; "Phwat's these 'airgettes the 'apers are talking about, Mike?" Maloney: "Wasn't ye ivir in assiety, ye ignoramons? Shure, it's phwat ye sind when ye can't go."---Ex.

A PSALM OF LIFE

What The Heart Of The Young Man Said To The Psalmist.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way:
But to act, that each tomorrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant
Let the dead Past bury the dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time.

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

The Public Servant.

The public servant occupies no easy position, whether he be postmaster of an obscure fourth class office, or the President of the United States. The public is exacting. The man who seeks election, or appointment, should take this fact into full account.

The public has a right to be exacting but should not be unreasonable, or unfair. A man is a man for a'that, and would not be fit to serve the public if he were not. He should not be expected to surrender his manhood, or to suppress his personality, just because he is a public servant. On the other hand he has no right to assert his peculiarities, or to display disregard for the comfort and pleasures of those whom he serves.

A public servant should be chosen on his merits, first, as to efficiency, and, second, as to general fitness. Business ability should be considered, but so should disposition. The public servant, wherth in the employ of a corporation, or in the employ of the government itself, is paid by the public, and it is his duty to give the public a courteous as we ll as an efficient service. One who applies to a public servant for proper information which that servant is expected to possess and give out, ought not to have to apologize to the servant for interrupting him, or to stand before him as one who is asking a personal favor. It is the business of the public servant to give courteous attention to all requests that come to him, many of which may be so absurd in his judgement as to try his patience and irritate him. This is especially true of those who deal with the travelling public. There are some people who are constitutionally disagreeable and hard to please, but the majority of those who make seeming unreasonable requests and ask useless, sometimes senseless, quesare inexperienced people, who especially need kind, courteous and patient treatment. On the other hand the public should be considerate of its servants. Demands are often made where simple requests would be in order, and there is a disposition to find fault where there is no occasion for complaint. The boor is out of place no matter on which side of the railing he stands. The public servant should feel and act like a human being dealing with human beings, even if he should know that some of those with whom he deals are pretty far down in the scale. And those who constitute the public should also feel and act as human beings dealing with their fellow men, the public servants. Christian gentility in both parties would make life easier and more pleasant for everybody. The public servant is a servant not a lord, but in his place of honor deserves to be treated with great respect. Humane consideration will result in humane treatment, at least. Devotion to duty will result in decency of manners.—Ex.

"The lonely people of the world are usually those who, instead of going out and winning love and friendship, are standing still and waiting for love and friendship to come to them."

Words in a Recent Co. Spelling Contest.

In the preceding munber of THE UPLIFT reference was made to a Spelling Contest being one feature of a County Contest.

Each school of the county had the privilege of selecting a representative to this contest. It was done by means of a local contest among the pupils of each individual school. It was stipulated that only such words as found in the spelling book in use should be selected for the test: That book was not Webster's Blue-Back.

Eighteen schools of the certain County were represented at the County Contest. The result was found considerably surprising. One representative, a young girl, correctly spelled 95 of the 100 words; the poorest effort in that contest was just 35 words out of the 100 words.

The list of 100 words used in the said contest are as follows:

Ache	Chamois
Niche	Mullein
Craunch	Clayey
Quaff	Memoir
Skein	Grimace
Guy	Languor
Scourge	Cognac
Clique	Strychnine
Brogue	Ruffian
Deuce	Chauffer
Gorge	Regime
Corps	Calyx
Almond	Sapphire
Nuisance	Trousseau
Mussel	Turquoise
Spinach	Surcingle
Pigeon	Sweet-scented
Coupe	Terre Haute
Zephyr	Aphides
Battens	Nonpareil
Cretonne	Arabic
Scalene	Fricassee
Brevier	Progeny
Surfeit	Moccasin
Malign	Mignonette
Equity	Proboscis
Quassia	Subsidence
Badinage	Capricious
Pyriles	Amateur
Sacrifice	Manacle
Trichinae	Facetious
Liquefy	Petit jury
Subpoena	Erysipelas
Prodigy	Receptacle
Gayety	Hypocrisy
Pompeii	Celibacy
Beethoven	Incorrigible
Paradigm	Etymology
Sobriquet	Metonymy
Cynosure	Deuteronomy
Whip-poor-will	Menagerie
Dolorous	Hypotenuse
Labyrinth	Participle
Piquancy	Reminiscence
Pleiades	Archimedes
Requisite	Malleable
Solecism	Catamaran
Ominous	Dissimilar
Medial	Ostensible
Judgment	Terpsichore

Great Men.

We plume ourselves on being a highly civilized people, intelligent and wise. We even think there never was so highly civilized a nation in the world. It will take a little conceit out of our selves to realize that a little country, in area and population about the size of Rhode Island, produced more illustrious men than these United States.

Between the years of 500 and 300 B. C., twenty-five illustrious men were produced in Attica, such a galaxy of great men as has never been found anywhere else in the space of two centuries. Attica in ancient Greece produced one illustrious man for every 4,300 of her free-born, adult male population. There is no such record any where else. This question has been brought anew to public attention by Prof. E. G. Conklin, of Princeton, who quotes the statement of Francis Galton that "the average ability of the Athenian race of that period was, on the lowest possible estimates, as much greater than that of the English race of the present day as the latter is above that of the African negro."

We have better horses and cows hogs and sheep than the ancient Greeks; we haven't better men. There has been no such intellectual city as Athens. Pericles and Plato, Sophocles, Aristotle and Demosthenes, Xenophon and Themistocles; Phidias and Thucydides.---these are some of the men whose deeds and words have lived and influenced men.---Twin-City Centinel.

Novel Traction System.

In the town of Badin, on the east coast of Africa, the private car question has been settled to the satisfaction of every white resident, by providing a private street car for each of them. The cars are small. They are fitted with a wide seat, which will hold two persons. The tracks of this private road lead through the main streets of the town, with switches to the stores and clubs. Each owner of a car has a switch to his yard and boards his car in the same manner as an automobilist. The road is financed by each car owner, who pays a certain sum each year for upkeep. The road is used for no other purpose than to carry the owners on their outing or calling expeditions.---Wall Street Journal

A straight line is the shortest cut in morals as well as in mathematics. —Maria Edgeworth.

Five Discoveries That Made History.

By Ray Palmer.

Gold was known to exist in America almost from the time of its discovery and settlement; not only in Mexico and many portions of South America, but also in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, and many of the other States. The southern portion of the gold region of the Appalachian chain appears to have been explored by some of the earliest Spanish adventurers, for in the Nancootchia Valley of upper Georgia the ruins of ancient huts and utensils have been discovered in working the deposit mines, which evidently had been the work of civilized man, though they must have been there several centuries.

It is supposed that they belonged to De Soto's party, which penetrated from Florida to the Mississippi River in the sixteenth century. But until within the past eighty years or more the gold region of the Southern States attracted little attention. Gold had been gathered to a small extent in various places along the ranges of hills on the east side of the mountains, between the Potomac and the Coosa River of Alabama; but there was no regular market for its sale, and no account was kept of the quantities collected. These were altogether of deposit gold.

In 1825 a gold vein was discovered in North Carolina of sufficient richness to draw public attention to this branch of industry; and from that time on, till the discovery of gold in California, the yield of the Southern States rose from about $100,000 to $1,000,000 annually.

But, in a broad sense, the discovery of gold in America is popularly connected with the finding of the yellow metal at Sutter's mill, California, in 1848. A party of three Americans, two of them Mormons, collected, in January, 1848, a considerable amount of gold on Mormon Island, near Sacramento. On February 9th the same party were at Sutter's mill, on the American fork of the Sacramento River, engaged in repairing the race, which had been damaged by the spring freshets, when the little daughter of the overseer, named Marshall, picked up in the race a lump of gold, and showed it to her father as a pretty stone. Though the overseer hastened to inform Captain Sutter, the discovery did not attract immediate attention, and the Mormons particularly sought to prevent the facts being made public. An article in the American Journal of Science of March, describing the quicksilver mines, adds at the close: "Gold has been found recently on the Sacramento, near Sutter's Fort. It occurs in small masses in the sands of a new mill race, and is said to promise well." In August of that year Governor Mason reported that four thousand men were engaged in working gold, and a product of the value of $30,000 to $50,000. Within less than four years the four thousand men had become an army, and the yearly product exceeded $50,000-000.

The earlier diggings were mostly deposits resting on the upturned edges of argillaceous slates, the gold being found entangled in these under the sand and gravel, and also more or less mixed through the superficial layers. A large proportion was picked out by hand at many of the diggings, so abundant were the coarse pieces.

The fluctuations of the seasons from long-continued rains to extreme drought were unfavorable to the regular prosecution of gold mining. In the summer there was a deficiency of water for washing the sands; and in the wet seasons it was in such excess as to greatly interfere with the operations. Attention was early directed to the gold veins, and in 1851 regular quartz mining was commenced, and soon numerous mines, most complete and thorough in their construction, were in operation over a great part of the country. Some of these were opened at greater depths than gold is often worked in other countries. A shaft of the Mount Hope Mining Company in Grass Valley was carried to the depth of 241 feet, reaching the vein at 350 feet, following its slope, and the richness of the vein-stone at this depth gave full encouragement to the belief that not only would the operations pay, but that the repositories would prove permanent and inexhaustible.

The exploration for gold is a simple process, which may be practiced with little experience. The earth suspected to contain it is merely to be washed upon the blade of a shovel, taking care that the heavier particles are retained as the lighter are allowed to flow away. If a vein is to be tested it may be done by beating the different stones found in it to dust, and washing this with water upon the shovel; toward the last the gold, if any be present, will make its appearance around the edge of the stony particles. An iron pan is commonly used for this operation, which, when nearly filled with the material to be tested, is first stirred and then shaken just under the surface of the water or a brook or pond till the lighter portions flow away, when the process is carefully completed by frequently dipping, shaking and pouring off. This hand-washing is a crude way of collecting gold, which is practiced by Mexicans, and neccessarily the only means employed by the California miners until more efficient apparatus could be introduced.

Diamonds in South Africa.

Diamonds have been known and valued from almost the earliest recorded times, and have been found in various degrees of richness in almost all sections of the world. But by far the most important diamond fields of the present day, and, indeed, of all days, are those of South Africa.

In 1867 a Dutch farmer obtained from a Boer a bright stone which his children had been using as a plaything. The stone was sent to the Cape, where its true nature as a diamond was recognized, and subsequently forwarded to the Paris exhibition and sold for $2500. This valuable discovery led to further researches, and diamonds were found in various places along the Vaal River for a considerable distance on both banks of the stream. The triangle between the junction of the Vaal and the Hart Rivers yielded a good many diamonds to the early diggers, who spread themselves over the whole country prospecting, and who were assisted in their efforts by the natives, who collected all kinds of pebbles in hope that the white man would buy them. Inside of three years there were upwards of ten thousand diggers on the Vaal River between Hebron and Schunelo.

In 1870 the "dry diggings" were discovered at a place called Du Toit's Pan, about halfway between the Vaal and Modder Rivers; and the following year many diamonds were discovered on a kopje, or conical hill, a little over two miles from Du Toit's Pan.

A rush of diggers at once took place; claims were selected and marked out; and in the course of a short time the whole hill was removed from its place, the diamonds being found in the hard "blue stuff" which was at first taken for stone. Operations were carried on below the level

of the surrounding country till a deep, irregular basin-shaped quarry or open-mine has taken the place of the former kopje or hill. The original area inclosed for the mine was about eleven acres, but successive slips of loose soil on the sides, the removal of which from the workings has entailed immense outlay, have widened the area, so that the mine now covers some twenty-five or thirty acres.

Round this mine—the richest in in the world—the town of Kimberley has been formed, first in canvas, then in corrugated iron, and afterwards in well-built and substantial houses. There was not a drop of water near this mine when it was discovered, but wells were sunk, water found, and sold to the diggers by the bucket and by the cask. But for a mumber of years now the town of Kimberley has enjoyed a full supply of water brought in piping from the Vaal River some twenty-five miles distant.

Besides the Du Toit's Pan and Kimberley mines there are De Beer's mine and Bultfontein mine. The centers of Kimberley and De Beer's mines are exactly one mile apart: the centers of De Beer's and Du Toit's Pan just over two miles, while the centers of Du Toit's Pan and Bultfontein's are less than three-quarters of a mile. Thus a circle three and a half miles in diameter incloses the whole of the four mines, which, taken together, are sometimes called "the world's diamond fields."

At first "claims" were worked by individual diggers, but the difficulties connected with mining led to combination, and companies superseded the first diggers—these companies, more recently, coming under a process of amalgamation, the ultimate object of which is to lessen the expense of working, and especially to regulate the out-put of diamonds, whensoever a practical monopoly has been secured.

The labor of the diamond mines, from the first, has been almost entirely done by the natives, many of whom travel great distances for the sake of the wages given at Kimberley. Even so long as twenty years ago there were in actual employment at the four mines, more than eleven thousand natives and one thousand white men. Illicit diamond buying, or "I. D. B." as it is called at the mines, has always prevailed, owing to the smallness and great value of the diamonds, and the facilities which were afforded by the earlier methods. "Trapping" by detectives is legalized, and anyone can be arrested on suspicion of having in his or her possession a rough diamond without license.

A Land With a Reality

I watch the sunset as I look out over the rim of the blue Pacific, and there is no mystery beyond the horizon line, because I know what is over there. I have been there. I have journeyed in those lands. Over there where the sun is just sinking is Japan. That star is rising over China. In that direction lie the Philippines. I know all that. Well, there is another land that I look toward as I watch the sunset. I have never seen it. I have never seen any one who has been there, bnt it has a more abiding reality than any of these lands which I do know. This land beyond the sunset---this land of immortality, this fair and blessed country of the soul---why, this heaven of ours is the one thing in the world which I know with absolute, unshaken, unchangeable certainty. This I know with a knowledge that is never shadowed by a passing cloud of doubt. I may not always be certain about this world; my geographical locations may sometimes become confused, but the other world---that I know. And as the afternoon sun sinks lower, faith shines more clearly and hope, lifting her voice in a higher key, sings the voice of fruition. My work is about ended, I think. The best of it I have done poorly; and any of it I might have done better, but I have done it. And in a fairer land, with finer material and a better working light, I will do better work.---Robert J. Burdett.

BESSEMER STEEL

Sir Henry Bessemer's process for making steel has revolutionized this industry throughout the world. It was first applied to the making of malleable iron, but this has never been successfully made by the Bessemer method. For the manufacture of a cheap but highly serviceable steel, however, its success has been so splendid that it has superseded all other processes wherever the steel industry is carried on.

The discovery of a material which is capable of cutting and otherwise shaping nearly every other substance known to man, and which can be so modified in hardness as to be able also to easily cut and shape itself, was of sufficient importance to make a distinct epoch in the progress of the human race. Such a material is steel, which may be made nearly as hard as the dimond or so soft that it can be cut, bent or hammered into any shape, rolled into sheets or drawn into wire even of hairlike thinness. It is composed of iron and carbon, but is not a true chemical compound of these substances. True chemical compounds have fixed and definite proportions of the elements composing them, but steel varies in all proportions from one-fourth per cent. of carbon to two and one-half percent. The more carbon the greater becomes the hardness of the steel, until a limit is reached owing to the brittleness which accompanies the hardness. The fusibility of steel increases with the amount of carbon. Ordinary steel contains a little silicon, manganese, sulphur, phosphorus, etc.; but these are merely impurities. The removal of these, or their reduction to the smallest possible quanity, is very desirable, as upon such removal the quality of the steel mainly depends.

So a most important development of the manufacture of steel has followed the introduction of the "Bessemer process," by means of which a low carbon or mild cast-steel of inferior quality can be produced at about one-tenth the cost of crucible steel. It is used for nails, for the tires of the wheels of railway carriages, for shipplates, boiler-plates, for shafting, and a multitude of constructional and other purposes to which only wrought-iron was formerly applied, besides many for which no metal at all was used.

This process was originally based on the theory that steel is iron carbonized in degrees intermediate between malleable and cast-iron; and, as carbon is readily oxidized at a

high temperature and thus converted into gaseous compounds, nothing further was supposed to be necessary for the converson of cast-iron into steel than to blow through the melted cast or pig-iron a sufficient quantity of air to burn out the redundant carbon and leave behind the proportion required for the production of steel.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of the Bessemer process is the intense heat to which the metal is subjected. It far exceeds that obtained in any other melting furnace. At first thought this may appear strange, as nothing but cold air is applied to the melted metal. But this metal is pig-iron containing silicon and carbon. Both of these are effective fuels when heated and supplied with oxygen. The manganese adds a little. In an ordinary charge of six tons of average material these fuel substances amount to about eight hundred-weight. They are all burned in the course of about twenty minutes, not outside a melting-pot, but within or amidst the melted metal itself; and thus the heat of extraordinary amount of combustion in so small a space is rendered exceptionally effective.

The impurities before mentioned are derived partly from the iron ores and partly from the fuel used in smelting them. When a pure ore, such as the magnetic oxide of iron, and a nearly pure carbon, such as wood-charcoal, are used, the manufacture of steel of fine quality is very simple and easy. With such materials steel is made quite as easily as iron, the carbon of the fuel readily combining with the iron as it becomes reduced from the ore. The ancient ironmakers obtained their steel in this way, and the ironmakers of the East, who still work in the primitive manner with small furnaces and much labor, do the same, but they are not able to accurately regulate the quantity of carbon in the steel and its consequent hardness.

VULCANIZING RUBBER

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to specify the many useful purposes to which vulcanized caoutchouc is applied, even if we had the space to spare. From the year 1843 when it was first made, to the present time, the various patented applications of it are thousands in number.

Pure India rubber is now used only to a limited extent in the arts, but it is so applied in the vulcanized state as to cover a vast array of manufactures. The remarkable change which caoutchouc undergoes when mixed with sulphur and heated, according to circumstances, from 240 degrees to 310 degrees Fahrenheit, was discovered by Charles Goodyear in 1834-44, and independently, about the same time, by Thomas Hancock, in England. In the process of vulcanizing the rubber as a preliminary step, is either torn into shreds or crushed into thin pieces by machinery, and afterwards washed. There are two principal kinds of vulcanized rubber, one hard and horny in its texture, the other soft and elastic. In the case of the former the caoutchouc is mixed with about one-third of its weight of sulphur, and heated for several hours, the temperature finally rising to fully 300 degrees Fahrenheit. For the soft kind of vulcanized rubber, on the other hand, a much smaller proportion of sulphur is required, perhaps from two and one half to ten per cent, and the heat to which it is subjected in the vulcanizing chamber is conciderably less. Usually, too, with this latter kind, the articles are made before the rubber is heated. The sulphur is commonly added in the ground state, but sometimes the rubber is treated with some solution containing this as a constituent element such as the bisulphide of carbon.

Although sulphur is the only essential ingredient required for vulcanizing rubber, yet other substances are usually added. Thus, in the case of machinery belting, pipes, and some other articles, the silicate of magnesia (French chalk) is used to prevent adhesiveness.

Natural caoutchouc is elastic, cohesive, impervious to gases, insoluble in water, and resists many chemical reagents; but it loses its elasticity by cold, softens by heat, and is destroyed by many fixed oils. After being vulcanized, caoutchouc has its elasticity greatly increased, is not hardened by cold, and does not soften or become viscid at a temperature short of its absolute decomposition. Besides, it is barely soluble in turpentine, naphtha and the other solvents of pure caoutchouc, nor does oil readily penetrate or soften it.

The method for making waterproof clothing, or "mackintoshes," the first application of rubber on a large scale, was invented in Glasgow in 1820 by the Scottish chemist, Charles Mackintosh. In this manufacture the caoutchouc has to undergo many and varied processes. It is first reduced to a solution with naphtha or other solvent, and it is then amalgamated with other ingredients according to the nature of the material it has to be applied to. It is then spread on the surface of the cloth, a process formely done by hand, but now by means of spreading machinery, which applies it in very thin coats, so thin that with pure para proofing as many as twelve coats are spread to make the cloth airproof, but so thin is each coat that the twelve only measures one ninety-sixth part of an inch; for ordinary waterproof purposes, however, five or six are generally sufficient. For double textures the cloths are then pressed together between heavy rollers. These cloths are all vulcanized, and this can be performed by a number of processes—by the "cold" process, by vaporizing, by steam. and by dry heat. The garments are then cut out from the cloth and fastened together by means of pure rubber cement, which makes the edges adhere.

The University of North Carolina.

She will hold secure her priceless heritage from her elder sons as the pledge of the faith she keeps; she will cherish the passionate loyalty of her latest issue with the sacred pride that only a mother knows; she will seek guidance above the confusion of voices that cry out paths of duty about her, in the experience of the great of her kind the world over; but she will not in selfcontemplation and imitation lose her own creative power and that original genius that alone gives her value in the world. As the Alma Mater of the living State and all the higher aspirations of its people she would draw from it the strength that is as the strength of everlasting hills, and give answer in terms of whole and wholesome life as fresh as the winds of the world that take new tone from its pine-clad plains. Eager, confident, sympathetic, and with understanding heart, "she standeth on the top of the high places, by the way in the places of the path; she crieth out at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors, unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." ---From Inaugural Address of President Graham.

Hard vulcanized rubber, called vulcanize, and sometimes ebonite, is made into a great many small articles, such as combs, chains, bracelets, boxes, pen-holders, paper-knives, buttons, etc., as a substitute for materials, like horn, bone, ivory, and jet. Like these substances themselves it is formed into various objects by molding, cutting, carving, polishing and other processes. The black color of vulcanite ornaments has still a tendency to turn gray, but the brittleness, which was at one time a fault of combs, has been overcome. With respect to objects of considerable size, vulcanite has been made into furniture, ornamental tiles, and even rails for railroad and paving for foot paths, for which latter purpose it suits admirably. A kind of vulcanite is now very largely employed as an insulator in eletric cables.

THE USE OF ETHER

The employment of general anaesthetics in surgery has greatly increased the scope of the surgeon's usefullness, has been a great boon to suffering humanity. It is, however, fraught with a certain amount of danger. However much care may be taken in its administration, an occasional fatal accident occurs from the action of the anaesthetic employed. In these cases there is generally disease of the heart, or a hypersensitive nervous system, predisposing to sudden sinking, or to shock.

Local anaesthetics, artificially produced, are of great value in many operations, and espically in painful affections of limited areas of the body. It depends upon a paralysis of the sensory nerves of the part, and may be induced by the application of cold or of medical agents. An ether spray thrown on the part produces such intense cold by its evaporation that the part is completely numbed, and a layer of ice forms on its surface. The after-affects, however, when reaction sets in, are sometimes very painful, and there is even danger that in weak constitutions sloughing and ulceration many follow.

As early as 1795 Dr. Pearson had used the vapor of sulphuric ether for the relief of spasmodic affections of the respiration. The fact that sulphuric ether could produce insensibility was shown by the American physicians, Godwin, in 1822; but it was first used to prevent the pain of an operation in 1846 by Dr. Morton, a dentist of Boston. The news of his success reached England on the 17th of December, 1846, on the 22nd, Mr. Robinson, a dentist, and Mr. Lister, the eminent surgeon, operated on patients rendered insensible by the inhalation of sulphuric ether.

This material was extensively used for a year, when Sir J. Y. Simpson, of Edinburg, discovered the anæsthetic powers of chloroform, and introduced the use of it in his practice. Since that time chloroform has been the anæsthetic in general use in England, though ether is preferred in America. It is now the opinion of most medical men that chloroform should not be given where there is a weak action of the heart from disease.

Ether is useful in the preparation of freezing mixtures, and the mixture of ether and solid carbonic acid gives rise to the lowest temperature obtained. When inhaled by man and the lower animals, ether first produces stimulating and intoxicating effects, but afterwards it gives rise to drowsiness, followed by complete insensibility, which entitles ether to be regarded as a most important anæsthetic agent; and, indeed, for a long time, it was the only agent used for producing anæsthesia in operations.

Ether is coloress, transparent, a volatile liquid of great mobility and high refractive power, and possessing a fragrant odor and a fiery, passing to a cool taste. It volatizes spontaneously when put in an unconfined position, as in the palm of the hand, and vaporizes so quickly as to produce intense cold. Indeed, when water is covered with ether, and the latter assisted in its evaporation by being blown upon, it escapes so readily as to reduce the temperature of the water to 32 degrees Fahrenheit, when it freezes. It is very inflammable, burning with a yellow-white flame; and, mixed with air or oxygen, it makes a dangerous explosive mixture, and hence great care requires to be taken in its distillation to keep all lights and fires out the room when the several vapors are condensing.

When ether is added to its own bulk of water, briskly agitated, and allowed to settle, the two liquids appear to separate again; but it is

Partners.

Said a whiskey flask to a cigarette,
I'd like to make a good-sized bet
That I can get more scalps than you,
Althongh your victims ain't so few.
Said the cigarette to the whiskey flask,
Well that's as easy as I could ask,
For I give kids their downward start,
Then you pitch in and do your part,
They come to you with a burning thirst,
But I'm the one that sees'em first;
So most of them should count for me;
I'll take the bet, it's a cinch, d'y' see?
Then the whiskey flask had this to say:
I never looked at the thing that way;
But I must confess you spoke the truth,
'Tis you that tackles the foolish youth,
You fill his system with dopey smoke,
I mould him into a first class-soak:
We work together far too well
To quarrel even for a spell.
So the whisky flask and the cigarette
Shook hands together, called off the bet
And away they sauntered side by side
Hunting for victims far and wide;
In every corner of the nation,
Partners in crime and ruination.
So ther's our warning, on the level,
Shun them as you would the Devel.

—*Unidentified.*

found that the ether has taken up one-eighth of its volume of the water, while the latter has dissolved the same quanity of ether.

THE GOSSIP.

We have the word of one William Shakespeare that to slander a fellow man is a most disgusting and disgraceful way of spending the short span of years alloted to humans here below. But gossip is worse. The line between gossip and slander may be an imaginary one, but slander sometimes rises to the dignity of a crime, while gossip is just a lazy vice; not that gossips let any grass grow under their feet, but gossipers are never interested in any work of art or of seience. You never saw a real gossiper who would help a wayward child or take an interest in any of the small or great problems of value to humanity either in the solution or the experiment. The gossip has but one ambition and that is to be the first one to tell a piece of news. The gossip cares not whether it be truth or falsehood, whether it wrecks a home or breaks a heart, just so it keeps going and as it goes of course it grows. A born gossip could no more repeat a precious morsel of "news" exactly as it was told than a politician could tell the truth in regard to his record. Little "harmless" additional details make it so much more interesting.

If gossips would stick to the exact truth in their vain repetitions they would thereby develop one of the most valuable moral and mental traits of the race—integrity. If gossips would develop into beings of exact recitude, they would be forced thereby to cease from troubling and could very soon discern the meanness and pettiness of their vocation and would forsake it instanter. Lying is the real stock in trade of the gossip, yet no one will deny this more strenuously than a confirmed gossip and no one will more vigorously assert that what they are telling is the exact truth, "no that they are vouching for it, oh, no, but it was told to them exactly that way."

Albeit after long years spent in gossiping the newsmonger has lost the ability to tell the truth. He really believes what he tells, and is firmly convinced that what he adds to it helps the story and does no harm. He enjoys the thrill of the astonishment of his auditor, and he cares for nothing else except to get away and repeat the story to some one else.

Gossip has wrecked more homes, made more drunkards, ruined the chances of more young people and caused the shedding of more tears than any other known vice of mankind. Women used to be called the gossipers and it was once the practice of an enlighted society to duck them. As they went under the cold water they realized some what of their meanness and it is said sometimes they reformed. Women gossips are dreadful. They are tiresome and tedious. They glory in the downfall of a young man or woman or any lapse on the part of a business man, especially if the person has heretofore borne a spotless reputation. Formerly their excuse was that they had no other way to pass the time, but now with her club duties, her church work, her social calls and her home and family, the ordinary woman has enough to keep out of mischief, so that it is no longer a legitimate excuse. In fact women have advanced in this respect almost more than in any one direction during the past decade.

If we have scorn and harsh words for a woman gossip where shall we look for language strong enough to condemn that most despicable of all human wretches—the male gossip. Bank failures have been charged to him; panics are his works and men who are bravely and triumphantly living down a dark past are broken and worse than murdered by his miserable glee in making public some fact or suspicion he has "heard."

It is a disgusting subject and when we think of all the fine things in the world and the thousands of interesting things we might do and investigate, we wonder how any mortal man or woman can spend his time talking and thinking of the shortcoming of his fellows.—Everything.

If men thought as often and as consistently as they shaved, what a wonderful world this would be.---Ex.

Patience.

If thou intendest to vanquish the greatest, the most abominable and wickedest enemy who is able to do thee mischief, both in body and soul, and against whom thou preparest all sorts of weapons, but cannot overcome, then know that there is a sweet and loving physical herb to save thee, named patience.

The Penalty of Leadership.

In every field of human endeavor, he that is first must perpetually live in the white light of publicity. Whether the leadership be vested in a Man or in a manufactured product, emulation and envy are ever at work. In art, literature, in music, in industry, the reward and the punishment are always the same. The reward is widespread recognition; the punishment, fierce denial and detraction. When a man's work becomes a standard for the whole world, it also becomes a target for the shafts of the envious few. If his work be merely mediocre, he will be left severely alone--if he achieve a masterpiece, it will set a million tongues a-wagging. Jealousy does not protrude its forked tongue at the artist who produces a commonplace painting. Whatsoever you write, or paint, or play, or sing, or build, no one will strive to surpass or to slander you, unless your work be stamped with the seal of genius. Long, long after a great work, or a good work has been done, those who are disappointed or envious, continue to cry out that it can not be done. Spiteful little voices in the domain of art were raised against our own Whistler as a mountebank, long after the big world had acclaimed him its greatest artistic genius. Multitudes flocked to Bayrueth to worship at the musical shrines of Wagner, while the little group of those whom he had dethroned and displaced, argued angrily that he was no musician at all. The little world continued to protest that Fulton could never build a steamboat, while the big world flocked to the river banks to see his boat steam by.

The leader is assailed because he is a leader, and effort to equal him is a merely added proof of that leadership.

Failing to equal or to excel, the follower seeks to depreciate and to destroy—but only confirms once more the superiority of that which he strives to supplant. There is nothing new in this. It is as old as the world and as old as the human passions—envy, fear, greed, ambition, and the desire to surpass. And it all avails nothing.

If the leader truly leads, he remains—the leader Master-poet, master-painter, master workman, each in his turn is assailed, and each holds his laurels through the ages.

That which is good and great makes itself known, no matter how loud the clamor of denial.

That which deserves to live---lives.
---The Independent.

Character Building.

The building of a substantial Christain character is of the greatest importance. The usefulness and success of an individual are very largely dependent upon it. Character is a man's chief asset, it is his capital with which to build up a useful career. This character building should begin very early in life, it cannot begin too early in a child's life. The foundation stones are usually laid in the earlier years of life. Socrates declared that, "Character is formed at the age of five." We are positive that character is outlined very early in life, as the child is the undeveloped man of the future, so character in a child is the outlined but only partially developed moral force of the coming man. The parent has the first and the most impressive opportunity to aid the child in the formation of a good character, indeed very often the fact is revealed, that as the parents are morally, so the children will be. The influence of the former over the latter is incalculable.

This places a grave responsibility on parents, and the responsibility should be assumed and the opportunity involved should be conscientiously improved. A tempered but rugged type of the Christian religion will make a marvelous, effective impression upon the plastic mind and the tender heart and conscience of the child. It is still true: "Train up a child in the way he should go, for when he is old he shall not depart from it." It possesses wonderful staying qualities, putting fibre and muscle into the character structure. The child should be taught to hold a proper conception of truth, in its relation to God, to itself, to its life and subsequent career, and to its fellow men. This point should be jealously watched and guarded by the parents who are largely the guide and molder of this vital moral in the child.

The child should be impressed with the great importance of unswerving loyalty to truth.

Truth in itself is a vital force, and when enterwoven in character and incarnated in the child's life it becomes a revealed and a multiplied energy. No one is better, or stronger, or purer than his character. The Christain element must predominate if the character is to be symmetrical and fullorbed. A character minus the element of the Christain religion will be lop-sided and very defective. What is left to an individual when there is no vital character or when the character is gone or has been forfeited?

No greater calamity could befall any human being. There are other agencies to aid in the formation of character which should be carefully controlled by parents, such as associates, pleasures, education, social life and personal habits. Sometimes noble characters are developed under very adverse home influences, but these prove the exceptions rather than the rule.

Favorable environments are an advantage to character building.

The child must be so trained that it will shun sin and avoid sinful associates. "If sinners entice thee consent thou not," is safe counsel, and forms a splendid motto for all young people. What wrecks of character are strewn along life's path because of the seductive influence of sinful associates which were not resisted and turned away from. Honesty, patience, magnanimity, chastity, benevolence, conscientiousness and transparency of motive and action must enter as necessary constituent elements into a rugged character. Each one of these is a force for righteousness, and when combined in a Christian character will make an individual wellnigh proof against all the misleading and contaminating influence of sin, of Satan, of the world and of the flesh.—Evangelical Messenger.

Be Up and Doing.

What's the use wishing?
Why sit down and wait?
He who goes a-fishing,
First must find the bate.
What's the use of sighing
For some unknown good?
Try for it, till trying
Proves your hardihood.

Brain and grit and muscle
Reached the northern pole;
That's the way to hustle
If you'd win your goal!
Then be up and doing---
Defeat is in delay;
Up, or you'll be ruing
Another wasted day!

Into the Sunlight.

Oh, cut out the vain ripining, cease thinking of holes and doom! Come out where the sun is shining, come out of the cave of gloom. Come out of your hole and borrow a package of joy from me, and say to your secret sorrow, "I've no longer use for thee!" For troubles, which are deluding, are timorous beasts, I say: they stick to the gent who's brooding, and flee from the gent who's gay. The gateways of Eldorados are open all o'er the earth; come out of the House of Shadows, and dwell in the house of Mirth. From Boston to far Bobcaygeon the banners of gladness float; oh, grief is a rank contagion, and mirth is the antidote! And most of our woes perish, or leave us, on sable wings, if only we didn't cherish and coddle the blame fool things. Long since would your woes have scampered away to their native fogs, but they have been fed and pampered like poodles or hairless dogs. And all of these facts should teach you its wise to be bright and gay; come out where the breeze can reach you, and blow all your grief away.—Walt Mason.

A Doting Parent.

Our school teachers need no comic papers. Funny enough things come their way in the shape of letters from the parents of their pupils, as witness the following received by a teacher out in Kansas: "Respected Miss—Please excuse Willie for absents. He has fell down stairs and we feered his internal insides was hurt at first, but they ain't, the doctor says that no part of his anatomy was hurt but the brewsing of the eppydermis of the outside hide and also hipp hurt some. But he narrowly escaped fatal death. Kindly excuse.

SMALL BOY'S MATHEMATICS.---Leon, in the first grade, was struggling with subtraction. The teacher was doing her best to help him.

"If you had seven pencils and lost three, how many would be left?"

"Please, teacher, I can't do 'em in pencils." Then he added, "Mabe Icould do it in candy."

"Well, if you had seven pieces of candy, and gave your brother three, how many would you have?"

"He'd take 'em all; he's bigger'n me," came the wistful protest.

So the teacher tried again. "If you had seven pieces and ate three, how many would be left."

"Seven."

"Why, Leon, if you ate three, you woulden't have seven left."

"Yes, ma'am, " came the patient response, "three inside and four outside."

It is not a lucky word, this same "impossible;" no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouths.
---Carlyle.

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
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THE UPLIFT

May, 1915

$1.00 Per Annum.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK.

When a man or woman gets a good look in God's looking glass, he isn't finding fault with other people; he has as much as he can do at home.

---Moody

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord, N. C.

A HINT.

Any man or woman, who feels an interest in unfortunate youth, and can spare a day from pressing duties, can go out in the average town and secure without trouble at least twenty five subscribers for THE UPLIFT.

The purpose gives an opportunity for the telling of an interesting and engaging story---that of the conservation of youth, life.

The results of your efforts strengthens us---gives us the sinews for development and in-largements.

ONE MAN WITH BUT LITTLE EFFORT SENT IN 23 SUBSCRIBERS FROM STATESVILLE.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VII. CONCORD, N. C., MAY, 1915 No. 3

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

FLORA McDONALD.

The splendid institution at Red Springs, Robeson county, for the education of girls, has launched a movement to raise an endowment of five hundred thousands of dollars. The name has been changed from Red Springs Seminary to Flora McDonald College for Women. It is a bold, patriotic and inspiring undertaking on the part of the authorities, who have won the applause and aid of hundreds of substantial and influential people, who love a courageous cause. The cause is so attractive and so important that it has appealed to the wisdom, patriotism and sympathy of Governor Craig, who never looses an opportunity to give a helping hand to noble effort everywhere.

May Flora McDonald College soon become what its patrons have planned for her.

SECRETARY HOUSTON AND THE MOON.

It is painful to read the pronouncements of the national Agricultural Department against the virtue, ability and influence of the moon. A department headed by a distinguished gentlemen, born and reared in Union county, North Carolina, a product of the farm, who has plowed, dropped seed, scattered fertilizers, set hens, made fence and hundreds of other things---all in full recognition of the various phases of the moon---to be directed by a deserter of the Moon at this late day, is a performance that even the Moon will not stand for. In every community, every township, there are people that absolutely know that certain signs of the moon have a certain effect upon the planting of certain crops, and Secretary Houston, aided and abetted by the entire United States Army and the Navy, could not convince them of thier error and make them retract if the penalty not to do so were death. We are astonished at Secretary Houston.

All normal people in North Carolina know that pork killed in a certain sign of the moon will go very largely to grease when cooked or fried. They know in South Carolina that no acre of land will produce 226 bushels of corn if planted in a certain sign of the moon---in fact this knowledge is about unanimously possessed by all who have had a practical and actual farm experience. Hurrah for the moon. She does wonders---and the moon only works half time, at that.

CHARACTER.

The little newsboy who followed his baseball through the window of a hardware store last Sunday, and there, with a companion, was arrested by policemen, has learned early in life the value of character. When he was arraigned in the Juvenile Covrt, men well known in Richmond, who were the customers of his business, and whose relations with him had taught them confidence in his truth and honesty, went forward to testify in his behalf.

Despite whatever suspicion attached to the situation in which he was found, the evidence of these friends sufficed to assure the lad's complete exoneration. Justice Crutchfield believed his story and gave him compliments as well as liberty.

It is hardly necessary to point the moral of this page torn from the book of human life---the moral enforces itself---but it is worth pondering. Its lesson is not for the young only, although it addresses itself to them particularly, but as well to boys of a larger growth.

(See "Newsboys acquitted in Juvenile Court on Page 14.

TWO WONDERS.

In sight of the Southern railway, coming South from Salisbury, stands a shell of a two-story building, incomplete. It has stood there for twenty years, frame, weather-boarding and roof---that's all. In late years it has been painted No window sash at all---just a shell of a house. Scarcely a train passes that some passenger does not comment upon the years he has seen that incomplete house. It has become a serious matter---it has gotten onto the nerves of the traveling public. What does it mean? Is it an investment? or the marker of the corporation line? or did the city, out of its goodness of heart, just erect it as a shelter from rain for passers-by? or is it intended as a speaking model for a sleeping-porch?

Something must be done to that building, or a law must be passed. "Salisbury's The Place" where that incomplete building has stood for twenty years.

If that beautiful and attractive bungalow on the southern edge of the goodly town of Thomasville, and just at the edge of the entrance to the Baptist orphanage, does not belong to the "Blockade Preacher." who ably edits Charity and Children, it ought to. If Archibald Johnson does not own that most pleasing home, something has miscarried and one editor in the state has not gotten all that is coming to him.

ITALY.

The Italian skies cover a sorry nation. At no time in modern times has the Italian government or the average character of the Italian stood very high among the civilized nations of the world. There is an indefinable something that gives the

country the misfortune of not being fully and completely trusted in any matter or in any event.

For months, the authorities of the government have permitted the country to occupy the unhappy position of offering its virtue for sale to the highest bidder. Eschewing former associations and friendships, the Italian government has invited the suspicion that she was openly in the market to sell her honor, sympathy, support and blood-thirsty aid to the highest bidder. Sorry Italy, holding as she does such miserable regard for her own virtue and national honor.

If she has a grievance, that grievance dates back months and years before the great war among the European nations began. If she possessed the spirit of a courageous nation and the ideals of a self-respecting one, she would have long ago demanded her rights. Awaiting a time, when general disorder prevails, when the blood of war threatens to drown the whole of Europe, like a coward, which she clearly confesses to the world she is, Italy cut the bonds of neutrality and prepared to rush into the bloodiest and deadliest war of the world. What for? Greed, unholy greed--for a price, at the expense of national honor and the sacrifice of virtue.

The public prints, in so far as they may be trusted, has spoken of the Pope as against war, as strongly in favor of a perfect neutrality. We have been told, too, that the government of Italy has been an expression of the will of ecclesiastical Rome. If these things be true, the Pope's power and influence seem to have vanished in this open war his Catholic subjects of Italy have brought against his Catholic subjects of Austria.

Sorry, miserable Italy.

Man's Superiority.

Experiment and observation by the modern scientist exhibit man as unique in his superiority to circumstances. In the lower world everything depends on environment; in man's world only some things.

Give two acorns, plucked from the same oak, and cast one acorn on good soil and the other on a rocky hillside, and good environment will turn one into a vast tree, and the other into a little shrub. Take two animals from the same herd and feed one abundantly, give the other scant pasturage, and if the first comes to swift strength and beauty, the other becomes a runt and feebling. Now take two brothers equally well born as children and put one in a palace, surround him with books and culture, and, of course environment will make him handsome, intelligent, scholarly, obedient, prudent? Oh, no. He is free to rebel against his environment and he may become a drunkard, and ignorant, a tramp, and criminal. And put the other brother in a log cabin and deny him books, teachers; feed him with crusts, clothe him with rags, break his spirit with poverty, and his environment will do for Abraham Lincoln what scant soil did to make the fine acorn a scrub oak? Oh no! This strange acorn can rebel against his environment, and extract honey out of the rock.

Shakespeare is born in a rude cottage lives among commonplace scenery, has only rude peasants for friends, but if his body lives under a straw thatch, his soul dwells in a king's palace, and discusses problems of the will with the Prince of Denmark, and weighs ambitions with Macbeth of Scotland, and converses with the Dodge of Venice, as with a familiar friend. Oft his body was worn and exhausted in Stratford, but, lying on the grass beside the Avon, his soul wandered up and down the Forum with Julius Ceasar, and with him talked over the great men of Rome.

Think of Goldsmith living in a garret with a heart as innocent and guileless as a young girl. Poor Goldsmith! Sleeping in a closet under a roof, accepting an old pair of shoes from a friend, not knowing where the next crust was to come from, and standing in the rain the long night through, in a door-way, because he did not have money enough to buy a lodging! But Goldsmith's soul was free. He wrote a book, of which Goethe, at eighty years of age, said that in his youth the Vicar of Wakefield had done more for him than any other volume, and that in old age he had read it with unabated delight.

But yesterday I saw a balloon, a mere dot in the sky, swaying and tugging at the cord that bound it to the earth. Now the souls of Dante and Shakespeare were bound to the earth through a little flesh cord named the body; but that slender thread unwinds as from a spool, and though Dante's body is in Ravenna, his soul now stands before the Duomo in Florence, now it leaps to the palace in Venice, now in a second it has climbed the starry steep and come into the summer fields of Paradise, while yonder, descending the chariot, is Beatrice. Stretching out her hands, the beautiful girl comes across the grass, and because his eyes are dazzled, Dante looks toward her feet, and perceives that the flowers spring up in soil that she hath touched! But remember that all the time Dante's body has been lying on a hard couch in a strange garret in Ravenna!

Science takes account of facts. Well, the soul's superiority to environment is one of life's facts and, trying to explain this fact, modern science says: "Man carries eternity in the heart."—Newell Dwight Hilles, D. D.

To See Through a Brick Wall.

You've heard of folks who were "able to see through a brick wall." According to a story that comes from New York, William Marconi, inventor of wireless telegraphy, made it known a few days ago, before he sailed for Italy, that he had invented an apparatus by means of which it is possible for a person standing beside a solid partition, such as a brick wall, to look through it and observe what is happening on the other side, just as if there were no obstacle interposed to the vision. Mr. Marconi is quoted as saying that the device has been perfected to the point where person in a room can see others in an adjoining room, looking thought the wall, if the persons viewed are close to the wall, but that at a distance from the wall they become blurred. Possibilities for evil involved in the apparatus, it is asserted, have made Mr. Marconi reluctant to make known his invention.

Looking at things that have been invented and are being invented, The Landmark balks at no story of inventions; and if Mr. Marconi says he has invented the device described, we have no doubt he has done the same. He is to be commended, however, for his reluctance to make known the invention on account of its possibilities for evil. Such an invention in the hands of unscrupulous people would be very dangerous to the peace and welfare of the public.--Statesville Landmark.

Many know how to say the right thing, but few know the right time to say it.---The Youths Companion.

CONSIDERATION BETWEEN EMPLOYED AND EMPLOYEE.

If you can tell me why the woman who is a lady by birth and education, the embodiment of refinement, and more often than not, a professed Christian, loses all these characteristics when she sees, no matter where nor when, the woman who renders her a paid service, and with whom she desires to communicate at the moment, you will solve for me a most vexatious problem.

Does the fact that I do you this service once in a while for a monetary consideration, and perhaps regard you as a valued patron, give you the right to consider every moment of my time and every effort of my mind yours to command at will?

If I teach your children in school, should you interrupt my attempted selection of goods in a shop to ask what I think of Mary's progress, and will I not try to persuade Jimmie to learn to write better?

If my fingers are sufficiently deft to trim your hats or fashion your head-dress, does that give you license to call me to account in hotel corridor, parlor or dining room, on my way to business and often to church, for some fancied or real short coming.

If I possess the artistic ability to design and make your gowns, may I not also possess a temperament that would resent having called to me, across a crowded place of amusment, some needless inquiry about an engagement?

If I do write your husband's letters in his office, might I not feel a reasonable embarrassment to have you stop me when walking with a stranger, to you, and ask if it would be possible for me to typewrite the paper you have prepared to refute the statement that "Woman's Inhumanito Woman" does exist?

The following I know to be the actual experience of a woman who thought she is a paid server of other women, is esteemed by her friends as talented, educated and refined.

She has been invited across the church to a seat by her pastor's daughter, at Sunday morning service, to be asked the earliest date on which she could take an order.

She has been stopped at the funeral service of a friend and the procession delayed, while the widow of a minister inquired the charge for a desired service.

She has been introduced at a social gathering, to a teacher, prominent in religious and secular work, who followed her perfunctory: "Glad to know you," with Miss M, told me she gave you an order when she was here. Did you, finish it on time?"

She has had the wife of a bank president who uses, by right of inheritance, an ancient coat of arms, stop her on the street and interrupt an interesting conversation with a friend to ask a needless question about the execution of an order.

There are many others, but will not these give you pause to think if you are living even dimly in sight of the Golden Rule of consideration for others.

If my work in life is public service, I am almost certain to have a place of business easy of access to you, in person or by telephone, and stated hours during which to transact business, and why should you who are served feel justified in disregarding these conditions?

If I want to give you the best service of which I am capable and which you would feel much aggrieved if you did not receive, you must allow me to decide when and where you may command this service.

If you meet me on the street or in other places of business than my own' should you not assume that I am fully occupied with affairs not connected with you?

If you meet me socially, can you not imagine that I am interested in and perhaps can converse intelligently about other things, than my special vocation?

And can you not remember that you are only one of tens and hundreds who daily demand my service, each one of whom deems her own order of supreme importance and therefore entitled to have all rules set aside or modified to suit her.

"CONSIDERATION."

(From The Charlotte News.)

My Sort O' Man.

I don't believe in 'ristercrats
  An' never did, you see;
The plain ol' homelike sorter folks
  Is good enough fur me.
O' course I don't desire a man
  To be too tarnal rough,
But then, I think all folks should know
  When their nice enough.

Now there is folks in this here world,
  From peasant up to king,
Who want to be so awfully nice
  They overdo the thing.
That's jest the thing that makes me sick,
  An' quicker'n a wink
I set it down that them same folks
  Ain't half so good's you think.

I like to see a man dress nice,
  In clothes becomin, too;
I like to see a woman fix
  As woman orter to do;
An' boys and gals I like to see
  Look fresh an' young an' spry---
We all must have our vanity
  An' pride before we die.

But I jedge no man by his clothes,---
  Nor gentelman nor tramp;
The man that wears the finest suit
  May be the biggest scamp,
An' he whose limbs are clad in rags
  That make a mournful sight,
In life's great battle may haved proved
  A hero in the fight.

I don't believe in 'ristercrats:
  I like the honest tan
That lies upon the healthful cheek
  An' speaks the honest man;
I like to grasp the brawny hand
  That labor's lips have kissed,
For he who has not labored here
  Life's greatest pride has missed:

The pride to feel that yore own strength
  Has cleaved fur you the way
To heights to which you were not born,
  But struggle dav by day.
What though the thousands sneer an' scoff,
  An scorn your humble birth?
Kings are only puppets; you are king
  By right o' royal worth.

The man who simply sits an' waits
  Fur good to come along,
Ain't worth the breath that one would take
  To tell him he is wrong.
Fur good ain't flowin' round this world
  Fur every fool to sup;
You,ve got to put your see-ers on,
  An' go an' hunt it up.

Good goes with honesty, I say,
  To honor an' to bless;
To rich and poor alike it brings
  A wealth o' happiness.
The 'ristercrats ain't got it all,
  Fur much to their su'prise,
That's one of earth's most blessed things
  They can't monopolize.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar.

To many individuals baseball is not a game, but a philosophy and a religion.

THINGS ABOUT MOORESVILLE'S PAYING CREAMERY

Harry Preston Deaton began to make his presence known in no uncertain manner, in Concord, N. C., on February 22nd, 1872. He enjoys his arrival on February 22nd as being a distinct celebration of the natal day of the "Father of his country." He claims nothing in common with George Washington, though that distinguished character in the world's history is, in the point of manhood, loyalty and patriotism, Mr. Deaton's ideal of a true American. Every man, woman and child since Washington's day has heard of one accomplishment that George could not boast---the ability to tell a lie. Harry Deaton, if we are to accept the estimate some people vulgarly put on the average newspaper man, can tell a lie; but those, who know him well, believe that he is one editor that wouldn't, except by error of another.

Harry Preston Deaton.

We are writing a few words about a friend, true and tried. We like to take a privilege with a friend and tell things about him---good, bad and indifferent---and feel down in our soul that the subject will stand hitched and not create a rucus about it. What's the use of having a friend if you can't handle him to suit the occasion. Then, as one of the greatest men this country has ever produced, notwithstanding that he gets cussed and discussed more than even Col. Roosevelt does, and a man that has in the point of courage and the spirit of sacrifice but few equals, says "there is no final between friends."

Harry Deaton---"Press" as his schoolmates and boyhood friends always called him---arrived at manhood with no well-defined feeling of a silver spoon in his mouth. The struggles, the activities, the conflicts, through which he reached that proud state that the law designates a man, were such that were foreign to ruffles and the extras that dazzle, glitter and fade. They were real things that he met up with---his were seriousness from the jump-go. Most men, who accomplish much in this life, start that very way---those, who start otherwise, generally talk through tne power of the dollar, handed down and held on to.

Harry Deaton hoed corn, chopped wood, carried bundles, did msny things, honorable and worth-while, for a dime---he clerked in a racket store; he even had a little store of his own for a while. But Harry Deaton, when he struck level---discovered himself, as it were---found himself a printer. He finally drifted into the proud position of a local reporter, a newspaper correspondent, and editor, the manager of a paper. His greatest discovery about himself is that he is a thorough-bred promoter. Not that kind of promoter that sells sky, moonshine, or a wholesale collector of suckers and secures an attractive and long list of notables, who desire to get rich quick through various and sundry tan-yards manipulated by parasites and other undesireables. He is a promoter of things, tangible, things with body, things visible and things that you can feel and know.

Harry Deaton made it possible, years ago when Concord was but a village with less than 10 per cent of its present invested capital in business and not quite 20 per cent of its present population, for the first daily paper to live and keep its nose above water. He did that thing, for at no time of day or night did he fail to be the right, strong arm of the fellow that had the "bag to hold." He laughed the few times the editor had a just reason for laughing, and he kept his equilibrium when the numerous struggles did stunts like whirlwinds, disconcerting but not fatal. He went about every duty like it was his own affair and the very last act of his life. During all that time he never side-stepped a duty; he never deceived or made a misrepresentation; he worked full hours without looking at the clock or praying for pay-day to come; he made strict returns of all valuables that came into his hands; he was loyal---he was a friend to be trusted---and last, but not least, during that whole time not one drop of booze touched his lips; but many a time, out of the goodness of his heart, he caused a square meal to be set before unfortunate (printer) tramps, who had surrendered their wills to Old John.

The scene changes. His principal voluntarily retired from a sphere into which he accidentally fell. But the scent of printer's ink refuses to die away, and the act of retiring has been one of the most serious regrets of a life-time. The subject of these remarks, soon afterwards, dropped down in Mooresville, in South Iredell. Here Mr. Deaton founded the Mooresville Enterprise, a weekly paper. He came back to his home-plate, bringing with him one of God's noblewomen for a wife.

The call of that peculiarly unique town of Mooresville, in which live a wonderfully patriotic people, being consumed and never consumable by a town-pride always on fire, was too much for Mr. Deaton; and, yielding, he planted himself as a fixture for ever and ever, as long as life last, in Mooresville.

As a purveyor of the local news in the Mooresville Enterprise, Mr. Deaton exercises a broad view and spirit. He treats all alike---he makes no pet out of an ordinary person to satisfy some personal reason; he does not make his paper a

(Continued on Page 10.)

An established condition exists b tween the waters of the Yadkin c the east and the Catawba River c the west of Mooresville in which th great section of country bears tl distinction of being one of the be adapted to cattle and dairying pu poses of any in North Carolina, ar for many years the butter shipmen from this vicinity held a record.

During the summer of 1912 agitation was started in Mooresvil for a creamery, as the markets we flooded with country butter and tl price had dropped to about 15 cen per pound. Creamery butter h maintained a standard price and w in demand. All the farmers in tl vicinity of Mooresville were call together by one of our most pr gressive citizens, J. A. Stewart, cattle breeder and the local dair man. State Dairyman Alvin Reid, of Raleigh, met with the far ers at the second meeting, ar seemingly threw cold water on tl big ideas of the local men by stati that a creamery could not be orga ized and operated successfully un enough cows had been secured ar the routes established to furnish tl cream. A creamery cannot r without cream. At his suggesti the proposition was taken und consideration and with the help several parties Mr. Stewart made canvass of this entire vicinity, e bracing portions of Iredell, Rowa Davie, Cabarrus and Mecklenbu counties, where various farme promised to breed in good cows a weed out the shrubs, test the pr ductiveness of same and get thin under way for organization. T matter was kept before the peop until late in the summer of 191 when a public meeting was held Mooresville for the purpose of o ganizing a creamery, to be esta lished in our town. There we several hundred interested men pre ent and many of the good wome A charter was drawn and adopte by-laws and regulations present and confirmed and the election officers ensued. This organizati decided upon the co-operaitve pla The charter called for a capitalizati of $20,000, and the shares we placed at $25 each. No one sharehol er could secure more than four shar of stock. Subscriptions were tak and out of the first meeting mo than $6,000 was subscribed. Abo $8,000 working capital has been pa in. The directors are all farme who are R. R. Morrison, preside

A portion of Mooresville's Creamery, Showing Sanitary Arrangements.

A. Steward, vice-president; Wat-n F. Smith, J. S. Harrison, John Craven, I. D. Harris, G. F. Neel, nomas Morrow, and W. M. Jami-n, Iredell, Cabarrus and Rowan all ing represented.

The first step taken on the part the directors was to select and rchase a convenient site for the eamery building, which is located thin a block of the railroad sta-n. The building was complete d the machinery installed and e enterprise started off on the th day of January, 1915 Until arch 1, the creamery had turned t 17,000 pounds of butter, and ring March, 13,000 pounds; d for the month of April the to- of 18,700 pounds were shipped t. This gives us a grand total of proximately 50,000 pounds of but- for the three and a half months our existence, bringing back to the rmers more than $14,000 based on average of 28 cents per pound for eir cream. The checks are issued e 15th of each month preceding.

The creamery is being supplied m more than 600 cows and braces 19 routes. Every person o holds a share of stock or more, eives 1 cent per pound more for his cream than does the person who has no stock. This is done in order to get every shipper interested in the creamery and to feel that its success depends largly on the support he gives it. There are 200 shareholders, only a few of whom have as much as four shares. The creamery's success has been assured from the start. Every patron has been paid in full for his cream and no money has been borrowed to operate or to buy machinery, buildings, etc. The demand for butter is very good considering the time of year. Lloyd Combs, an expert butter maker, is in charge of the plant; Eugene Johnston is secretary and treasurer. These gentlemen are capable and obliging to every one. The institution is backed by the people of the entire community and the returns in the shape of checks every thirty days has already made an impression on the business developments in our midst. The running expenses are paid from what is known as the overrun, aggregating probably $500 per month. The profits are turned back to the farmer or shareholder by the fluctuation of the butter market, and the plain share holder who supplies no cream will receive a dividend of 6 per cent on his investment. There are no accumulated surpluses. The capacity of the creamery with its present outfit can turn out 2000 pounds of butter daily. More machinery has been ordered, however, as it is necessary to enlarge in order to take care of the increased patronage and orders for butter.

The creamery building is of brick 40x65 feet, with a 10-foot drive way on the south side. It also has a vacant 35-foot space behind for enlargement when needed. The floors are of cement and built on the modern creamery plan with every facility for sanitation and cleanliness. The doors and windows are screened and the entire building is spotlessly clean.

Nothing has contributed to the success of the establishment of this co-operative creamery more than the splendid system of good roads afforded the country people by this and the adjoining counties. Good roads radiate out from Mooresville in every direction, making the town the Mecca for all this splendid territory, to which the people can come in rainy or bad weather as well as when the sun shines.

WHY WE EAT OUR PIE FROM THE SHARP POINT.

An observant person has raised the question: Why do we all start to eat a piece of pie at exactly the same point? In other words, pie being invariably cut in a triangular segment, the observant person has been stirred to wonder by the discovery that every man, woman or child who eats pie begins at the same angle. Whether or not this is a vitally important matter, he will be unhappy until somebody has offers an explanation, and, indeed any attribute common to millions of human beings otherwise separated by peculiarities of race, social or economic position, education and esthetic perception can hardly fail to be worthy of study. Our own observation verifies him. Millionaires, day laborers, poetesses of passion, judges, pickpockets, clubwomen, typewriter girls, Sunday school superintendents, popular and unpopular authors, octogenarians, school boys—the list might fill the whole space of a newspaper with subdivision of human activity in pie-eating countries—begin eating a piece of pie at the same angle, and this whether they separate the first morsel with fork, knife or unassisted teeth. Here in short is one of those blinding discoveries that startle us, l ecause we have not made it ourselves. We are not surprised to realize, for example, that we would never have discovered America, like Columbus, of our own initiative, but we are startled to think that we never noticed how everybody eats pie.

Let us attempt calmly to examine this matter, now it has been discovered—frankly admitting, in the first place, that we cannot conceive of begining to eat a piece of pie otheswise than at what for clarity we may term the apex. Here is immediate, incontrovertible proof that this point of attack is both universal and ineradicable in pie-eating human nature. As the needle to the pole, so we turn to the apex of our piece of pie. Nor is this explained by the mathematical fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and that the apex of the piece of pie is the nearest point to the mouth of the pie-eater; if the piece of pie is placed before him in any other position, the most ravenous pie-eater will turn his plate until the apex points to the waistcoat beneath which les hidden the eventual destination of the piece of pie. Something deep down and incapable of being uprooted moves him to refuse to begin eating a piece of pie in any other position. The movement is instinctive and uncalculated; it is like the mysterious turning of the sunflower to the sun; nor can it be argued that this is done for convenience, since the same gastronomic tool, fork or knife, according to the individual habit of the pie-eater, must sooner or later divide the whole piece of pie, hard crust and soft, into such morsels as experience tells him will fit his mouth.

Except in this matter of pie, many persons prefer to begin with the harder part of any problem, and would be true to their own natures, as expressed in all their other actions, if they began with the hard crust and finished with the softer portion. Judging by human nature in its other aspects, one might reasonably expect of three men that each would begin eating his piece of pie at a different angle. A fork or spoon to eat it with, must necessarily may use the expression, might begin with a neat incision in the curve of the crust; another might even turn his piece of pie over to make sure that it was baked on the bottom. There is, in fact, but one way of eating pie that absolutely commands an attact at the apex. And man with a piece of pie and neither knife, fork, or spoon to eat it with, must necessarily hold it by the harder-baked crust and has really no choice as to where he will take his first bite.

Herein, we think, lies the solution of the observant person's insistent problem.

Historically pie was made before forks. The pieman, crying his wares, was common at fairs in the time of Piers Ploughman; the antiquity of pie is incalculable and the period when the pie ceased to be an individual pie, baked all round and intended to be held in the fingers of the pie-eater until it was no more, it is not to be recovered by the most patient, selfsacrificing research. No historian can tell us the date when the pie was made large and intended for subdivision into segments. The point of importance, as we now see it, is that the turnover is not the child of the pie, as many doubtless imagine, but the father or mother of the pie. And humanity, for we know not how many centuries, did unavoidable hold its pie in its fingers, began eating it by biting at a point corresponding to the present apex and lick its fingers afterward. Thus, there was established, as a permanent heritage of the pie-eatindg division of the human race, the fixed idea that pie should always be eaten from a definite starting point. The first pie-eater who ate his piece of pie in a triangular segment instinctively detached the first morsel from the apex; all over the pie-eating world, as fast as the individual was succeeded by the subdivided pie, men, women and children began at the apex. And so they have continued, generation after generation, inheriting what has literally become an instinct until the universal method of attack upon pie is to-day a fine and satisfying symbol of brotherhood. The only regret is, that there are still many individuals and even some races that are not pie-eaters,

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The Last Water Carriers Of Paris.

Paris, one of the most progressive cities in the world in finance, banking, fashions, aviation, is, nevertheless, far behind the times in some other respects. For instance, she still allows her streets to be littered with handbills and leaflets, handed out by the hundreds, and quickly thrown away. Rag-pickers are allowed to go about the city collecting refuse, which they renovate and sell again. Bath peddlers go about with a huge tin bath-tub and a small tank filled with hot water, selling the use of the tub to those wishing a bath.

Then there are water carriers, although they have nearly all passed away. The extention of the water system has almost eliminated this picturesque person. In some isolated quarters, however, he still exists, drawing water from springs carefully piped or from driven wells, bottling it in huge earthen jugs, or drawing it into pails and cans, from which he supplies his customers. In some cases he draws the water from the nearest street faucet, for it is not so much the lack of water mains, as the lack of plumbing in the houset that gives rise to this unique business.---Popular Electricity and Modern Mechanics.

"Now, Johnuy," said the teacher, after she had explained the meaning of the word, "I wish you would write a sentence containing defeat."

After a struggle which lasted about twenty minutes, Johnny announced that he was ready to be heard.

"When you git shoes dat's too tite," Johnny read, "it's hard on de feet."

My advice to certain spring poets is to draw their ideas rather than obscure them in verse.

A Recent Commencement Prayer

Almighty and Eternal God, the Exalted and Supreme Ruler of the Universe, whose existence and power and wisdom and goodness and glory both Revelation and Creation declare, we come before Thee to render unto Thee due homage. It is meet and right and salutary at all times and in all places, to recognize and acknowledge Thy sovereignty and our dependence; and to laud and magnify Thy matchless name for man's unique position and high dignity in the scale of Creation. Of all Thy handiwork man stands forth pre-eminent; for Thou hast made him but a little lower than the angels and crowned him with glory and honor. Thou hast endowed him with wonderful powers of thought, utterance and action.

We come then, at this time, to thank Thee for what we are and what we may attain to by Thy grace even in this life. We come to thank Thee for the capability and opportunity of intellectual and spiritual development. We come to thank Thee that we live in a land that endeavors to provide the necessary facilities for mind and soul culture. We come to thank Thee for this dual education that makes a true life possible. Ours is indeed a goodly heritage.

We would now implore Thy blessings for this occasion. We pray for Thy gracious benediction to rest upon and abide with this institution here and now represented and engaged in its Annual Commencement exercises. Direct with Thy favor all connected with its interests that Thy name may be glorified in the successful prosecution and accomplishment of the great and good work it has been established to do. We pray Thy blesssing upon him who shall bring a message from Thy word to those who have completed the allotted curriculum of this school of learning. May it prove a message duly weighted with sound thought, safe instruction and helpful inspiration. We entreat Thy future guidance and richest blessing for the members of the graduating class. Let the light of Thy countenance shine upon them, order their footsteps by Thy word, nourish them with all goodness, and ever keep them in the shade of Thy sheltering and protecting wings of love and mercy.

These and all other needed blessings vouchsafe unto us, O God, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost we ascribe all honor and praise, world without end. Amen.

Some Boy Gold-Miners

It is not every boy that is fortunate enough to own a real gold mine. Most boys own gold mines in their imagination, some have imitations in their back yards, and some—a very, very few—have the real thing.

Away up in Alaska are two boys, Lawrence and William McCarty, who are prosperous quartz prospectors of the Tanana Valley, the newly-found gold fields. Lawrence is nine years of age and William is seven. The boys have lived with their parents in the district for more than five years, so that they arrived on the ground early, and are now seasoned miners. Not long ago the boys, as a result of their observations in watching older prospectors, located two ledges of gold. One of these has a good width and a good character of ore.

Already the boys have taken out sufficient ore to justify a shipment to the stamp-mill near their home. This is an extremely good showing, as the boys find time for digging only after their school and chore hours are past. Mr. McCarty has rewarded the boys' perseverance by buying them special tools of a small size, so they have picks and shovels that will not tire them too quickly. The windless over their shaft was built to meet their special needs, yet it is just like the windlasses the men miners have.

There is only one operation of mining that the father of the boys will not permit them to undertake. That is dynamiting, to loosen the earth. After the boys have driven holes to a sufficient depth Mr. McCarty, or one of his workmen, inserts the explosives and sets them off.

Some day these same little fellows may own and operate large and important mines. Certainly, if early training and industry mean anything, they will reach a high place in business life. The boys say it is finer fun to dig far down into the earth and see what mysterious things are hidden there than it is to waste valuable time in idle play.---Monroe Woolley, from "Nature and Science for Young Folks," in March St. Nicholas.

Army Dogs.

In Germeny the dog has his place as a part of the nation's rauular fighing force. There is a regular dog crops for servise in time of war. The dogs are carefully trained to their duties.

Most of the dog crops are tomposed entirely of Spitzes or Pomeranians, and these are mostly white in color, Of course a gray dog has a better chance of escapieg detection in the field than a white one, but tne white dogs are gray enought after they have been on the march for dry or two. Each dog is equipped with a metal collar and a pouch for letters, He is never tied up and is never led by s chain or rope.

The dogs are given a pecular but remarkably thought and painstaking education. Fiast, the dog is taught to distinguish between the uniforms of the officers of the German army. After he mastered the uniforms of various armies, he is given some drills in scout duty, being taught to tell his master of the approaco of an enemy or a friend.

The army dog is also taught to deliver letters. The letters are placed in his pouch and he is trained to run from post to post with them. He is taught to know many other posts besides his own, to recognize them by name, to take a pouch of letters to any post designated to deliver them to an officer, to wait for a reply, and to return to his own post.—American Boy.

"When you don't want to do a thing, do it."---Wady.

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

This month seems to be one of many events at the school. Visits have been made by officers and others. Many events of note have occured.

Mr. H. E. Isenhour, our school teacher, visited Mount Pleasant to be a witness of the grand sight of seeing the Collegiate graduates get their diplomas.

Mr. S. I. Parker made a short visit to Monroe, N. C. to see his brother, week before last. He left on Saturday afternoon and returned Sunday night.

Superintendent and Mrs. Boger, visited in Charlotte last week to see some of their friends. We sincerely hope they had an enjoyable time while in Charlotte.

New physical exercises are being given to the boys both morning and afternoon. They are making stooped shoulders straight.

The boys were very much pleased to have a beef dinner last Saturday. Every one had plenty and there was enough left to have beef soup for two days after.

"Swat the fly." That is what we are doing here. We have just recieved a new lot of fly-swatters and the boys are using them effectively in the cottages.

We have had a spring cleaning up in our school room. Some of the boys have contributed small amounts of money to buy some pictures to beautify the walls.

Morris Lefkowitz, of Greensboro, and Lee Young, of Lexington, and Gordon Kimball, of Statesville, were very much pleased to receive each a box from their mothers.

The basements in the boys cottages have been freshened with white wash by Mr. Shaw's force during the rainy weather. It looks neat and clean in the basements now.

The farm boys have been very busy cultivating and disc-harrowing for the past two weeks. Mr. Talbirt has charge of the boys on the farm and he is liked by all the boys.

The chapel is rapidly nearing completion. It is now being plastered by Mr. DeJournette and a few of the boys of the Training School. We hope to be able to use it in the early fall.

The boys at the institution were given straw hats for every-day wear, week before last. They have not had very much use for them yet on account of the rainy weather we have been having.

All of the boys at the Training School wore roses on "Mother's Day." What looks more beautiful than ninety-two boys, all dressed in uniforms, wearing roses in memory of their dear mothers?

Mr. Waters, one of the men drilling the well here at the school, went to Richmond last Friday and returned Monday. The well is over 700 feet deep now and it is being drilled right through a rock.

Much progress is being made towards the completion of the "Stonewall Cook Book" which is being printed at the Training School by the printing office boys for the King's Daughters of Concord.

The institution is now filled to its full capacity—93 boys. There are applications for other boys but they have to be turned down as there is not enough room for any more. What we need is another cottage.

We will have quite a large crop of peanuts this year if we have good luck with them. The boys in the second cottage were kept busy for about a week, shelling the peanuts for planting, every night after supper.

Aubrey Watson was very much pleased to receive a visit from his mother last month. Aubrey hails from Winston-Salem. He has not been at the school very long but he has many friends among the officers and boys.

The boys played a game of baseball with Brown's Mill team last Saturday and beat it eleven to two. The boys are making quite a record for themselves this year. Only two games have been lost. We are now standing: won six; lost two.

The contest for the Seltz medal to be awarded to the boy making the highest average in scholarship is rapidly drawing to a close. This is the last month that they will be graded until they have the final examinations. Everybody is doing his best to win the prize, which not only carries honor to the winner but shows who has the making of a man in him.

Some of the boys chopped cotton for Mr. Frank Teeter, a farmer living about three miles from the institution, last week. Only fifteen acres were chopped the first day as many of the boys had never chopped cotton before and some had never seen any before. But on the second day they chopped twenty-four acres before noon and went in swimming after dinner. They arrived at the school in time to play a game of baseball before six o'clock that evening.

Reference was made in the last issue of THE UPLIFT to a contest for a prize box of candy to be awarded to the boy writing the best story on the subject of "The Lost Cause, or The Rise and Fall of The Confederacy" Every boy in the contest went into it with a will. Many good stories were handed in by the boys. The prize was won by Wiley Lamm of Wilson, N. C., with Alvin Sides, of Concord, a close second. Mr. Isenhour has promised a like reward to the morning section. What the contest will be has not been made known.

The Boy Who Quits.

He quit. So it was written on the record of the high school. He quit. So it was written of another after graduation. He never went farther. He had no courage. Resolution failed him, and he stopped. The other went on. He joined the class of the quitters. Years after he wondered why the others got on, not realizing that he had quit before he was fairly started. He did not realize then what life demanded. All he felt the world required was courage to get along. Life's surplus in education he did not appreciate. All he needed was enough to keep going. He withdrew his educational investment and began to consume it. He quit, and turned to the world with the assets nature had given him, and presented himself for a livelihood. He quit and sought to live, just to live easily, without making any requirements of this world, which would use him as its servant. He quit and sold himself cheap. God had capitalized him with health, intellect, morals, ability for application and character to be achieved. He stopped short of an appreciation of his capital and considered valueless that which had enriched others. The power which produces great preachers, teachers, workers, leaders, generals, captains of industry, managers of great railroads, and heads of highly capitalized corporations became to him of no interest. These men of unusual parts lost their appeal to him. Their achievement he refused to honor and their example he despised. He quit and lost the sense of great values. Life became a labor market, and he entered the competitive struggle to jostle his fellows at the call of the highest bidder. Later, as the conflict heightened, he came to claim that "the world owed him a living." That is all; just a living. For when he faced, at the begining, the opportunity to start a surplus that would, through years, enrich his life, he quit; stopped going to school and sold out to an appeal of a daily wage.

This is a sad story of many boys. We have known them. We have advised them. We have seen them take their own course and come to grief. We have stood with them in after years and listened to their lament: "If I had only taken your advise and remained in school! It will be my lifelong regret. I quit before my education was finished."

Now, there comes a time in nearly all boys' lives when this battle has to be fought. The pursuit of things intellectual becomes so difficult that the mind rebels. It looks so much easier to give up the application which study requires. The call to activity and to the open life becomes so strong we cannot resist. The four long years in high school, when we have lost our taste for study, or never have been able to develop one for it, becomes an anticipated torture which drives us to distraction. We hesitate to pay the price. Then, beyond the high-school days is another stretch of four years in college and, extending still farther, the four years of technical course. The way appears so long and the ascent so difficult, the heart of an ancient Trojan would fail before the task. The way of the transgressor may be hard; but the way towards intellectual supremacy is that of flint. Life is one great mountain of difficulty. Where can we find courage to undertake it? Ah, that is the mystery of human life! The conquest of the world by intellect carries with it an unexplainable courage, especially when the stupendous character of the task is considered. When we bend our purpose to it, with a resolution which cannot be broken, there comes a deep hunger for study which controls and later enslaves the physical man, ofttimes in the end consumes him. That is the triumph of the scholar and the offering he brings to the the altar of truth. His own body is consumed by the flame of intellectual hunger. Then study become easy, and the delights of the scholar come as the rewards of application under difficulty.

There is an inexorable law which plays havoc with young life at this point. The struggle of the strong

What Did You Do?

Did you give him a lift? He's a brother of man
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue,
And the smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill
And the world, so I fancy, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road?
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you,
But the grasp of your hand might have carried him through.
Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Do you know what he bore in that burden of cares
That is every man's load and that sympathy shares?
Did you try to find out what he needed from you?
Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Do you know what it means to be loosing the fight,
When a lift just in time might set everything right?
Do you know what it means---just the clasp of the hand
When a man's borne about all that a man ought to stand?
Did you ask what it was---why the quivering lip,
And the glistening tears down the pale cheek that slip?
Were you a brother of his when the time came to be?
Did you offer to help him---or didn't you see?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of man
To find what the grief is and help what you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,
Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh, I know what you meant!---what you say may be true---
But the test of your manhood is, WHAT DID YOU DO?
Did you reach out a hand? Did you find him the road?
Or did you just let him go by with his load?

---New York Times.

works the survival of the fittest. Nature selects the man who is willing to do his best for survial. The processes of elimination work with merciless precision: The hesitating, faltering, equivocating man is slipped to the the rear. There is a law of life which constantly declares, Every man must do his best or be lost in the struggle for excellence and supremacy. This eliminating process is seen all through the educational course.

Of every thousand students who start in the primary grades in the country, at the close of the eighth year seven hundeed and thirty-four quit school. Only two hundred and sixty-six graduate. The loss is simply stupendous, especially when compulsory education is in vogue and many facilities for popularizing education are being adopted. Many things operate to cut down the number of graduates. Poverty, intellectual indolence, the temptation of a salary, ill advice of friends, lack of foresight —all contribute to this. The eliminating process continues through the high school. Out of the one thousand who enter the grades, only fifty-four remain through the high school for graduation. In the twelve years' course of our public schools nine hundred and forty-six are lost. What is the significance of this? Why so many who fail to stay until their education is completed? Why do so many lose out? Why do so many quit? There are various reasons. We do not stop to enumerate them. We ask the young man who last June threw his books upon the table and quit school with an inner feeling of joy to reconsider his action. Will you join the great company whom nature and conditions have eliminated in the quest for knowledge and the supremacy which intelligence secures? If this inexorable law once gains control of your life, the eliminating process may reduce you to the lowest level of ability and to the most meager limits of soul enjoyment. Reconsider your resolution, rise again to the task, and enter the struggle. Regain your place and register among the few who pay the prices of intellectual supremacy.—Exchange.

Some Of The Biggest, Oldest, And Costliest Things.

The largest library is the National, in Paris, which contains 3,000,000 books.

The tallest monument is in Washington, D. C. It is 550 feet high.

The highest chimney is in Glasgow, Scotland, and is 474 feet.

The deepest coal mine is near Lambert, Belgium, and is 3500 feet deep.

The largest monolith is in Egypt —106 feet.

The biggest dock is at Cardiff, Wales.

The strongest electric light is at the Sydney lighthouse, Australia.

The greatest bank is the bank of England, London.

The oldest college is University College, Oxford. It was established in the year 1050.

The largest college is in Cairo, Egypt. It has on its register each year over 10,000 students and 310 teachers.

The largest bronze statue is that of Peter the Great in Petrograd, Russia. It weighs some 1100 tons.

Damascus is claimed to be the oldest city in the world.

The most costly book is a Hebrew Bible, which is owned by the German government, and which the Pope offered $125,000 for, but for which the government of Germany would not give it up.—Chicago Tribune.

THINGS ABOUT MOORESVILLE'S PAYING CREAMERY.

(Concluded from Page 4.)

semi-church organ or a family advertiser---they must do something more than take a "flying visit to Charlotte for the afternoon, traveling in her car" to get a shower bath of notoriety in his local columus. He recognizes in his neighbors, the Mooresville constituency and the population of South Iredell, a people, each one of whom plays a part in the composite whole, and each receives a just measure of recognition. He never did use his columns to punish someone, of whom he lacked an exalted opinion; and such a one might daddy a theory or an idea, and whether it be wise or otherwise, Mr. Deaton would never allow his columns to belittle it except in a spirit of reasoning as to what is best for the greatest number involved. That's press Deaton---he was that way when a boy, working in a capacity that revealed fully his heart to this writer.

Mr. Deaton is a promoter. No newspaper man in the state has done more effective work for the cause of good roads. He was first, constant and very effective in the good-road's campaign that gave to Iredell county its fine system of roads---system is a good word in this case rather than a net-work. Those people went about that business with a chart.

This young fellow has championed every cause that looked to the growth and developement of Mooresville; to the betterment of its entire population; and he did not weary because he did not see a dollar at the other end of the proposition for his peasonal use.

His last ardent boost was in behalf of the establishment of a creamery in Mooresville; having won, and it being a success, he is just as happy as a babe with a new toy. There is a reason. The article he furnishes for this issue relative to the business of a creamery and the Mooresville institution in particular, gives good ground for his great happiness.

Industrious, thoughtful and conservative in his wants, Mr. Deaton has made his newspaper enterprise and printing plant at Mooresville furnish him and his interesting family a good living, keeping a home in his own attractive house, of which he is justly proud and into which there is a standing welcome.

Mr. Deaton is a busy man with his affairs and the affairs of his community in which it becomes the duty of an editor to participate; but he is never too busy to forget, to visit, and to love constantly the being that courted death that he might be. Scarcely a week passes that this fellow, this printer, this newspaper man---Harry Preston Deaton,---does not steal away to spend a few hours with his old mother in Concord. That old soul, now in her eighty-fifth year, revels in a love from a son, the like of which has never been surpassed, and rarely equalled. A young man, coming to manhood's mature state from childhood, through terrible knocks and difficulties, and arriving at a point where success smiles upon him and his home, and enjoying the confidence and esteem of his fellows, not forgetting mother and sister at a distance in this revelry of peace and comfort, is the setting of the life Editor Deaton has lived. Those, who know him, do not wonder that in his pay-rule his dear old mother, resting and waiting in the twilight of a life for a journey that awaits us all, occupies a proud place, weekly, with the foreman, the printers and the editor's family when the pay-envelopes are passed around.

Harry Preston Deaton has shown young boys, not born with silver spoons in their mouths, the way to life and to leave this world better for having lived in it.

What Training Will Do.

A traveler visiting a large factory made a bet with the manager that he would pick out all the married men among the employes. Accordingly, he stationed himself at the door as they came back from dinner, and mentioned all those whom he believed to be married, and in almost every case he was right. "How do you do it?" asked the manager in amazement. "Oh, its quite simple," said the tnaveler, "quite simple. The married men all wipe their feet on the mat; the single men don't."---Argonaut.

"John, how is it that I can never get you up in the morning?"

"My dear, I was a sunrise-slumber baby."---Buffalo Express.

The Mason & Price Screws.

By Adelbert F. Caldwell.

For three generations the firm of Henderson & Co. had been noted in the commercial world for its strict business integrity. Its word was as good as a bond, and anyone who had dealings with the company would take it just as readily.

When the offices of the firm were moved from the low brick building on Exeter Street, facing the water front, to the new uptown skyscraper, a small, inexpensively framed motto that Ezra Henderson, founder of the house, had caused to be hung in a conspicuous place on the walls was taken to the new quarters. Desks and all other fixings were left in the old building.

"That is as much a part of the firm as we ourselves," said Edward Henderson, head of the present house, to his son Conard, who was directing the hanging of the somewhat faded motto, "and no one to my knowledge has ever worked for us to whom that has not applied. 'Honesty opens the doors to a successful career. Dishonesty closes them.' "

Mr. Henderson slowly turned to some unfinished work on his desk. Presently he looked up.

"It's a disappointment to me—Floyd Bundy's leaving. We have rarely had in our employment a new man who has taken hold of things as he has—one who has given so much promise. And, by the way," handing the younger man a letter, "read that."

Conard Henderson soon took the letter from his father and quickly ran over its contents.

"Do you know anything about this boy Mayo?" he asked, looking up.

"Only indirectly," replied Mr. Henderson to his son's question. "He belongs to an old family from Welchville. I used to know his father when he was a boy, but it's been years since Iv'e had any trace of him."

"But we can't give him a place now?" questioned Conard, negatively. "Have't you already spoken to Fisher Anderson with respect to his taking Bundy's place?"

"Yes, but that dosen't engage him permantly, you know. And he might be a misfit. It's only after giving Anderson a trial that we can tell whether we want him or not. He may not be adapted at all to our needs any more than was Thorne Hasbrook."

"Then you—"

"Iv'e been thinking the matter over," interrupted Mr. Henderson, slowly, "and I feel we need more men in the sales department. Bundy had too much to do, nobody will deny that, and the business is constantly growing. Now, my proposal is that we give them both a trial, both Mayo and Anderson, and if they prove the Henderson & Co. kind, then to keep them."

"I think you're correct in your conclusion that we need more help," agreed the younger man. "I have rather had that feeling for several weeks—ever since we left Exeter Street. But as to the boys, only a trial will prove their fitness for the work, and I'm willing to grant that."

"Then I rather think we'd better regard the matter as settled," and Edward Henderson turned again to some business matters on his desk that demanded his attention. "But I wish you'd see that they are notified—those boys; I shall hardly have time for it my self today. I am obliged to start on my trip East earlier than I had planned. I think the train leaves at 3:40. Tell them to report for duty on Wednesday and see that Robinson gives them needed instruction."

"Very well, I'll attend to it at once, and then there'll be no delay."

"And when I get back," resumed Mr. Henderson, meanly, "either Monday or Tuesday—Monday, I think—I'll apply the screw test. Tell Robinson to explain the fact to the boys that the Mason & Price consignment of screws is worthless and on no account must be offered to our customers."

On Wednesday both of the new boys reported for duty.

"One thing more," said Mr. Robinson, head clerk in the sales department, and he cautioned Mayo and Anderson against selling any of the screws, when that article was called for, of the Mason & Price brand. "They are in the drawer to the left of the box of oarlocks—there," pointing to them. "They are practically worthless. When they are used in hard wood the head crumbles off like just so much chalk; they won't stand the pressure of the screw-drivers."

"Why don't you throw them out or dispose of them in some way, especially if they are no good?" asked Herbert Mayo, curiously. "I should think the drawer where they are kept would be needed."

"It's a notion of Mr. Henderson to keep them," returned the clerk. "I think he wants to show them to Mason & Price's agent when he comes around again. The screws are not in the way, however; there's plenty of room."

Two days later a wowan came into the salesroom to buy some picture hooks. It was in this department that the two boys had been assigned their places to work.

"Have you any this size?" asked the woman, holding up a picture hook that she carried in her hand. "I brought this along as a sample."

"Why, yes, I think so," replied Anderson, who had stepped forward to wait on the customer. "This way please. We have these; I think they match the one you have. Let me see. Yes, they're just the pattern. How many would you like?"

"Six, I think, will do," was the woman's reply.

Herbert noticed that when she paid for her purchase she handed Anderson a fifty-cent piece, and instead of sending it to the cashier, as he should have done, he gave the woman some change from his own pocket, and then, after she had left the store, he shot up through the tube the exact amount the picture-hooks were worth.

"Iv'e made two cents a hook on that deal," Anderson smilingly said as he stepped over to where Herbert was working. "Wasn't she a slow bird! A fellow can tell every time when a customer can be pulled. They're worth keeping an eye open for, too! It's a great trick."

"But it's dishonest," replied Herbert quickly, as he bent over to sort a box of loose hinges.

"I don't see how that is," returned Anderson, hotly. "I told her how much she'd have to pay for the hooks, and she paid it; she didn't have to. And the firm lost nothing; they got their price—exactly what the goods were marked."

"True, but you took twelve cents that didn't belong to you," persisted Herbert.

"From whom?"

"The woman," answered Herbert. "And I call that—"

"Well, I don't look at it in that light," and Anderson began to wistle.

"Mr. Rohinson would, or any one else for that matter!"

"But he won't have a chance—Robinson won't—unless you blow on a fellow," and Anderson's face flushed deeply.

Just then a customer asked Herbert if they had any upholster's

brass headed tacks, and so the conversation between the two boys ended.

"If Anderson's that kind of a boy, who begins dishonestly, I'm afraid he won't work long for the Hendersons," thought Herbert, after his customer had gone. "He may not be found out for a while, but he will sooner or later. And he'll find it dosen't pay to do that kind of a thing."

Again, before Mr. Henderson's return from his trip East, which kept him away longer than he had planned when leaving home, Herbert Mayo detected Anderson in putting a certain amount from sale in his pocket, having charged the customer enough to do this and at the same time turn into the cashier the amount asked by the firm for the article sold.

"A fellow's got to have some little extras," said Anderson carelessly as he saw that Herbert had seen the transaction. "The old duffer who just left wanted those brads bad enough to pay twice the price I asked him. He said he couldn't find what he wanted in any other store in town, and he'd been to five. Henderson & Co. hasn't lost anything, not a cent."

"Well—"

"O, come off, now," interrupted Anderson. "Keep preaching for some body else, somebody who needs it. Besides you aren't above making an honest penny for yourself when you have a good opportunity."

"An honest one, no!" exclaimed Herbert, emphatically. "But the pennies you've just put in your pocket were not honestly made."

"That's your view of it, not mine!"

"But it's the right one," maintained Herbert. "And some time you'll realize it."

"Yes we carry both kinds," and Anderson took down two grades of nails to show a customer who had just come in.

"I'll take these," said the man and he hurriedly left the store.

Neither Herbert Mayo nor Fisher Anderson had ever seen Mr. Henderson, head of the firm by which they had been employed. Conrad Henderson, the younger man, they had often met.

"I think I will like him," was Herbert's comment after his introduction to the junior partner, the day after they had begun their work.

"He's rather—" Anderson stopped himself abruptly. "O, I guess he'll do; but I'd like to see the boss. I take it he's the one, the old gentleman, that we've got to cater to."

Several days later a man whom Anderson had never before seen came into the store. Herbert was out at the time, having been sent by Mr. Robinson to take a small package to the express office.

"I wonder if you have any screws —the kind I want?" asked the would-be purchaser of Anderson, who happened to be alone just then in that part of the store.

"Guess I can fix you out all right." replied Anderson, briskly. "We have this kind," and he showed the man the best-grade screws in stock.

"These, then, won't do?" he asked as the customer hesitated.

"Haven't you any others?"

"Yes, but they come higher," and as Anderson looked over the stranger before him he thought he recognized in him a man he could "pull."

"Let me look at them."

Anderson went over to a side drawer and took out a handful of Mason & Price screws.

"These are an excellent quality which we carry only for our more particular customers. How do these strike you?"

"I---I guess they'll do. You are sure they are of the highest quality?" asked the man hesitatingly. They're of the very best grade?"

"Sure! They are No. A 1---the best screw made. How many would you like?"

Very shortly Anderson handed the stranger his purchase.

"Come again!"

The man with the screws lingered in another part of the store and he noticed that Anderson didn't turn over to the cashier the money he had just recieved.

"This is clear gain," Anderson said to himself with a pleased smile. "I fooled him good! All I can sell of those worthless screws I can put in my own pocket. Funny, though, that old fellow couldn't tell the difference between a poor screw and those of a really high grade. But so much the better for me; I've no kick coming!"

The next afternoon, Anderson was sent to King & Marston's for a dozen small pulleys, which the firm happened to be out of. While he was gone a man entered the store and went directly over to where Herbert was standing. "Can you match this grade of screws---same length and same size of wire?" he asked.

Herbert took the screw the man handed him and examined it carefully.

"Yes, we can match it, he said," but it's a very poor grade of screw. We have the same, exactly in a better article. In fact, I wouldn't sell you the inferior grade. For, to be honest, you couldn't use them."

"But---"

"You don't want them at any price," interrupted Herbert. "Here's the kind you want," showing the high-grade screw.

"Yet if I should take the others on my own responsibility?"

"You'd be dissatisfied with them and blame us for selling such things," was Herbert's reply. "No, I wouldn't sell you a dishonest screw —for that's what I call them, those of the Mason & Price brand."

"Very well I'll take the other kind," and the stranger watched Herbert critically as the boy did up the amount of the purchase."

"One moment, please," as the man turned to leave the store.

Habits.

If you save one cent today and double the amount saved day by day, at the end of thirty days you will have laid by a respectable sum amounting to several million dollars. By taking a pencil and a piece of paper you can satisfy yourself of the fact much more easily than you can find the money. Even on the tenth day, when the amount saved reaches five dollars, you might find that it was disorganizing the family budget.

If you pursue a normal course through life you are always doing something today, and a little more of it the next day, and still more the day after. The man with delirium tremens began at only a penny a day. Beginning at a penny a day, you can aquire a milliondollar tobacco heart.

Also, you can acquire a milliondollar satisfaction in good literature by forming a reading habit, or a million-dollars worth of health by habit of exercise.

Cumulative habit is about two-thirds of life. Between a book and a drink, at geometric ratio there is all the difference in the world.---Ex.

"There's a quarter in change coming to you."

"So there is. How forgetful old fellows like me become. Thank you."

A moment before Anderson had come in.

"You're a—say, why didn t you pocket that quarter? He'd never have known. Catch me letting a thing like that slip!"

It wasn't mine," replied Herbert. "I don't do business that way."

The next morning, shortly after the boys reached the store, Mr. Robinson told them Mr. Henderson wished to see them in his office.

"I wonder what—"

"That's easy," interrupted Anderson. "He's going to tell us that we're permanently engaged. And I tell you, man, I'm glad. It's a great place here, this is. It's easy, and there is good money in it; and the best of it all is, they treat a fellow white."

"Where have I seen him before?" thought Herbert as he stood before Mr. Henderson in the comfortably furnished private office.

"I—I wonder if--" Anderson was also trying to recollect where he had seen the head of the firm before. Surely his face was familiar---wonderfully so.

"Sit down," and Mr. Henderson pointed the boys to seats. "I have sent for you to say that we have come to the conclusion that for the present we can do with only one new hand."

Herbert Mayo's heart began to sink. It was such a splendid place to work and he had tried so hard to do his best.

"Yesterday," continued Mr. Henderson, "and the day before, I went into the store to buy some screws, and I got two kinds. Those I got the first day were worthless. Yet I was pressed to take them---on the quality's being misrepresented." Anderson's face flushed painfully. "Then, as I noticed, the money received for the sale didn't reach the cashier's desk." Herbert Mayo looked up questioningly. "The second purchase I made yesterday," Mr. Henderson continued, the expression on his face noncommittal, "and it was exactly as it was represented. Those words on the wall yonder, 'Honesty opens the door to a successful career. Dishonesty closes them,' ever since my grandfather's time have been the motto of the firm of Henderson & Co.

"That is all. I will make no further reference to the sale of the screws. Mayo, you may go back to your work."

I BELIEVE.

I believe there will never be another day like this one. Therefore I will do my level best to-day, for I believe that the greatest thing I can ever do is to do my level best at all times and under all circumstance.

I believe that the man who works with interest in his work, because by his training he has learned to do that work well, is a benefactor of mankind.

I believe thats it's just as important to look yourself square in the eye, in order to find out what kind of a man you are, as it is to look that way into the other fellow's eye, I believe that there is a chance for everybody except the man who, when the blame is entirely his own, goes about blaming his misfortunes. And I believe that the "I never had a chance man" is rarely destined to give himself one.

I believe that environment counts for something, but the real intuneness lies within ourselves. I believe that I am worth while if I attempt and accomplish worth while things. I believe this.

I believe that to live right means to give right that as I get happiness and give it out in turn it will come back to me as bread cast upon the waters; perhaps not for many days, but it will come.

I believe that life means service, and that as I help my fellow man to better things and cleaner and nobler living, I will in turn reap a rich harvest in like proportion.

I believe that the way I write and speak the way I use my knowledge will influence my growth in power and usefulness. I believe that everything I do to-day, everything I say, everything I write, is either an asset added to my store or a liability against my to-morrow. I believe that if I think positive thoughts I will build a positive force. If I think naught but good, naught but success, succeed I will.

I believe that I must take hold of the thing I want to do with a firm grasp. A mere finger hold on ambition loosens with the first adverse wind. I believe that I must wrap myself in and around that which I seek: and that merely because I've missed one opportunity, I've not entirely lost my chance, for the busy brainbox is an opportunity factory. I believe that I must study and acquire, expand and exult. grow and grin.

I believe that other people and other forces can influence my life and my work only as I allow it. I believe that life is exactly what I make it. I believe that I am the architect of my own fortune, and that I am building according to my own plan.

I believe that I must be an agent of the shining sun not a cloud expander. If I had real troubles, cheeriness will give me strength to bear them; if imaginary, it will drive them away. I believe that I must not pile my burden upon the burdened shoulders of others. I believe these things. Do you?

Rules to Keep You Straight.

Keep good company.
Keep good hours.
Keep yourself busy.
Eat moderately.
Keep your tongue from evil.
Take plenty of exercise.
Breathe pure air.
Sleep regularly.
Think pure thoughts.
Hold loftly Ideals.
Be in earnest.
Be producers.
Be prompt.
Be just.
Be patient.
Be cheerful.
Be forgiving.
Be noble.
Be pure.
Avoid debts.
Avoid vulgarity.
Avoid scandal.
Be ready to help.
Be a ray of sunshine.
Trust in the Lord.
—Philadelphia Telegram.

"Hit Him Again."

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland a certain congregation where there was but one rich man desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The rich old Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give five pounds for repairs."

Just then a bit of plastering falling from the ceiling hit him on the head. Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said:

"Brethren, it's worse than I thought. I'll make it fifty pounds."

"O Lord," exclaimed a devout brother on a back seat, "hit him again!"---Ex.

Newsboys Acquitted in Juvenile Court.

Jerome Finskopsky and Jesse Bickoff, the two small newsboys who were arrested on Sunday in the building occupied in part by the Elba Hardware Company, 422 West Broad Street, by Policemen Brennan, Samuels and Allen, were acquitted by Justice Crutchfield after a brief hearing in the Juvenile Court yesterday morning.

Policeman Brennan testified that the two boys broke into the second story of the building, where they were caught by him and the other offiicers. That concluded the Commonwealth's evidence, and then testimony in behalf of the accused boys was offered in such volume and of such weight that the justice rendered his decision without hesitation.

The boys corroborated by a chorus of their friends and playmates, testified that they were playing baseball in the street, when the ball "got away" from them and flew into the second-story window, breaking the glass. They asked the Syrian next door, they said, if they could climb up and get the ball back, and the Syrian said that they certainly could. Whereupon, they simply forced their way in and recovered the only baseball that the combined gang happened to have. Policeman Brennall cheerfully admitted that the window had a hole in it that might have been maed by a baseball, and volunteered the further statement that the boys had told the same story when he arrested them.

W. R. Francis, president of the Elba Hardware Company, stated that nothing had been taken from the store and corrected the report that there had been a number of thefts there recently.

DEFENSES ESTABLISHES CHARACTER OF BOY.

Murray McGuire informed the judge that Jerone was the boy to whom the late A. Caperton Braxton had bequeathed enough money to buy a watch, because the little newsie had trusted the lawyer for a paper once, and had afterwards supplied him regularly with newspapers. Mr. McGuire further said that he had known Jerome for years and believed hin to be thorougly trustworthy, and he produced a paper signed by a number of the best-known men in Richmond, who have offices in the Mutual Buliding, saying, in part: "We are acquainted with Jerome Finskopsky, who has been selling papers in front of this building for a number of years. We have always found him absolutely reliable, and consider him a boy of excellent character."

The circulation manager of the News Leader wrote to Justice Crutchfield, certifying to his personal knowledge of Jerome's trustworthiness; the circulation manager of the Times-Dispatch appeared in court to give similar evidence, and Police Commissioner Gordon informed the judge that the little boy was a "personal friend" his, and that he had every reason to believe that he was thoroughly honest and trustworthy.

In view of the overwhelming evidence establishing the character of the thirteen-year-old business man of the streets, in addition to to his own statement and that of his companions, Justice Crutchfield quickly dismissed the case, only cautioning the boys not to play baseball in the streets---on Sunday.

---Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Spring In Carolina

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamp, and turns
Into royal court with festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
The age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb,

In gardens you may note amid the dearth;
The crokus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamered South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very Street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate.

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me; I am May!"

—Henry Timrod.

Facts About The State Farm.

N. E. Edgerton was here last week and gave us some information in regard to farming this year at the state farm.

Last year they had 1,250 acres in cotton and have only 300 acres this year.

Last year eighteen thousand dollars worth of fertilizers were used, and this year only five thousand worth.

The farm works 300 mules and has large fields of corn and 1,500 acres of wheat.

In speaking of the state farm Mr. Edgerton mentioned the fact that under the management of John R. Smich the state penitentiary had 17 directors, whereas now it has only five. Mr. Edgerton is well pleased with his fellow helpers on this board.
---Smithfield Herald.

The Gossip.

Observe the blotter, how it soaks
Up words and deeds of other folks;
Then show them up to me and you
In all details, but wrong side to.

---Judge.

"God's best gift to us is not things, but opportunities."---A. W. Rollins,

MEXICO--LAND OF MARTELS.

By Lemuel Lawrence De Bra.

There is a land where the lightning bugs are so big that you can nail one to the wall and read a paper by its light and---

What! you don't believe it? Well, it's true. The bug is a species of beetle which is found in certain places in southern Mexico. And it is only one of the many strange things in that land of marvels. Indeed an account of the odd plants and animals and wonderful places in old Mexico would fill a large book and would read like a fairy tale.

For instance, there is a certain famous garden in Mexico where it is dark and eerie, with fearful looking birds and vampires flying around like dim ghost. And if you should lie down on the grass to sleep you probably would never wake up. Myriads of leeches, shaped like needles, would quietly crawl all over you and drink every drop of your blood.

There are ancient cities in Mexico where many centuries ago there lived a great and powerful race. We know very little about them, but from the beautiful stone-work which still remains in good condition we know they had reached a high state of civilization many hundreds of years before Columbus sailed across the Atlantic.

Do you know that one-third of the population of Mexico are Indians? They are, and a great portion of the rest are half-breeds. What is more, the Indian races are still very much uncivilized. Down in Yucatan, where most of our binding twine comes from, the Indians fight the settlers just as our American Indians did fifty years ago. Some of the Indians closely resemble the Chinese, and there are scientists who believe that those Indians are descendents of Chinese adventurers who discovered Mexico centuries before Columbus was born. The Indians are believed to know of great gold and silver treasures buried in the ruins of the ancient cities. Many persons have tried to find these hidden treasures. Most of them were never heard of again, but those who did come back brought gold and silver jewelry which they had found in dark caves by the side of skeletons that were believed to be many hundreds of years old.

Do you know that the oldest living thing in the world is in Mexico? It is a cypress tree called the "Great Tree of Tule," which stands in the village of Santa Maria del Tule. This tree is so old that scientists place its age anywhere between two thousand and five thousand years. It is one hundred and sixty feet around at the base and thirty persons with arms outstretched can barely reach around it.

The corn we raise on our farms is believed to have come originally from Mexico. There are fields there where they claim corn has been raised every year for several thousand years.

The peculiar formation of Mexico gives it the most unusual variety of climates in the world. You can stand knee-deep in eternal snow on the mountain tops and look across to the Gulf Coast only a few miles away, where rubber trees and coffee and bananas and other tropical vegetation flourish. In that short streach of country grows every variety of plant that can be found between the Arctic Ocean and the equator.

Near the Texas border you may see modern American farm implements, but, unbelievable as it may seem, most of the farmers in Mexico just stir up the ground with a sharp stick the same as their forefathers did centuries ago. The picture shown here gives a good idea of how far they are behind the times.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.---Shakespear.

Being forced to work and to do your best will breed you a hundred virtues which the idle never know.
---Charles Kingsley.

Lincoln and Lee.

By Edward Vance Cooke.

There were days when the compass divided the love of the North
and the South,
When the heat of a smoldering anger flamed out of each partisan mouth;
But past are the hatred and heartache, and a new generation are we
Who honor the North for her Lincoln and honor the South for her Lee.

Oh, once we were bitter of spirit and sore with a sectional oath
That a friend of the one or the other could never be friendly to both,
But, behold! a new day has arisen, and our eyes, which were purblind, can see,
And be glad that the North loves her Lincoln and rejoice that the South honors Lee.

Yes, more, for not only as neighbors must Northland and Southland abide,
But each must be part of the other and share with the other her pride,
Till our love is as broad as the prairie and our charity deep as the sea,
That the South shall be worthy of Lincoln and the North shall do honor to Lee.

And how may we prove our approval, how warrant the words of our praise
But by making our deeds as a nation as leaves to the crown of their bays;
That our men be a growth that is worthy the soil which has borne us the tree
Whose roots spread abroad through the nation and whose fruits were a Lincoln and Lee!

—The Youths Companion.

When You Hear Another Saying.

When you hear another one saying
That his neighbor is no good
You had better be departing
From the present neighborhood.
We are mortals all and human.
We must do the best we can.
So be careful, worthy brother,
Ere you scorn your fellow man.

If your comrade hath great vices,
Should his faults be themes for talk?
He may have unreckoned virtues,
Tis unmanly to bemock.
It is also very certain
We are weaklings formed of clay.
They who judge will have their judgment
On the coming Judgment Day.

Some have tongues forever busy
Dealing secret and surmise,
But the meanest of all vices
Is a slanders base lies.
There are all to many people
Who are fools and very vain.
So they lie in conversation
Just to show a clearer brain.

There are many smiling gossips
Who posesses untiring lungs
And decide to prove their talent
By a display of cantering tongues.
Should a certain friend be absent
They will criticise his ways.
Should that friend be swift returning
They will change and sing his praise.

There are vices in man's nature
Which are natures very soul.
Know that nature is power
Which has absolute control.
So, the Man can change his manner,
Thinking not of place or pelf,
He is divine in substance
So he cannot change himself.

Therefore, should your brother mortal
Be an opposite to you.
Do not judge him harshly for it—
He has virtues not a few.
And beware thee of the fellow
Who bemocks an absent friend,
He will slander whenever
There is no one to defend.

If you cannot praise be silent.
But speak well, whene'er you can
To be merciful and kindly
Is the hall-mark of a man.
Tho your friend incur your anger
Do not utter bitter thought.
An insulting word, dear comrade,
Is a word that's ne'er forgot.

They who judge will have their judgments,
You must drink the cup you give.
Let another live untroubled
If you also wish to live.
As you measure it is measured,
As you pay you are repayed.
Are you traitor to another?
You will sometimes be betrayed.

If you praise a weak companion,
If his vices you condone.
You will find all mortal grateful.
They will tolerate your own.
For the Spirit of Creation
Looks, delighted, on the man
Who is humble, just, unguilding—
Doing all the good he can.

Be not as the worlds wide scoffers
Who but worthless minds betray.
Check your mood of conversation,
Your communications weigh.
He who speaks is not respected;
His accomplishments are sung,
But a curse is on the mortal
Who is mastered by his tongue.

Therefore keep in subjection;
But have keen observant eyes,
Search the faces of the speakers
If you would detect the lies.
Should you have a great store of knowledge
You will find all mortals eager
To be thought and called your friend.

---John Langton, in School Gem.

The Man Who Sulks.

The world has little pity and few favors to be spent
For the man who is disgruntled and sits sulking in his tent,
If your ventures have not prospered do not idly curse your luck,
But get out and make the people wonder at your manly pluck.

Men will never come to coax you, if you hang back in despair,
To have coarage and keep trying to put off the frown you wear;
They will not arrange new chances to replace the ones you lose
While you haunt a gloomy corner clinging to a case of blues.

They are foolishly self-cheated who keep harping on their woes
After they have been defeated, thinking all men are their foes,
And the praise the world is willing to bestow is never meant
For the man who is disgruntled and sets sulking in his tent.

—Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.

"What the world really needs is more kindness-"---Elbert Hubbard.

Boys, Learn a Trade.

Learn a trade. Nothing will help a man so much in his effort for success as a good knowledge of some trade. It is hard for many boys to see the value, especially at the outset when that trade pays less wages than many another more attractive job. But in a very short while as efficiency is gained the trade becomes more remunerative and while the attractive job still pays the same wages the trade is offering promotions for conscientious labor. Skilled workmen are always in demand It is the unskilled laborer which makes up the vast army of the unemployed.

Boys, learn a trade.

The boy who does this is a success werever you find him, whether on a farm, in the shop, or behind the counter. Take the farmer who loves his work, who studies the latest methods of farming and is up in all the departments of agriculture. Take the merchant who is not contented to simply sell his goods over the counter but keeps informed on every matter pertaining to his business. There you will find the successful merchant. Take the boy in the shop who is not satisfied to do a certain amount of work and draw his wages, but who aspires to know as much and be as good a workman as his boss. That means success. But there is little hope for the boy who permits a mere question of salary to decide his future career for him.--Selected.

Declaration Hidden Away.

The Declaration of Independence had been hung up so long in the State Department at Washington and copied and photographed so many times that it was pretty nearly worn out and faded out. Some years ago Secretary Hay appointed a committee to decide what to do to preserve it. It was decided to shut the Declaration and original copy of the Constitution in a dry safe, away from light and moths and rust and dust. It seems rather hard treatment of a Declaration---especially a Declaration of Independence---to put it in a little dark prison; but the motive was honorable, and it is said that even the President of the United States cannot order it brought out until 1923, when it is again to be photographed.---Girl's World

"Dinah, did you wash the fish before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am, what's de use of washin' er fish what's lived all his life in de water?"---Philadelphia Leader.

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
and Information.

The Southern Railway Co.

The Premier Carrier of the South

THE HIGHWAY OF HELPFUL AND PROGRESSIVE POLICIES

Identified as it is with the Southeastern Section of the United States, it is the purpose of the management of the Southern Railway Company to make its policies as helpful as may be practicable to the people of that Section.

Through its Land and Industrial Department and its Department of Farm Improvement Work it co-operates with the communities along its lines for the location of industries and of desirable classes of Farm Settlers and employs expert agents to co-operate with farmers seeking their advice as to improved farm methods, including diversification of crops, the building up of soil productivity, live stock raising and dairying. It has awarded scholarships in the State Agricultural Colleges of the States traversed by its lines to young men who would otherwise have been unable to avail themselves of an agricultural education. Realizing that the farmer who takes up the growing of new crops or the raising of live stock may be discouraged in his first season by the failure to market his products satisfactorily the Company has appointed market agents to give such information relative to markets, methods of packing, shipping, etc., as may be helpful to producers seeking their co-operation.

All of the co-operative development work of the Southern Railway Company is free to all persons in the territory traversed by its lines who may wish to avail themselves of it.

On matters relating to Southern development, or farm and factory openings, call on or address.

M. V. RICHARDS

Land and Industrial Agent

WASHINGTON, D. C.

C364 Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt
b-4

THE UPLIFT

June, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

Remember the Equity.

In arranging our accounts with our fellow men, we are too prone to permit a single debit to counterbalance the long line of credits that have gone before.

If an individual commits one reprehensible action, all his former creditable performances are lost sight of.

In passing judgment upon him, we have forgotten the equity.

We permit ourselves to become blinded by the passion of the moment, and fail to render a just balance.

A little toleration, a little sympathy a little forbearance would do wonders in lightening each other's burdens and in smoothing our own way through life.

Let us remember, in censuring the man who has offended or injured us, how many times prior to this he has befriended or helped us.

Let us remember the equity.

As things are today, once a man has violated the penal statutes of the state, no matter what his past life may have been, he is nevertheless placed beyond the pale of consideration.

He is regarded as fair game for all the hounds of the law.

Society, like another Nero, inverts her thumbs, and he is incontinently given over to the beasts of justice, hatred and revenge.--Our View Point.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord, N. C.

A HINT.

Any man or woman, who feels an interest in unfortunate youth, and can spare a day from pressing duties, can go out in the average town and secure without trouble at least twenty five subscribers for THE UPLIFT.

The purpose gives an opportunity for the telling of an interesting and engaging story---that of the conservation of youth, life.

The results of your efforts strengthens us---gives us the sinews for development and in-largements.

ONE MAN WITH BUT LITTLE EFFORT SENT IN 23 SUBSCRIBERS FROM STATESVILLE.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VII. CONCORD, N. C., JUNE, 1915 No. 4

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The Mexico trouble goes right on.

Greensboro News: "If public opinion prevails there will be no war." Right.

What is to become of the New York lawyers now that Thaw has been turned out of prison?

Whether he was wise or not in his course, the views of Ex-Secretary of State Bryan seem now not to have been unwise.

Cheer up. Soon we will be hearing of acres of ground producing 200 bushel or more of corn. Where, oh, where is the acre that ever did such a stunt?

Greek met Greek when Ex-Secretary of State Bryan and Dr. Len. Broughton undertook to settle the European war in the dining room of an Asheville hotel.

That story elsewhere printed in this number that touches alfalfa, love and old hills, is worth the time of anybody for a perusal. It has the flavor of a deep human interest.

The Charlotte News: "The only trouble about mountain breezes---they are up in the mountain and we're not." A faith that a mustard seed could contain might remove mountains.

The idea of wiping out illiteracy in the state is an inspiring one. The plan is in the making for bringing about a great campaign. This is the out-growth of the Moon-light school, which in some cases have had marvelous records.

Since the last report, window frames have been placed in the corporation marker of "Salisbury's the Place." The first work on that incompleted building for some fifteen years attracts considerable attention from train passengers.

What kind of city is it that, year in and year out, has to see its Base Ball Club in the cellar? Some years ago Editor Harris, of the Observer, made the observation that a good brass band could only be found in second-rate towns and cities.

Looking far off and viewing the land, we use to thank God for South Carolina when thinking of the educational standing of the states. Some counties in North Carolina, to save their hides, may thank God for certain other counties, when local pride or the spirit of excuse asserts itself.

There is gratification that Hon. E. C. Duncan, a very conspicuous figure in the industrial and business life of North Carolina, has sufficiently recovered from a severe operation, necesitated by a sudden and very serious illness, to be brought home from New York to his home in Morehead City. His perfect recovery is confidently looked for.

From many sources the information seems to warrant the statement that a considerable increase in the taxable values has been brought about in the state. This would occur alone from the natural increase of wealth and industrial development, were there no special effort to get on the tax books all of the property. The total increase in the state cannot, of course, now be indicated.

Col. Al. Fairbrother, having started off the Panama Exposition on schedule time and put everything into working order, felt safe to leave the great show and return home. He is now singing his usual interesting songs in Everything, which, by the way, during his absence was splendidly conducted by Mrs. Fairbrother, who is thoroughly at home in a newspaper office.

We reproduce in this issue a communication written to the Charlotte Observer by Miss Julia Alexander. It is good reading to those who are at all interested in the great work the Jackson Training School is doing and hopes to do on a larger scale when once the plant reaches a size to care for all that seek its benefits. Visitors are always welcome---we have no skeletons, it is an open book along all lines.

The Republic Metalware Company are real peace advocates. The manager is credited with saying, when turning down an $80,000,000 contract: "the directors decided that the company would not manufacture any article for this war that would cause the loss of human life—there are higher standards in business than the accumulation of profits." A very polite suggestion to many oth-

TO-DAY.

Our assets are what we have. Certainly yesterday is not among them. All we have of yesterday is a memory. We cannot change the record in the diary. It is written and the leaf turned over. You can plan to-morrow; but you cannot live it or use it to-day. Even if you could it would be living on borrowed capital. Take to heart then and apply the words of Emerson, who says: "Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumberd with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear with its hopes and aspirations to waste a moment upon yesterday."

ers who, claiming to be advocates of peace, are running day and night in filling great orders for death dealing material—solely and alone for money, money and more money.

Col. Parrish, the president of the North Carolina Agricultural Society, has enough in sight to convince him that he will pull off one of the greatest state fairs, this Fall, in the history of North Carolina. His splendid reputation for doing things efficiently that need doing at all has attracted to his administration of the duties of his position a lively interest and confidence in the greatness of the coming fair.

This country, under existing circumstances and perhaps law, seems to have more concern about the welfare of a few daring persons taking risks in the war zone than those few Americans show for their own country's welfare. It would be a pity to throw this country into actual war, because of fool-hardy and daring Americans setting sail in boats loaded with munitions of war and flying the colors of a belligerent nation. Well-regulated people would steer clear of a war zone in this late day of a long drawn-out war.

The News Letter, coming out from the University of North Carolina, has an eagle eye for the ills that afflict the state. It has been making a frequent diagnosis of conditions that exist all about over the state. It recently hopped on to illiteracy in this state among the adults. Can't cure a disease or remedy a situation without knowing exactly what it is, but the circulation of the News Letter should be confined to the state of North Carolina. It could not possibly do us any good beyond the borders, where, after all if the truth were known, the conditions are, in reality, along other lines infinitely worse. The News Letter, however, is making the thoughtful "sit up and take notice," which is not bad.

A DEDICATION

As the time draws near--- in October---when the annual meeting of The King's Daughters of the state will occur in Concord, this institution feels in advance the spirit of the occasion. As one of the features of the programme of this noble body of women, all the time working In His Name, the Chapel, which they have caused to be built at the Jackson TrainingSchool---and it is pleasing to all who have seen it---the corner stone will be placed, officiating at which will be one of the state's most distinguished men and delightful speakers, after which the completed chapel will be appropriately dedicated to the service of the Great Ruler. The programme is now making.

In season and out of season these splendid and unselfish women, throughout the state, have kept the growth and progress of this institution ever close to their hearts. Without them, the path of the management would have encountered storms, thorns and burdens all but unbearable.

Superintendent Boger promised the women at the last State meeting, held in Rockingham, that the Chapel would be completed on time. Enough is now known to see that Mr. Boger had promised safely and wisely. He is on the home stretch.

AVOID TEMPTATION.

No one has a right to throw himself into the way of temptation. Spurgeon has well said: "Were you hard as adamant, your duty would still be to keep out of the way of temptation. But you are a creature whose moral power is weak. I implore you, therefore, as you would honor your God and stand in His brightness, not to go where the temptation to sin is glaring, and flatter yourself that you will come out guileless." No one has any right to play with sin. It is impossible to touch soot without blacking your hands. To yield to any temptation is to commit sin and to throw ourselves into the way of the temptation is to "play with fire." It is very likely to burn us.

JUST AN OBSERVATION.

The glory of creation is in evidence everywhere around about us. There are here and there a few that say in their hearts that there is no God. These people are blind, an indefinable something has gotten into their make-up which in health resists all reason, but which in the face of the last shuffle in life disappears like a phantom. The biggest coward on earth, morally, physically or mentally, is the man who doubts. Let the first intimation of the end come creeping across his mental vision, he begins to hedge, to seek light, to confess that after all he might be mistaken--- the approach of death is too much for his cowardice and he surrenders a miserable wretch. In reality, there perhaps never lived, among the civilized or the barbarian, a single man or woman that did not believe in God.

It would be reasonable to suppose that the bluster of such a character fading away into a miserable surrender at the touch of death, would be a burning warning to others, who think it smart, courageous and a great individuality to stand out in the face of the glory of creation, the marvelous accomplishments of man, made in His image, to revel in the reputation of a skeptic. What a difference it would make, were all people to take themselves seriously and dwell in an abiding realization that life is short, is uncertain and a reckoning is inevitable, from which there is an escape for not a single one.

THE MOON SOME MORE.

If Secretary Houston, of the United States Agricultural Department, who attributes no iufluences to the Moon in the planting of crops and who makes bold to offiicially issue articles reflecting seriously on the character of the Moon, were to visit the Cold Water Drainage District in Cabarrus county, the very same creek where Colonel Wade H. Harris, of the Charlotte Observer, took

his stolen lessons in swimming on Sundays and where on week days he went angling for minnows and catfish, the said secretary would be made to feel ashame of his personally published heresy.

In the "light of the moon" during the month of April, a certain field in the said Cold Water Drainage District was planted to corn. Right now the stalks of corn in this field are so tall that a giraffe couldn't possibly smell the tassels, and what few silks the stalks now bear are within eighteen inches of the top---far removed from the source of moisture and fertilization.

Just a few yards away and just a few days later, when the moon said the word, another field was planted to corn. This corn is of medium height, perfectly green and healthy looking, and the silks are coming out in bounty from four to five feet from the ground.

Take notice: the same kind of soil, the same variety of seed, the same method of cultivation and the same kind of seasons figure in the two fields---it was, therefore, the Moon that wrought all this difference. It is amazing how much ignorance there is in certain quarters regarding the influences of the moon over plants, animals and events.

We have at hand no almanac covering the period in which the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was given to a waiting and startled people, but we have no doubt in the world but that the moon figured very largely in that patriotic event.

It is mighty unwise for Secretary Houston to be stirring up a fuss when the country has so many perplexing foreign questions---more serious because he is precipitating internal differences about an important agency that enters into agriculture and the affairs of men.---The Moon.

PET SUPERSTITIONS.

"There is no one," says The Greensboro News, "so wise or so witty, there is no one so good or so great, that he hasn't some pet superstition. some tremulous bargain with Fate, some dread or dismayed premonition, some hope or expected delight that is tied to a string of delusion, held on so with main and might. Folks are thrilled if they dream aboutbabies---then money is headed their way; or chilled if they pass three white horses, for company's coming to stay. Maidens faint if an umbrella's opened, indoors; matrons shudder and sigh if they have to walk under a ladder, or glimpse a star with the left eye! So, don't start on a journey on Friday, beware of the number thirteen; if you put on your petticoat backwards, don't change it---luck's chancy and keen. Set your left foot the first on the threshold, don't pick up a pin by its point; if you sneeze, mutter quickly a blessing or you'll put your right arm out of joint. Folks may scoff or look grave or contentious, there once was a scholar who jeered, but his bed had to face with the currents, magnetic, or his sleep was queered! So be kindly to others' delusions---you may yet meet a ghost or a wraith---and say, after all, superstition is only a left-handed Faith!"

In this grand review of the operations of superstition, nowhere does The News tumble into the error of those few who express doubt about stunts faithfully and doggedly claimed by that large number of serious observers, who recognize and have the moral courage to ascribe them to the Moon.

This is a gain of one, in a week, on the side of the Moon.

John In Coffin.

Old John Barley-corn plays hide and seek and does stunts that almost surpass belief. He doesn't care where he falls from, he "most in generally" lights on his feet---and then is run in. The last wild caprice of the versatile Outlaw was where, in Winston he was taking a joy ride in an automobile, and didn't know just where to spend the night. There were ten gallons of him out on this particular lark---add finally, according to the roports he stopped his machine in front of the Eagle's Lodge room and had himself carried up stairs in gallon jugs and placed in a coffin.

Old John has been in so many coffins, and made coffins so much a part of him, that he knew he would feel at home there---so he allowed the automobile to proceed, and he spent the night in the coffin. The coffin in the Lodge Room is perhaps a part of the initiation of the Mysterious order---and of course John had before been initiated.

The officers who searched finally located Jonn and the Eagles expressed themselves as being very indignant to think the minions of the law would carry away their coffin, asserting that the Eagles had nothing to do with the likker being there---the owners of it just having taken the coffin to hide it in.

We have not seen how the case terminated. But it is a pretty hard row when a man must bottle his jag and then secrete it in a coffin for further use. The fact, however, that the officers saw Old John on parade at midnight; the fact that he was apprehended, although practically entombed; the further fact that they took the jugs and the coffin into police court suggests that in Winston there is a desire to see the law abeyed. And all this is encouraging and hopeful.---Everything.

Put Your Money in Circulation.

There is more money in Stanly county at this time, A. D. 1915, than during any previous year in the history of the country; and yet one hears nearly every day that money is hard to get hold of.

The truth of the situation seems to be found in the fact that too many good citizens of the county are holding their cash. Every man, of course, feels that he has a right to hold that which is justly his own. At the same time it should not be forgotten that money is a medium of excnange, and that when it is hoarded it ceases to perform its function.

The man who has money, then, has a duty to perform for his neighbors. Not only should he pay his debts, but he should put the residue of his holdings in a bank, or in some other good channel, where it may circulate and earn for its owner a good dividend or legal rate of interest.

It is high time for us to get over the nervous strain under which we have been living since last August. This nation is safe financially, whatever may happen. We have been hurt by nothing for the past few months so much as by ourselves.

Now as normal, sane citizens, those who have been hiding their money "in a napkin" should bring it forth and set it to work in the world. Those who have been producers and wage earners may doubly enhance their material welfare in this way, and at the same serve their fellows. ---Albemarle Enterprise.

Miss Julia E. Alexander Makes Us a Visit.

(From The Charlotte Observer.)

That Mecklenburg County and the City of Charlotte should join hands in erecting a cottage at the Stonewall Jackson Training School in Cabarrus County to be known as the Mecklenburg Home, is the very interesting suggestion advanced by Miss Julia Alexander who has just returned from a visit to this well-known institution. Miss Alexander writes as follows about her visit.

"A recent visit to the Jackson Training School impresses me with the fact that this institution, which is of inestimable value to the State, is receiving an appropriation which is far from adequate for its needs. When the institution accommodated about 60 boys, the appropriation was $18,000, and today when there are 95 boys crowded into the school, with scores of applications for tne admission of others, the annual appropriation remains the same.

"I understand that a special committee from the Legislature is never sent to visit the Training School during the session of the Legislature, to report as to the condition, needs etc., of the school. Whether that be true or not, certainly the last Legislature ignored the fact that an increased appropriation is greatly needed, which would give accommodation for the admission of many boys who are fast becoming a menace to the State.

"Mecklenburg County has, and has always had, the largest percentage of boys in the Jackson Training School, Guilford and Forsyth Counties follow next in numbers.

SHOULD BUILD COTTAGE.

"In view of the fact that there is such a limited State appropriation, and that Mecklenburg County has at present the largest number of boys in the training school, with many other boys appearing from time to time in the courts, who cannot be admitted to the institution for lack of room, the City of Charlotte and the County of Mecklenburg should unite in the erection of a cottage, similar to those already erected at the training school. This cottage, a two-story brick building, would accommodate 30 boys. The cost of the erection of the building would be $11,000, and the State would provide maintenance. There are at present only three cottages, one of which was erected by the Kings Daughters. The cottages are of brick and are well planned, each cottage accommodating 30 boys though at present the total number instead of being 90 boys is 95, necessitating that 10 boys be compelled to occupy five single beds. There is a matron for each cottage, and under her supervision the boys do all the work, cooking, dish washing, house-cleaning, etc. They also do all the laundry work, except the bed linen, which is sent away to be laundered. There is no building which could be utilized as a laundry, so all the work of this character is done in tubs down at the spring, which, on account of varying weather conditions is made very difficult. A sewing-room has been opened and recently two of the boys made 20 shirts in a day.

"The location of the school is very attractive, and commands a wide view of the surrounding country. A beautiful stone chapel, or church, is in process of erection. The buildings are well-located, with well-kept yard and flower gardens surrounding.

"The school has been established nine years and during that length of time has accommodated about 200 boys; of this number about 100 have graduated from this school; and records show that 50 per cent of these boys are doing well. Of the remaining number it is though that many are leading correct lives, though it has been impossible to secure complete information in regard to all.

"The land owned by the school includes 298 acres. Half the number of boys in the school are engaged in farm work, and in work of various kinds in the morning, and attend school in the afternoon; in the afternoon the other half is at work, having had school in the morning. Time is given for recreation and baseball is the favorite game.

"It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when our party arrived at the school and the baseball team was just going out to the baseball field to meet a Concord team. The entire school seemed to be in attendance and enthusiasm ran high. Every Saturday afternoon during the baseball season, a game is played at the school between the home team and some other team, usually from Concord. The people of Concord presented the baseball team of the training school with uniforms and take great interest in their games.

"Thirteen boys are employed in the printing office, and take much pride in their paper, The Uplift, an excellent publication which is edited by Mr. J. P. Cook. It will be of interest to readers of The Uplift to know that all the locals are written by one of the boys.

"The building which contains the printing shop, was given by a generous-hearted citizen of the State, and his wife, in memory of their mothers. This building also contains the two school rooms, and the wood shop where the boys make many useful things. A large cedar chest was just ready to be shipped to a purchaser. A folding ironing-board had just been completed, and various pieces of furniture were being made. Practically all the furniture in the various buildings of the school, were made by the boys---chairs, beds, tables, etc , and are handsome and durable, showing the exceptional talent of the boys in this line of work.

"The twe school rooms over the printing shop are not well-located for the reason that frequently there are three gasoline engines running at once--- one in the printing office underneath, one in the wood shop adjoining, and one just outside, pumping water.

"It is interesting to know that one of the boys whose time in the training school has expired, is teaching the primary department.

OTHER NEEDS.

"Of the needs of the school in addition to cottages for the accommodation of more boys, there is very much needed a school building, a laundry, and a barn for the 10 cows belonging to the school. Also, as the school grows a building will be needed for a hospital, or infirmary. At present, a small building is used in cases of sickness, but at present the health of the institution is such that the need of a hospital is not felt.

"Of the 95 boys in the Jackson Training School, about 65 are in for theft. The youngest boy in the school is eight years of age and was sent for theft. He will remain until he is 16 years of age.

"Boys are not admitted after they are 16 for the reason that they are after that age considered hardened and there is little hope of reformation.

SUPERINTENDENT BOGER.

"Mr. Boger, the very efficient superintendent, was for a number of years connected with the public schools of Cabarrus, and is well suited for the position he holds. Under his management the school is

made a real home to the boys, and everything is done toward their uplift and betterment. He is proud of their accomplishments in the school, and follows them with interest when they leave the school. Some weeks ago the entire school attended the Cabarrus Sunday School Convention, and the singing of the boys was quite a feature of the convention. Their Sunday school is a model one, and with such diligence is the lesson for each Sunday prepared, that none but a teacher who has likewise made diligent preparation, dare undertake to teach a class.

"The boys are a strong athletic looking set, and the life and environment of the school tends in every way to make sturdy, valuable citizens of boys, many of whom have fallen into evil ways through lack of proper influences in early youth.

MANY DESIRE ADMISSION.

"In reply to a question as to how many boys would perhaps be sent to the school within a year if there were adequate provision made Mr. Boger replied without hesitation that he believed there would be 1,000 within that length of time. Urgent appeals come to him almost daily, and must be met with the response, 'no admission.' Only the day previous to my visit a telegram came from a county in the western part of the state urging the admission of three boys; from a town in the eastern section of the State a boy was brought to the training school a few weeks ago, only to be returned to the place from which he had come. In a city in the State a boy has been kept in jail for several months, until a boy whose time at the school has expired, would be sent home. As it is now, no more boys can be admitted in the school until Fall.

"In view of the fact, that the State appropriation does not meet the needs of the school, it would be a great thing for the school and for the State if cottages could be erected by some of the counties.

And certainly, if the examples of some public-spirited citizens of the State could be followed, and a building such as is much needed, a school building for instance, or a laundry, be given, it would be a gift of much value, and usefulness to the school.

"An automobile ride of about an hour from Charlotte takes one to the Jackson Training School, and it is well worth spending an afternoon or morning in visiting this Institution which is doing a work that is perhaps the most important in the State.

THE FARMER'S PRAYER.

O Father, I thank Thee that my for-bears were tillers of the soil. Thou knowest that I have gone down to the sea in ships; I have followed the shifting crowds that cluster around the night fires of a great city; I have listened to the words of them that have authority; but nowhere have I found a place where my heart could be at ease, save in the orchard paths and meadows of my fathers.

O Father, I look not to men desiring to wrest from them the means wherewith to live; I look up to Thee, who holdest the rains and sunshine in the hollow of Thy hand; in Thee do I trust, for Thou hast promised that the seed-time brings the harvest.

O Father, give to the idle and the hungry eyes to see that the face of the land smiles where the plowshare passes.

Grant that I may not be discouraged by the petty dealings of those who traffic in the things I labor to produce.

Let there be willing hands to gather the riches of autumn; hands that delight in the touch of the golden grain; eyes that glory in the beauty of ripe fruits; ears that love the slow tread of faithful beasts.

O Father, the promise of the green earth fills me with peace. Let it be my privilege to refresh the weary passer with a glimpse of growing things tended by one who loves the land.

Even so shall I add to Thy glory and my eternal salvation. Amen.

---A. A. Clark in Farm and Fireside.

Keep The Joy of Play in Your Heart.

Pity the man whose heart the joy of play has gone. Pity more the boy or girl whose innocent games are discouraged, frowned upon, and decried as inventions of the devil. The man or woman whose heart isn't gladdened by the shouts of pure joy from the playground, who doesn't see, in the friendly rivalry and human contact that games afford, one of our surest aud safest means of aiding in the physical and spiritual growth of the child---such a person has indeed a bad perspective from which to view and aid in the development of those qualities of heart, head and hand of which true citizenship is built.

Unalterably do we believe that only out of hard labor are the best things of life to come. But we would have our boys play hard that they may work hard; learn to laugh and sing that they may smile on and on when Life's knocks are hardest. The man with a cheery smile when things go wrong, the man with the grit to get up and go again when he is downed, the man who knows that it is not winning or losing matters so much as how one fights or works or plays,---this is the man who wins the durable things in life. And the man who as a boy has learned to play hard as well as work hard is more likely to be such a man. ---Progressive Farmer.

The Real Leader

It is easy to repeat things that other people are saying and to fall in with public prejudices and misjudgement. It is hard to look facts fairly in the face and to demand that other people should do the same thing. But the man who can accomplish this is the real leader. He may be unpopular for the moment, but all in the long run he is trusted. Of all the Christian virtures, intelligent self-control---temperance in the broad and ancient sense---is the one which America needs most in the conduct of its affairs.

Paper Kettles.

Every soldier in the Japanese army is provided with a kettle made of paper, of the ordinary Japanese variety. Before a soldier hangs his paper kettle over the fire, he first fills it with water, and then pours water all over it. When placed over the fire, the water in the kettle boils in ten minutes. The kettle costs sixpence, and may be used eight or ten times.—Wellspring.

How Love and Limestone Made Life Worth Living

(A Story From Actual Life by Joseph E. Wing, of Woodland Farm, Mechanicsburg, O.

One day in the early spring I rode out from a country town astride a good Kentucky saddle horse. A friend was with me. It was a rich region and well farmed on one side; on the other the land being poorer, had been neglected, and was grown up with saplings, unfenced and untilled. Out that way are deep scars in the face of the earth, the old rifle pits left by the troops in that ancient war of ours. Broom-sedge grew rank, and young sassafras bushes.

The road was little more than a cart track, winding between mudholes and brushes, pleasant enough to ride along on such a delicious morning as that. My companion checked his horse until we came to a slow walk. Ahead of us a footpath crossed the roadway, a young man and a young woman were coming along it. In single file they came, their hands empty, except for the staff which he had cut from a thicket. He was in advance, a handsome young man, yet seeming not quiet in health, sad faced, but resolute and determined. She was tall and slender, with hair and eyes of deepest black, young but not youthful, and deeply serious. We check our horses to let the walkers pass ahead of us. As we lifted our hats and bowed each responded courteously, yet both flushed and went the more swiftly and determinedly along the path into the tall sedges, between the young pines, and so out of our sight.

"There," said my companion. "I reckon that is something you never saw the like of it in the north. That was a wedding journey."

"A wedding journey!" I cried, astonished and aghast. "Why, it looked more like a funeral possession."

"Well, maybe it is a little sad for them right now. That was Jim Becker. He comes of good good family and is well educated. He was raised on a poor old farm out south of town. His father had more children than he had dollars, and old Blossom Becker was always a poor shift of a farmer, anyway. He believed in education, though, and sent Jim to school. There the boy developed a wild streak; he ran away from school and adventured around awhile, then ended up by enlisting in the army. He served in the Philipines and came home a few months ago with medals for bravery, but badly broken in health. We tried to help the boy, for he came home determined to do right. He got a position in the bank, but the confinement did him no good and the doctor ordered him to be more out of doors. Then he met the girl he married this morning, little Marie Poinsette. She had been a teacher. Her old father ran through with a right smart estate since the war and he left a big family—that sort of a man usually does. Well, these two came together; I reckon it was foreordained that-away."

"They were married this morning!"

"Yes. I had forgotten, but I remember now that they were to have been married at her mother's this morning. Yesterday I saw Jim taking out some stuff with his ox team. You see he does not own any horses, not yet. He came in and got the household goods, not a very big load, together with her things yesterday afternoon, and now they are going on their wedding journey to his house on the farm."

"What! Would no one lend him a carriage or take him out?"

"O, yes, any of us would, and right gladly. But Jim is so blamed proud and resentful, I reckon he takes pleasure in fighting his way alone. But I regret very much to see him take this attitude. It does not seem right for the girl's sake. But she is as proud as Jim, I guess."

"Tell me about the farm," I commanded.

"Oh, it is a lot of land that old Becker got from his father and has rented out ever since. It is as badly run a peice of red clay as ever the sun shone on. I sure feel sorry for Jim, undertaking to make a living on it. He'll make it, thought if any one could, for he has the stuff in him, and he is saving. A man who will walk on his wedding day to save livery hire is some saver, and yet Jim is not stingy, I know that. Those two will have a hard row to hoe for a time, but if they once get a start they ought to make it, for there is good bottom in that soil."

The memory of those two resolute young souls daring to adventure out there into the old fields was so strong upon me that on a later day when we were passing that way I suggested making a friendly call. My friend assented. We followed the winding cart track through the undergrowth of abandoned fields until we came to Happy Hollow, the old neglected Blossom Becker farm. It lay in a hallow of the hill there was shelter of forest to the north, the fields were partly cleared, again and some of them plowed The soil was deep red and looked poor. But the old brick farmhouse had about it some fine old oaks, and a few apple trees were in bloom. There were white curtains at the windows, a hen clucked about with a fine brood of yellow chicks, the front yard was swept clean, and some of the holes in the old porch floor had had boards nailed over them.

Marie received us with a nice little welcome and we sat and talked a while on the porch. "It is lovely out here," she said in eager voice. "My cow is doing so well. Jim thought I could never learn to milk but I have; I milk our one cow and feed her, too. I never dreamed that animals could be so compassionable. Old Bessie is real chummy and we are great friends. Will you come and see my springhouse?

We walked down under a spreading beech tree. There a little springhouse of stone was a veritable grotto of coolness. In the shallow water sat crocks of milk and yellow rolls of butter.

"Jim is not real strong," confied Marie, "and I believe it is good for him to have plenty of good cream and milk. We have a fine garden too. He had it all started before we were married, and already we are using radishes and lettuce and peas. Let's go and see."

The garden was trim and well worked, with long rows of vegetables and flowers intermixed.

"And you planted the flowers, Mrs. Becker I'll wager," I said, sure of my ground.

"No, with a blush, "I am far too practical to put flowers in the vegetable rows. That foolish boy Jim, did it; he says it was because he was thinking so much of me at garden-making time. Jim has a negro man but the garden work he and I do

ourselves, we come out nearly every evening and hoe a row or two and gather something for breakfast."

As our time was limited, and Jim did not appear, Marie offered to go with us to where he was working. We found him cultivating corn in a back field beside a deep woods. Jim plowed his steer with rope lines and while it was a bit slow he did good work. As we came up he stood erect and greeted us with a soldier's salute.

"So you've caught me at it. Now promise me that you'll not put a picture of my ox in the Gazette." I promised and then we sat on a log and talked.

"Yes, we have a pretty hard job up here. The land is so terribly poor. I've scraped up every spoonful of manure and I even hauled forest leaves and plowed them under. But this corn does not look right, and never will, I fear. I can not see much hope of any revenue, from the farm this year, but then our expenses are light. I pay my negro $15 a month and give him his house and garden. Our interest is to pay, though I believe I can see enough old ripe trees which I can sell to meet that. But who is to pay me and who is to pay Marie? If only we could get start enough so that we could keep stock and make some manure, then we could hope to go ahead and make the place profitable after a time."

"But, Mr. Becker," I asked, "are not those limestone rocks which project from that old pasture lot?"

"Surely they are, and of the best. If only I had them burned, or ground."

"And can you not manage that?"

"Maybe I could. Tell me, do you think that if I had enough ground limestone I could grow clover here, and may be bluegrass?"

I assured him that he could do just that. Sweet clover would catch as soon as he had it limed, alfalf as soon as he had it limed and manured, and bluegrass likewise. Then Jim unhitched his ox and turned it to pasture and together we strolled across fields to the house.

"Will limestone make these old fields fertile, Mr. Wing?" asked Becker as we walked together.

"Yes," I replied, "limestone and phosphorus and legumes. It is an old prescription and it has never yet failed."

"And our limestone is all right, once it is burned or ground?"

"Yes, that is it."

"Then limestone we shall have!"

I knew it would come about one way or another, and said no more. We stayed to supper. It was served in a great airy room, with windows which looked out over great spaces. The biscuits were good, the poached eggs just right, the cottage cheese excellent, and the strawberries and cream delicious. I left them, wondering, but glad that I had come. I resolved to visit them again.

Four years elapsed ere I returned to that county. I made inquiries for my young friends of Happy Hollow. They had done marvels, I was told. At the hotel old "tired farmers" discuseed it, taking two attitudes:

"Huh! Jim Becker? He hain't paid off that mortgage none, I know that," scornfully said one hoary old sinner.

"Well, what if he hain't?" queried his opponent, "Jim has made the old place worth four times what it was when he took it, and he is feeding 40 head of cattle and a flock of ewes. And when he comes to town he does not have to come afoot any more. Remember those old steers he used to do his farm work?"

"Wall, he's got them yet."

"Maybe he has, for some slow work, but he owns good horses, too."

Jim Becker received me cordially and on such a different looking farm. A wealth of clover covered the field in front of the house. Up on the hill at the back was alfalfa, almost as good as one sees anywhere. The pasture was devoid of briars, brush and broom sedge; its sod was already a thick stand of bluegrass and white clover. The cattle were eating silage, cottonseed meal and corn, the manure being carefully saved. The old house was untouched, but in the dooryard was a fine smooth sward of bluegrass.

"Boy, what was your income from this place last year?" I asked.

"Oh, the gross income was pretty big, but the net was nothing much. We put on a hundred tons of limestone each year and we build fence and silos, and one thing and another. But the gross receipts from the place would be fully ten times what they were when we came here."

Mrs. Becker met us, serene and smiling. There was a little Becker in her arms, and another one todding about in the yard.

"And do you see much change here, Mr. Wing?"

"It is like coming into a paradise," I replied. "It is a miracle. How did you ever accomplish it, you two?"

We were sitting on the old porch and looking off across the clover and hearing the humming of many bees.

"It was just hard work and limestone," said Jim.

"Do you know, Mr. Wing," said Marie, "when this foolish boy married me we came afoot to this farm on our wedding journey. We were proud enough to want to owe no obligations to any one. So we were married and just walked over. I shall never forget that wedding journey. Jim here, had not had much experience in marrying girls and did not know enough to be cheerful. It was a pretty solemn little procession that came through briars and broom sedge. But when I saw our garden, and the springhouse with milk in it, and the flowers he had planted, and the lovely view from our windows, and when I remembered how good Jim really was---in those days, I mean---I cheered up and we went to work. But we would never have gotten on but for those blessed old limestone ledges."

"Now let me talk," demanded Jim.

"She had saved a few hundred dollars from teaching school. She put that money into GROUND LIMESTONE. Yes, and she taught the district school for two terms. We spread that limestone and it gave us clover, the first that this farm had had for a long time. We got bigger corn, too, and we built that concrete silo. We began to feed cattle. Then we really got ahead, for limestone alone, without manure, only has half effect. This place needed limestone and manure and phosphorous. We've tried it all and it proved out. We have grown 90 bushels of corn to the acre. Our alfalfa is good for five tons. There are a lot of acres yet to take in and improve, but now we know the way and we can go safely and go faster, too, Limestone is all that sweet clover needs, and it prepares the way for bluegrass.

"Yes," said Jim, as he spoke again after a long reflective silence. "I suppose I did take life too seriously. But I reckon marriage is the most solemn act of a man's life. I've thought a thousand times of how she walked out here, following me in that old winding trail. But I'm glad I put the girl to the test. I'm glad that she is made of the stuff she is. She had lots more courage than I. Why, while I was theorizing about the advantage of limestone she said, 'Let's have it, let's have it now.' And, thanks to her, we got it. And that wedding journey — look what it brought to me to."

"Brought us to," corrected Marie, sweetly.

THE UPLIFT

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Under the direction of Mr. T. V. Talbirt, the farm boys have started to laying-by the crops.

John William Sanderford was very much pleased to receive a box from his aunt last week.

Mr. Philip Shaw, one of our popular officers, spent two days with relatives in Columbia recently.

Robert Webb, of Spencer, N. C. was very much pleased to receive a short visit from his parents last month.

Miss Frieze, a former matron, at the institution is acting as trained nurse while Mrs. Johnson is confined by sickness.

We have just received a car load of coal. The farm boys have been hauling it from Young-Hartsell Mill to the institution.

The sewing room matron and her helpers are husy at present making uniform trousers for the boys. They have made about forty pairs.

Prof. H. E. Isenhour has been having trouble with his eyes recently. We are glad to be able to report that his eyes are improving under the care of an Oculist.

Children's Day exercises were held at the Methodist Church near here last Sunday. The Training School boys were a small factor in the exercisec by singing a few hyms.

The print shop boys have been working out on the farm for a few days during a lull in the printing office. They are now back in full force feeling all the better for a few days work.

In the course of a month or so we will have electric lights here at the Training School. The farm boys have brought two or three wagon loads of electrical supplies from the depot within the last week.

The lastest boy to enter the institution is Ralf Sink of Greensboro, N. C. He has been placed in the second cottage under the care of Mr. J. C. Fisher. He is having a fine time and as yet he has not showed any outward signs of dissatisfaction.

Every time we go to the table we find it loaded with vegetables of all kinds grown here in our garden. There is abundance of snaps, cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, cabbages, potatoes, squashes, corn, and lettuce all grown here on our own farm.

Mrs. A. R. Johnson, wife of Capt. Johnson our wood-shop instructor, is suffering from slight stroke of paralysis. This stroke was brought on by the extreme heat which we have been having this summer. However we are glad to be able to report that she is recovering.

Mr. J. C. Fisher made an extended trip to the eastern section of the state last month. He had a very enjoyable time and spent many happy hours on Lake Waccamaw. We regret that he was unahle to make a visit to the beach while in that part of the state but we are glad to say that he had a very pleasant time.

The boys worked on their playgrounds for a few days last week. They have now completed their athletic field, all except putting cinders on the race track. The athletic field contains two ball diamonds, a tennis court, a race track, all kinds of racing, a punching bag, two trapezes, two pairs of swinging rings, and three horizontal bars.

The following people have made short visits to the institution during the past month: Mr. Harry Preston Deaton (whose picture appeared in the last UPLIFT,) Mr. Turner and Mr. Landis of Moorseville, N. C. on a pleasure trip. Mr. Elkins of Fayetteville, Mr. Merritt of Wilmington, Miss Mary E. Harp of Durham. and Mr. E. C. Sanderford of Raleigh on short visits to relatives at the institution.

There are blackberries of all descriptions around the school. Large and small, sweet and bitter, ripe and green. The boys are having pies and stews day after day and the supply seems inexhaustible. Early in the spring a whole bottom covered with black-berry bushes was mowed down but that did not check the growth in other places for the boys have made a record of picking a water bucket full without help in an hour and a half.

On Saturday, June 12, the first nine played a game of baseball with St. John's Team. It was a very tight game and it looked for a while as if the nine innings would terminate in a tie of 1 and 1. But continued heavy hitting proved too much for the boys and the visitors retired from the field with a victory of 2 and 1. Mr. John Russell pitched for the boys and held the visitors down well, not allowing but one two-bagger to be knocked on him and doing good work at the bat himself. He pitched one of the tightest games every played on the Training School diamond.

Miss Patterson, of Concord, is teaching the boys to sing some new church hymns. She has divided the boys off into four classes, bass, alto, tenor, and soprano. The change in the singing is already noticeable in our Sunday school as each boy is trying to sing his part and to improve his voice as much as possible. We have hopes of being able to send our choir over to the County Suuday School Convention this year and everyone is trying to gain a place in the choir. The boys and officers return many hearty thanks to Miss Patterson for her kindness in coming out here to help the boys.

The Pure In Heart.

The minister sat in his study waiting for Elizabeth Conrow. He was an old minister, and he had spent nearly a life-time in the service of one parish. He knew the children and grandchildren of his first parishioners, and for years he had had a custom of summoning to him each young man or woman of his church for a talk over what he thought the critical point of the young life--going to college, or entering business, marriage, or the opening of some new opportunity. It was Elizabeth Conrow's turn now. It seemed only yesterday that she was a little starry-eyed child showing him her new toys. His eyes shadowed a little as he thought. He was old-fashioned perhaps, but he shrank from the idea of seeing women in certain places---and Elizabeth had always been one of the children of his heart. How would she meet the tests of her chosen work?

There was a knock at the door; he opened it quickly, and Elizabeth, still so like the little starry-eyed child, smiled up at him.

"I've come for my sermon," she said.

For a time the old minister talked about the years that lay behind---happy memories, merry ones, now and then a sad one. Then he asked of the future, and Elizabath talked eagerly of her hopes and ambitions. Finally she checked herself. "But you haven't given me my sermon," she said.

The old minister was silent for a moment; then he looked down into the girl's eyes.

"The sermon isn't mine," he answered. "A teacher gave it to me through something I read the other day---a teacher who has a school down in the sad part of the city, where no child can escape the sight and knowledge of evil. One day she told her pupils to bring the next day a picture illustrating light. One little fellow, to her dismay, brought a terrible picture, and waved it triumphantly before her. Her heart sank at the sight of it, and the boy's quick eyes read that something was wrong. He grew excited. 'Don't you see?' he cried. 'Don't you see?' "

"The teacher shook her head sadly.

' "Don't you see---there?' he pointed, fairly quivering with excitement.

"And there, shining through the window in the picture, was a crescent moon---the one pure thought in it all. And the child, looking for light, had seen nothing of the evil ---only the purity and beauty.

"Elizabeth, child, you have chosen a difficult life---it makes my heart tremble to think of what you will have to face. There is one safe way and only one. Look for God everywhere and you will find Him; and looking for Him, the evil can not touch your soul."---Selected.

A WOMAN'S TOUCH.

"I am living at an old homestead that has belonged to several generations of the same family. It has now passed into the hands of strangers; the members of the old family are dispersed and gone far away. But this place is a memorial to them, and especially to the first lady who came here as a bride and lived here as wife and mother through a long and useful life. Her impress is still upon everything, her Spirit lives anew in the recurrent blooming of her rose garden. I, a stranger, feel a kinship with her as I breathe their dewy fragrance. Early in the Spring myriads of daffodils, jonquils and narcissus came up in great haste. Some bore trumpets and were the trumpeters of the good tidings of Spring, the eternal yellows of all the sunsets within the hearts of them, their fragrance and freshness almost divine. At Easter time white flags unfurled in all their purity, an emblem of the sweet Spirit of her whose pure thought and innate love of the beautiful gave them, a perpetual gift of loveliness, to those that came after her. To-day there is a flaming of crimson lilies and amaryllis against the green shrubbery. Nor can we who are the inheritors of this loveliness forget that the sweetness of one woman made it all possible. Though she is mingled with the dust, the work of her hands lives on in the beautious life of the lilies; she is immortalized in the blooming of her flowers."

---Mrs. W. J. Zachry in Progressive Farmer.

HIS FIRST AND LAST PRAYER.

Not so long ago, in one of the beautiful tidewater towns of the State, a ghastly deed was done. A man was stabbed, again and again and again---near a score of times---so that he fell where he was and died where he fell. The slayer was tried with the usual formalities. Witnesses testified, lawyers made speeches, the judge charged the jury, the verdict followed and the prisoner was sentenced to prison for a term of years. There was nothing so unusual about the trial. The people read about it all in the papers and soon forgot it. It is needless to rehearse it here. Society used the best means it has been able to devise to administer justice, so let it pass. But there was an incident connected with the last moments of the dead man, which it may be worth while to relate.

When the stricken man sank to the ground, with his life blood gushing from his many wounds, he asked that some one pray for him, because he knew that his end was at hand. But those who had gathered around him stood dumb in their horror. When silence was the only answer to his request, he began to pray for himself. Whether, in the hurly-burly of a busy life, he had learned no other prayer, or whether, when his mind ran swiftly back over the years he had spent, as they say the mind does in extreme moments, he saw in the gathering gloom the vision of a good woman bending over the bowed head of a little boy as he knelt in the evening prayer, it is needless now to inquire; but this is what he said as best he could in his dying agony:

Now I---lay me---down to---sleep---I pr-pray---the Lord---my soul to---k-keep---If I---sh-should---die---be-fore---I wake---I pr-pray--- the---Lord---my---soul---to---ta---ta---

The crimson stream of life had ceased to flow, and so it was that this strong man died with the prayer of childhood on his lips. The tide went out to the sea; the stars looked down from on high; and in thousands of homes little children were kneeling with bowed heads and saying their "Now I lay me's." And thus it happened that when Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer, gathered up the "Now I lay me's" that night and bore them as a garland of pure white blossoms through the portals of the City Celestial, lo, a blood-red rose was found in their midst.---The State Journal.

[Elsewhere in this number may be seen Longfellow's Sandalphon---a poem of rare beauty.]

DUG HIS WAY TO SUCCESS THROUGH POST HOLES.

If you should hire a boy or a man in Japan to dig post holes, the pay demanded would be three-quarters of a cent per hole. In Russia it would cost one cent to dig such a hole, and in Germany two cents; but in the United States the average pay per post hole is five cents.

Some years ago, a certain railway constructed a line out of Clinton, Ia., engaging a contractor to fence in the right of way. He had post holes to sink, posts to put in, and barb wire to string. At the outset of the work, he found himself short of labor, and went into Clinton to see if he could get more men.

Going down the main street, he met Jamie Flanders, a boy of fifteen, who had left his home in Pennsylvania to find work in the West, and so far had miserably failed. Jamie did not know the contractor and the contractor did not know him, but the latter saw something in the boy's face which caused him to stop and inquire:

"Looking for work?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Can you dig post holes?"

"I can."

"Well, I'm paying five cents a hole for diggers, and give you a bed to s'eep in, the food will cost you $1.75 a week. You can go out to the camp this afternoon with me if you want a job."

So that afternoon, on a rough construction train, Jamie Flanders rode out to the construction camp, little thinking that he was literally walking into his fortune and his frame. At sunrise the next morning he was at work on his first post hole; the manner of digging it he had learned on the old Pennsylvania farm.

The nickname of the contractor was Reddy, and he was quite a character. He could not read, nor write, nor figure, yet he posessed a great fund of common sense and was extremely successful in his work. He rarely admitted he could not read nor write, but by adroit means gained his ends from those who did not suspect that he was an uneducated man. Jamie had been employed about two weeks when Reddy came to where he was working and asked him if he understood figures. He replied that he did.

"Well," answered Reddy, "I am busy, but you can go up to the station and calculate from the waybills whether that last carload of wire is short or not. I believe they did not ship us all the wire they should have."

Jamie went up to the station, and after some calculating, reported that ten reels of wire were missing.

"Since you are so good at it," said Reddy, "you might figure for us how many posts we were short on the last five carloads."

In due time, Jamie reported that they were short 1,000 posts. That night at the mess table Reddy said to him:

"You are too smart to be digging post holes. I will add a little to your pay, and after this you follow me about with a pencil and a piece of paper and do the figuring I do not intend that the company shall be cheated if I can help it."

It was four months later that Reddy really admitted to Jamie that he never had been educated. Jamie left the post holes and really became Reddy's secretary, tramping all day over the right of way, and at night making his calculations and writing out letters and telegrams. The fall came and then winter, and the construction work was shut down.

"I shall want you back in the spring at better pay than you are now getting. During the winter, if I were you, I would go into Clinton and work on the freight books and learn telegraphy. I will get you the position all right, if you want the work," Reddy said to Jamie.

Jamie was only too glad to take the new position and to be able to write to his parents that he was now earning sufficient to begin sending some home. He remained all winter in the freight house, adding to his knowledge as an accountant and mastering the rudiments of telegraphy. In the spring, although he was only a little over sixteen years old, Reddy came for him and made him an assistant foreman on the construction work. His duty was to check the working time of all the men employed and make up the roll of wages owed, to be sent to the paymaster twice every month. In this work Jamie found valuable opportunity for studying railway construction methods. This kind of work has always appealed to him more than the accountant end. In conversation with Reddy one day he told him so, and Reddy had him promptly taken off the books and put into the field work, where he started at the bottom, learning how to make the foundation for a track.

A warm attachment sprang up between Reddy and Jamie. Wherever the old man's influence could be exerted for the boy, it was brought to bear, and Jamie rewarded the faith put in him by attending to his duties and adding to his knowledge every day. He eventually left the construction work and was moved into the regular service of the Chicago, Milwakee & St. Paul Railway as a telegraph operator and and station agent.

A year later, he was moved up in to the divison superintendent's office as an expert telegrapner whom they could not afford to keep in the country. From this position, he was advanced to the wrecking crew, and then entered the Maintenance of Right of Way Department. During all this time, he did not lose sight of Reddy, nor the latter of him. Jamie took his first accumulated sum of money and sent for his parents, called and located them on better land in Iowa than they could possess in Pennsylvania. He could not make his home with them, but he was able to see them and to care for them.

One day; about ten years ago, Jamie—now grown quite a man—said to Reddy:

"I am going to begin building railways myself. I have a little capital, and I have made some strong friends. I want you to go with me as a boss. Are you in for it?"

Reddy certainly was, and Jamie secured his first contract on a small

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PERSONAL POWER.

The editor read on a tombstone recently the statement of a fact, namely, that the one who slept with this monument at her head was the founder of an Orphans' Home at Germantown, Philadelphia. What a manument to the memory of Mrs. Charles W. Schaeffer. How it has grown! We know of other institutions which are the result of the effort of some one individual, and that individual not in many instances a person of means or great ability. A child's savings founded a hospital; a widow's dollar resulted in the finest hospital in Wisconsin. Most of our institutions found their beginning in an individual's heart and head. How much would be the fruitage of a general realization of the possibilities that are bound up in our own personalities! Personal power realized and applied will make our life strong. ---Dr. W. L. Hunston.

section of track in Wyoming. He successfully completed this, and then secured a larger contract in Washington. From Washington he jumped to the Argentine Republic in South America, where he signed a contract which promised to get him a quarter of a million dollars if he did the work satisfactorily. He built the tracks so well that the president of republic said when it was dedicated.

"In all the work which we have had done for us by foreign contractors, none has been so satisfactory, so honestly performed, as this one. I congratulate you, Mr. Flanders, on your ability."

The name of James Harrison Flanders, in railway building circles, is now known all over the North and South American continents and throughout Europe. He is the man who dares to take big and difficult contracts, and then executes them as they should be. Reddy died in South America, but the boy he started to success through a post hole is still, as a man, living up to the fine principles that governed him when he first came under the old man's control.

The Tramp.

His hair is long, his breath is strong, his hat is old and battered, his knees are sprung, his nerves are unstrung, his clothes are badly tattered; his shoes. are worn, his hide's been torn by bow wows fierce and snarling; and yet; by heck! This tough old wreck was once some daddy's darling!

He still must hit the ties and grit. A dismal fate is his'n for if he stops, the village cops will slam him to prison. Some hayseed judge will make him trudge out where the rock pile's lying, to labor there, in his despair, till next years snows are flying. The women shy when he goes by; with righteous wrath they con him. Men give him kicks and hand him bricks and train their shotguns on him. His legs are sprained, his fetlocks strained, from climbing highways hilly; it's hard to think this seedy gink was some ones little Willie.

And yet 'tis so. Once long ago, some dad of him of him was bragging, and matrons mild surveyed the child and set their tongues a—wagging "What lovely eyes! one woman cries, "They look like strips of heaven!" And note his hairs!" a dame declares. "I've counted six or seven!" "His tempers sweet," they all repeat; "he makes no fuss or bother. He has a smile that's free from guile—he looks just like his father! Thus women talked as he was rocked to slumber in his cradle; they filled with praise his infant days; poured taffy with a ladle.

And ma and dad, with bosoms glad, planned futures for the creature. "I'll have my way," the wife would say; "the child must be a preacher! His tastes are pure, of that I'am sure," she says, with optimism; "for when he strays around and plays, and grabs the catechism!" "Ah, well," says dad, "the lovely lad will reach great hights—I know. I have the dope that he'll beat Pope or Byran as a poet.

To give him toys and bring him joys, the saving bank was burgled; folks cried, "Gee whiz! How cute he is!" whenever baby gurgled. His feet are bare, his matted hair could not be combed with harrows; his garb is weird, and in his beard are bobolinks and sparrows. You'd never think, to see the gink, that ever he had parents! Can it be so that long ago he was somebodys Clarence.
—Walt Mason, in Judge's Quartly.

"As Ye Would"

If I should see
A brother languishing in sore distress,
And I should turn and leave him comfortless,
When I might be
A messenger of hope and happiness---
How could I ask to have what I denied
In my own hour of bitterness supplied?

If I might share
A brother's load along the dusty way,
And I should turn and walk along that day,
How could I dare,
When in the evening watch I knelt to pray,
To ask for help to bear my pain and loss,
If I had heeded not my brother's cross?

If I might sing
A little song to cheer a fainting heart,
And I should seal my lips and sit apart,
When I might bring
A bit of sunshine for life's ache and smart--
How could I hope to have my grief relieved,
If I kept silent when my brother grieved?

And so I know
That day is lost wherein I fail to lend
A helping hand to some wayfaring friend;
But if it show
A burden lightened by the cheer I sent,
Then do I hold the golden hours well spent,
And lay me down to sleep in sweet content.

—Christian Advocate.

A Thought.

The privileged classes of mankind have no conscience on the subject of their privilege. History does not adduce one instance in which a nobility or even a monopoly, intrenched in precedent and custom, has ever voluntarily made restitution to society of the rights of which she had been despoiled. The iron jaws which clasp the marrow bone of privilege never relax until they are broken.
—Ridpath's History of the World.

Not So Bad.

The teacher in the primary department of a Philadelphia school had been holding forth at some length with reference to the three grand divisions of nature--the animal, the vegetable and the mineral. When she had finished she put this question: "Who can tell me what the highest form of animal life is?" Whereupon the pupil nearest hastened to supply the answer, as follows, "The giraffe."

A FRIEND IN YOUR GARDEN.

By Jennie E. Stewart.

If a family of toads should decide to locate in your garden I hope you will not look upon them as a noxious pest. Rather you should consider yourselves as especially favored by Mother Nature, for the toad is a valuable asset to any garden. This is true be it the humblest kitchen truck patch or the most aristocratic planting of rare shrubs and plants.

The toad lives upon insects. Bugs, worms, plant lice and flies all find favor with him as an article of diet. This fact is so well known in England, parts of Europe and some of our Eastern States that it is not uncommon for gardeners to buy a dozen toads and set them loose among their growing things to keep down insect pests.

People used to have some erroneous ideas about the poisonous nature of the toad. It was said that they would squirt poison at one if molested. It was believed by some that this poison made evil sores if it fell on the bare flesh. Others said that it made warts. This was simply superstition. The toad does secrete a sort of moisture or free perspiration near the surface of his body that he seems to release at will when attacked. It is acid in character, and will burn tender flesh slightly if it can reach such a spot. He uses, it in defending himself against snakes curious dogs and gophers. It will not harm the skin on a person's hand, but does make the mouths of animals smart and burn if they are tempted to grasp the frightened little creature.

The toad breathes through his skin as well as through his mouth, and it is quite necessary for his well being that his skin be kept moist.

In the winter the toad hibernates. He does not drink, and, therefore, his skin would become too dry for proper breathing if it were not for this excess moisture he stores up in his reservoirs. It may quite well be, then that the toad is perfectly unconscious of the sudden flow of acid moisture when frightened. It may be that is is only an involuntary manifestation of his fright, like the cold perspiration many people suffer after being greatly frightened.

Another erroneous idea once generally believed was that toads were rained down with a shower. True, litterally hundreds of toads may be seen hopping about after a rain where none were seen before. The explanation of this is plan. The toad is a lover of dampness, and knows that his best-loved diet, snails, slugs and water-worms, are easiest found right after a shower. In summer, then, when he has just completed his change from the life of a tadpole to that of a land creature, he keeps close to the pond or stream where moisture is found in abundance until a shower makes other localities equally attractive to his tribe. You can prove this by going to the bank of a staeam or pool just after nightfall. Even though there has been no rain for a week, you will find hundreds of tiny toads hopping across your path if the season be right, which should be some time in August.

We once watched a very small toad trying to capture and eat a very large angle-worm. He had quite a hard struggle before he got the worm in his mouth head first, as he seemed to desire. He had fully as hard a time getting the length of him down. He would swallow and pant and claw at the struggling creature as if wishing to break him in pieces. Finally he accomplished his purpose and sat blinking, exhausted in the sun, while we could plainly see the big bunch the worm made in his interior.

Toads belong to the reptile class, and begin their existence as a tadpole, like the frog. The eggs are deposited along the edges of ponds or streams in April or early May and take ten days to hatch. The mother usually fastens them to a piece of grass in a long jellylike string and leaves them to their fate. The young toad tadpole is smaller and darker than that of a young frog. He seems all head at first, though he has no mouth. For a few days he lives solely on the nourishment stored up in his body until his mouth develops, when he dines mostly upon decayed vegetable matter, which he finds in abundance floating on the surface of the water. During his water life he has gills not unlike those of a fish, through which he takes the air. As he grows these diminish in size and he begins to grow lungs for his use when he finally takes to land.

Along with the new lungs he also begins to grow hind legs. and his tiny hands, which served him so well for swimming, grow to the dignity of front legs. Some time in August or late July, if the season is early, he deserts the water and is henceforth an insect eater.

It takes a tadpole all of four months to emerge a perfect little toad, and it is not long until he is hunting about for snug quarters in which to take his long winter sleep. September usually finds him safely located. Some toads burrow in the ground at the root of a tree. Some creep under a big stone or a heavy timber, if one happens to be handy. The tree-toad climbs a tree and finds a snug refuge in some crack under the thick bark. Tree-toads have a habit also of climbing up inside the walls of dwellings, where they fall to sleep all winter. Who has not heard the ticking of tree-frogs in the dead of night? Cracks in stone walls are favorite wintering places for garden toads.

There used to be a mistaken notion that toads could be pressed under thousands of pounds pressure without hurting them in the least. Toads have heen found pressed tightly in crevices between rocks that seemed to have remained in that position for years. Such incidents as this led to the notion given above. As a matter of fact, a toad can squeeze himself into an amazingly thin crack when hibernating. The toads found in cracks probably went in but a few months before their discovery. It has been proven by careful experiment that a toad in the hibernating state cannot live two years without food and air. We have repeatedly seen boys pound toads with heavy stones under the impression that a toad could not be mashed. True, they will stand a lot of abuse, but we have seen the life crushed from a toad by the pressure of a light automobile running over his body. It is cruel and useless torture to the toad to subject him to such abuse under impression that he cannot be hurt.

The common garden toad lives to a great age if no accident occurs to cut short his life-span. They have been known to live for forty years. For this reason a toad makes an interesting pet. They will learn to come for food at the accustomed signal, and seem to have a pretty well developed sense of time, for once a feeding time is established they will keep their appointments punctually.

Unlike the frog, the toad has no real teeth. He depends on his tongue, which is covered with a slimy, sticky substance, for catching his insect prey. The tongue is hinged, loose at the back end and capable of a very rapid motion. Seldom does he miss an insect that floats within his reach.

The toad has a much rougher skin

than that of a frog, which is smooth and clammy. He has not so loud a voice nor have his hind legs developed to so great a size. The frog hunts his prey by day and loves to sit out in the sun croaking, where all may hear who desire to listen. The toad is more of a nocturnal creature, timid and retiring by nature. It seldom is active in the day time.

There are over a hundred varieties of toads in the world. They are pretty well scattered over the different countries. There is a Surinam variety, which carries its young on its back in a little pouch until they are ready to emerge perfect little toads. There is a flying toad that gets about in the air to a certain extent by means of its weblike feet.

The toad is really an interesting little animal, and its study is well worth while. Their value to the farmer and the gardener should cause them to be more widely cultivated and protected. Certainly no boy should be guilty of killing a toad or allowing his dog to torment the harmless little creatures for hours at a time, which all dogs have a fondness for doing.

The Heart of a Boy.

She was going some place in Nevada to live with her daughter. The big thru train was a palatial one but even palatial trains won't furnish one with something to do. The other passengers were reading, or writing, they were not in the observation car watching the scenery as it went by like a gigantic film.

The Little Lady didn't know what to do. She grew tired of spending all her time in the observation car, and she did not seem to care for the popular magazines. The boy found plenty to do. He was here, there and everywhere, thoroughly enjoying his trip with sister and mother.

The porter was a wonderful man to the Boy. He fixed the beds, and brought magazines and pillows, and when the Boy or his mother expressed a wish it was always met with, "Yes, ma'am, I can get it for you."

There was a long whispered consultation between the Boy and the porter and when the next stop was made a telegram went ahead telling the station agent to please have ready for the porter a knitting outfit for an old lady. In another hundred miles it came aboard, and the Boy and the porter had another whispered conversation, and the Boy parted with a big part of the money he had been saving.

"You give it to her now, Mr. Porter: she'll like to knit I know, 'cause I've got a grandmother and she knits. And you just tell her you found it in-in-well in the waste paper basket and thought she would like to use it."

By this time the Boy's section of the car was in on a secret, but the old lady accepted whatever explanation the porter gave her and was soon buy with the needle.

And the next morning when the Boy put on his shoes he found nickles and dimes and quarters to more than make up his deficit, and even the dyspeptic old banker had cheerfully dropped in a coin.---Ex.

A Complaint.

A well-known specialist has received the following letter:

"Dear sur—Sumtime ago I came by your office once an I told you that my wife was not so well like she might have been, she was weak and not able to do washing and ironing like she used to and perhaps you cau remember what I sayad to you. You gave me some medicin to cure up her weakness and after she took it two weeks she got up out of bed and hit me over hed with a bed slat and knocked me nonsensickle. She said she was glad to be week so she could stay in bed a-while. Yure medicin made her so strong she drags me aroun by the collar of the coat and makes me do the washing and ironing and stands over me with bed slat and hands me a biff when I try to quit. I aint had no chance to go fishing sints she took your medisun, she is so strong she don't do no work at all, but she makes me do it.

"I just rite to tell you that yure medisin ain't no good and you are a fakir I just wanted you to make her so she could work and not so she could lick me. Next time I will go somewhere else. You ought to be doctering horses.

Yours Truly
"Amgus Tribbins.

Real Music.

A man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidently even, resound with sweet music.

---Philip Brooks.

Why Butter is Yellow.

A few months ago some wit propounded the question, "Why does a red cow eating green grass give white milk and yellow butter?"

That question may look like a poser, but the answer is easy. The red color of the cow is due entirely to heredity, and that part of the question is entirely distinct from what the cow eats. In all green plants there are chemical substances known as carotin and also xanthophylls. Both of these are yellow. When plants that are ordinarily green are put in the dark, the green disappears and you can see the yellow. Cows eating green feed take these chemicals into their bodies where they withstand digestion and finally appear in the milk. Milk looks white, but in reality is a very pale yellow, due to the yellow butterfat in it. In cream the color is more pronounced because of the greater amount of fat, and butter, which is about four-fifths fat, the familiar yellow color is brighter still.

In the winter months when little green feed is consumed, cream and butter both lose a great deal of the yellow color. So the reason that a cow gives white milk and yellow butter as a result of eating green feed is simply due to the presence of yellow chemicals in the feed, from which they are passed on to the cream and butter. The fat on the cow's body is due to the same thing.

Jersey cows fed for a long time on a ration deficient in green food have body fat entirely white.—Farm and Fireside.

"Business As Usual."

In the face of the distressing and abnormal conditions imposed by the war, the British are, so far as possible, keeping life in its regular channels, and a sign frequently seen in shop windows announces, "Business as Usual."

The motto has been taken to heart, according to a story quoted in the Sphere, in a south coast town, where the sounds of heavy guns (at target practice) was heard recently. Up a side street a panic-stricken small boy rushed to his mother, screaming that the Germans had come. His parent eyed him severely. Then she spoke:

"Never you mind who's come or who hasn't. Go wash your face and take your father his dinner,"

During the last five years Germany, France and Russia have spent $28,000,000, $22,000,000, and $12,000,000 in the order named for aeronautics.

Governor Jarvis' Will.

I. Thomas Jordan Jarvis, of the State of North Carolina, do make, declare and publish this, my last Will and Testament, in matter, manner and form as followers, hereby revoking all others heretofore made by me, that is to say;

Item 1. Trusting in the merits and blood of a crucified and risen Savior I commit my soul to my Heavenly Father, believing all will be well.

Item 2. I have lived a plain and simple life and I desire the services at my funeral to be plain and simple.

Item 3. The people of North Carolina have greatly honored me and I desire to leave on record this final declaration of my ever lasting gratitude to them and to make this last plea for the education of their children. Intelligence and virtue mark the standing of any people in State and nation and I would therefore urge the people to press the education of their children far beyond anything heretofore attempted.

Item 4. While I love my relatives with a sincere love my dear wife, with whom I have lived in perfect happiness since our marriage and who has been my constant companion, is the chief object of my affection, and it is for her welfare I am chiefly concerned. I therefore give, devise, and bequeath to my beloved wife, Mary Woodson Jarvis, all my estate, of any and every kind, no matter where situated or found, subject only to the payment of my just and lawful debts.

Item 5, And finally, I wish to say to relatives and friends, they can not remmeber me in any way half so pleasing to me as to be good to my dear wife.

Item 6. I hearby nominate and appoint my dear wife, Mary W. Jarvis, my sole executer to carry out this my last Will and Testament, and I request that she shall be allowed to qualify as my executor and administer my estate with out giving bond.

Signed, sealed and declared to be my last Will and Testament, this the third day of October, 1912.

THOMAS J. JARVIS (Seal.)

Pointers to Young People.

It is never smart to say unkind things.

There would be fewer seamy sides to life if we all tried to keep our right side uppermost.

More often than not "broken hearted" means fractured pride.

Face life fearlessly, and you will discover how little there is to fear.

Always; always, if things have gone wrong, you may begin over and go right.

Now really, is there any lasting satisfaction in "roasting" anyone?

It is you alone who can read the writing on your heart. See to it that it is good reading.

You can help make life one glad, sweet song by letting the other fellow have his way once in a while.

God gave you brains to think good thoughts with. Use that gift for what it was intended.

When you get that lonesome feeling hunt somebody to do something for.

Avoid talking of illness as much as if it were something that cannot be mentioned in polite society. You know, without being told, how much worse you feel after you have been comparing symptoms with some fellow sufferer.

What the world calls genius is but the final result of hard work and intelligent persistence.

Have faith, have faith in those you love, never badger them by demanding explanations. —Toledo Blade.

Have You Learned How?

It may not be hard to know what we ought to do; but it is hard to do it. We know the goal, but we do not know how to get there. A compelling "sales" letter recently sent out to convince men that they ought to buy a certain library of business books starts with four challenging statements about what four business men have done because they have learned how. One, "starting with no greater chances than the average man," is now selling ten million dollars' worth of watches a year; one, formerly a clerk in a department store, has built up a mighty business abroad; one, rising from office boy to general manager of a great national corporation, in two years established a nation-wide automobile industry; one, failing in his first business, developed a second "into sales of $200,000 a year." And all because these four men used the right methods. What they needed in money-making we need in character-building.

Signs of Success.

"What makes you think that Frank will suceed?" said one business man to another, who had just loaned a lad of nineteen some money to set him up in a small way. "Well, they used to live back of our house," replied the other, "and he was the only child. His mother was taken ill, and she was an invalid for several years. Frank went to work after school hours everyday, and washed dishes and cooked and even sewed to save his mother's strength. The other boys made fun of him, but he set his teeth and stood it, and came out at the head of his class, besides. I'd be willing to back him up twice as heavily as I have done, for he's clear grit right through." The result showed that the speaker was right, for Frank is now one of the most successful young men in the little town.---The Comrade.

Explained.

Fine music and fine poultry were two things of which little Ella's father was very fond. Recently he bought a talking machine, and among other records was one of a very brilliant aria by a great coloratura soprano. The baby listened closely to the runs of the bewildered music until the singer struck some high arpeggios and trills at the close, when she exclaimed:

"Daddy, listen! She's laid an egg!" —Ladies Home Journal.

"Kindness may be defined 'as lighting our neighbor's candle by our own,' by which we lose nothing and impart something."

Nobody Knows But Mother.

Nobody knows the work it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother,
Nobody knows of the tender prayer
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another,
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears
Lest dearlings may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love,
Nobody can but mother.

SANDALPHON.

Longfellow,

Have you ever read in the Talmud of old.
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air;
Have you read it—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress---
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening, breathless,
To sounds that ascend from below---

From the spirts on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortala to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend I know,
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbicical lore;
Yet the old mediaeval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night.
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing all panting with stars.
Among them, majestic, is standing
Sandalphon, the angel, expanding
His pinions in its nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart---
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

A Suitable Companion.

Two young men, who had come from very diffierent homes and out of very diffierent suroundings, met in a city boarding-house. They became room-mates and fast friends. One was an undisciplined boy, in no way viscious, but without definite principles or convictions. The other was a strong, earnest, felllow who had been brought up in a small village, and had been an active worker in the home church.

The two had no difficulty in finding which of them was the natural leader. They formed the same habits of life; they attended the same church; they gradually assumed definite responsibilities, aud both developed into strong, useful manhood.

Looking back over his life in those days, he who had been the undisciplined boy, said:

"I cannot think of any greater blessing that could have befallen me than the friendship of this young man, who had so much in common with me, but who had, too, as much that I lacked. He did for me what no teacher or pastor or employer could have done, and he did it with perfect naturalness, and indeed unconsciously;"

"What was the secret of his influence over you?" asked a friend.

"He made his religion so wholesomely attractive," was the reply.

Religion is something made most unattractive by those who profess it. Men are even repelled from the church because some who call themselves Christians are unworthy.

Attractiveness is not the sole or even the chief virtue in religion, but we may be sure that people will not permanently choose to embrace it unless it has the grace. Blessed are those people who are not only good, but whose goodness is human enough and cheerful enough to attract others.

The type of youth who indulges in loud clothes and a hat forced back over his ears dropped into the dental chair. "I'm afraid to give him gas," said the dentist to his assistant. "Why?" "How can I tell when he's unconscious?"---Philadelphia Public Ledger.

THIS IS YOUR HOUR.

This is your hour---creep upon it!
Summon your power, leap upon it!
Grasp it, clasp it, hold it tight!
Strike it, spike it, with full might!
If you take too long to ponder,
Opportunity may wander,
Yesterday's a bog of sorrow;
No man ever finds tomorrow.
Hesitation is a mire---
Climb out, climb up, climb on higher!
Fumble, stumble, risk a tumble,
Make a start, however humble!
Do your best, and do it now!
Pluck and grit will find out how.
Persevere, although you tire--.
While a spark is left, there's fire.
Distrust doubt; doubt is a liar.
Even if all mankind jeer you,
You can force the world to cheer you.

By Herbert Kaufman.

An Editor Who Helped Wake Up His County.

There is no telling how much good the editor of a country paper can do when once he makes up his mind that he is going to make his paper and his life count for something in the upbuilding of his section---that he is not going to be content with merely helping divide the spoils of office and providing a medium for retailing the news and gossip of his readers.

A case in point is afforded by the Roxboro, N. C., Courier. Almost a year ago we noticed that the editor began hammering it into his people every week that Person county needed four things:

1. Better roades.
2. A farm demonstration agent.
3. A farm life school.
4. A moonlight school.

Last week Editor Noel announced: "All of these are assured in the very near future, save the farm life school, and with the three named we are confident the latter is not very far off. Already Allensville is talking and thinking seriously along this line."

Of caurse the Courier didn't do all this by itself. The point is that whener an editor shows himself really determined to get his people interested in the big constructive opportunities ahead of them, other forward-looking men and women come quickly to his assistance.

What a great awakening we should have in the South if the editor of every country paper would do as Noell did---decide on four things his country needs and ought to have, and then resolve that he won't be happy till he gets them!

Funny Talk.

All week the war news has been that a battle line a thousand miles long was now presented, that fighting was going on to beat the band. The news was also that billions of dollars had been raised by the different countries, and that the war might not end for a long time and it might collapse any day. The truth is, this war has been the most mysterious of all wars yet fought. The telegraphed reports have doubtless been manufactured to a great extent, and it would be very hard to have and real understanding of what was going on.---Everything.

There's nothing better than the old-fashioned brand of home-made charity.

Percentage of Illiterates.

Inasmuch as a special effort is to be made this fall and winter to teach adult illiterates to read and write, imformation as to the number of these people is timely. There are in round numbers 50,000 white voters in the state who can neither read nor write and the tatal number of illiterate adults is more than double that. In the voting population the percentage of illiterates to the whole number of voters ranges from 3 in New Hanover county to 26 in Stokes. Iredell stands ninth in the list of counties, with 9.1 per cent, which is isn't so bad, but is much worse than it should be. There should be no illiterates in this good county. Mecklenburg is second with only 4.4 per cent. In Rowan 8 per cent of the white voters can neither read nor write; in Guilford 9.6 per cent, Buncombe 10.1 per cent, Alleghany 11.2 per cent, Cabarrus and Forsyth 12 per cent, McDowell 12.1 per cent, Catawba 12.5, Randolph 12.9, Lincoln 14.3, Davidson 15.2, Cleveland 15.4, Rutherfordton 16.1, Watauga 16.3, Alexander 17.5, Ashe 17.6, Burke 18.2, Caldwell 18.8, Davie 19.6 Yadkin 20.1, Wilkes 22.7, Surry 23.2, Mitchell and Avery rank next to Stokes, the highest, with 24.1 and 24.5 per cent, respectfully.---Statesville Landmark.

"Just Go."

If you mean to succeed, to make anything go,
It won't do to guess; your need is to know,
There are plenty of people who cumber the ground
Who think they move on, when they only move round.
Know your course, toe the mark, and be ready to run;
Be off at the signal, the race once begnn
Go ahead like an arrow that flies from the bow,
Don't weaken, don't waver, don't wabble—just go. —Selected.

An authoress asked a famous editor to give his opinion on a book which she intended to publish. In her letter she said: "If the work is not up to the mark, I beg you will tell me so, as I have other irons in the fire; and should you think this one not likely to succeed, I can bring out something else." Having read over several pages of the manuscript, the editor returned it, with the following brief remark: "Madame, I would advise you to put this where your irons are."

Friday.

A great many people look upon Friday as being an unlucky time to undertake things of importance. Whether it is or not the writer does not presume to say, but a few facts will be of interest to all. This is what The Boy Agriculturist has to say about the happenings on Friday:

Lee surrendered on Friday.
Moscow was burned on Friday.
Washington was born on Friday.
Shakespeare was born on Friday.
America was discovered on Friday.
Lincoln was assassinated on Friday.
Richmond was evacuated on Friday.
The Mayflower was landed on Friday.
Queen Victoria was married on Friday.
Fort Sumter was bombarded on Friday.
King Charles I was beheaded on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte was born on Friday.
Julius Caeser was assassinated on Friday.
The battle of Marengo was fought on Friday.
The battle of Waterloo was fought on Friday.
The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday.
Joan of Arc was burned at the stake on Friday.
The battle of New Orleans was fought on Friday.
The Declaration of Independence was signed on Friday.

Killed, Of Course.

A Bostonian was showing a visitor the sights of the Hub. They were driving past Bunker Hill Monument. Not wishing to make any pointed reference to the fact that at one time we had been fighting with our cousins, the Boston gentleman merely indicated the monument with his thumb, and said "Bunker Hill." The Englishman looked at the hill intently, and asked, "Who was Mr. Bunker, and what did he do to the hill?" "You don't understand," said the Bostonian. "This is where Warren fell." The Englishman screwed his monacle into his eye, leaned back, and, looking at the top of the towering shaft, remarked, inquiringly, "Killed him, of course?"

"Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed." ---Pope.

"A stich in time saves nine."

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
and Information.

The Southern Railway Co.

The Premier Carrier of the South

THE HIGHWAY OF HELPFUL AND PROGRESSIVE POLICIES.

Identified as it is with the Southeastern Section of the United States, it is the purpose of the management of the Southern Railway Company to make its policies as helpful as may be practicable to the people of that Section.

Through its Land and Industrial Department and its Department of Farm Improvement Work it co-operates with the communities along its lines for the location of industries and of desirable classes of Farm Settlers and employs expert agents to co-operate with farmers seeking their advice as to improved farm methods, including diversification of crops, the building up of soil productivity, live stock raising and dairying. It has awarded scholarships in the State Agricultural Colleges of the States traversed by its lines to young men who would otherwise have been unable to avail themselves of an agricultural education. Realizing that the farmer who takes up the growing of new crops or the raising of live stock may be discouraged in his first season by the failure to market his products satisfactorily the Company has appointed market agents to give such information relative to markets, methods of packing, shipping, etc., as may be helpful to producers seeking their co-operation.

All of the co-operative development work of the Southern Railway Company is free to all persons in the territory traversed by its lines who may wish to avail themselves of it.

On matters relating to Southern development, or farm and factory openings, call on or address.

M. V. RICHARDS

Land and Industrial Agent

WASHINGTON, D. C.

C364

Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt

THE UPLIFT

July, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

A ONE MAN'S JOB.

I am only one,
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything;
And because I cannot do everything
I will not refuse to do the something
which I can do.
---Edward Everett Hale.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord, N. C.

A HINT.

Any man or woman, who feels an interest in unfortunate youth, and can spare a day from pressing duties, can go out in the average town and secure without trouble at least twenty five subscribers for THE UPLIFT.

The purpose gives an opportunity for the telling of an interesting and engaging story---that of the conservation of youth, life.

The results of your efforts strengthens us---gives us the sinews for development and inlargements.

ONE MAN WITH BUT LITTLE EFFORT SENT IN 23 SUBSCRIBERS FROM STATESVILLE.

THE UPLIFT.

Vol. VII. Concord, N. C., July, 1915 No 5.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

There are sixteen counties in North Carolina that have all-time farm demonstrators --- there are only seven counties that have all-time health officers.

The great world war continues. The great, honest heart of the United States hopes and craves to remain uninvolved, further than passing a few notes.

That picture of Secretary of the Navy Daniels and Thomas A. Edison shaking hands and smiling upon each other's good faces, indicates that something is about to be done.

This is a season of wise folks being busy in trotting out candidates for state office. It is safe to say that some of the alleged candidates never even thought of "throwing their hats into the ring."

Time to read the address of State Superintendent Joyner before the State Press Association will be time well spent. That admirable address touching the cause of education in the state is printed in this issue.

"Wake county's first 'moonlight' school was held in Sunrise schoolhouse, in New Light township. All of which was fair.---Greensboro News. This kind of strategy will sure encompass and destroy the army of Darkness.

The South must necessarily feel more keenly the effects of the European war when cotton begins to move than does any other section of this country. This is one thing that can not be placed at the door of Germany.

If no more rain had fallen in this section than that forecasted by the Weather Bureau during the summer, the farmers would not have gathered as much as the seed planted. The Bureau has made a record of misses.

One dollar will be promptly paid for the picture and a short biographical sketch of the man, who has ever raised as much as two hundred bushels (counting no cobs or shucks) of corn on one acre. Good faith. First come, gets the dollar.

The good town of Salisbury does not know how to stand still. She has just voted to issue $200,000.00 worth of bonds, to be used in a new water system, improvement of school facilities and the extension of good streets and the sewer system---all necessary in the life of a growing town.

Congratulations to the business manager of the Sky-Land, who comes into actual possesion of the entire equipment of that interesting journal. He has just simply gone and captured the heart and hand of the brilliant editress and owner, Miss Smith. Miss Smith is now Mrs. Walker, and to the happy pair: Here's every good thing in life to you both.

If Lloyd George were sincere in his estimate of the effect of the struggle that cost the Russians the city of Warsaw, he showed himself and country quite inconsistent in not aiding the Germans in wallopping the Russians in quicker order---possibly this may be the reason that England and her sympathizers did not strike a vigorous offensive "while the Germans had her forces in the west considerably weakened" by the removal of troops to the East?

In some counties of the state the officers of the law, national, state and county, are running down the illicit manufacturers and dealers in booze; while in others, they seem to have shut their eyes and gone to sleep. It is a sad commentary upon the sense of duty and the moral courage of an officer, who awaits the operations of spies and detectives to do that which he should do if he possessed one ounce of manhood and courage. The unmolested violation of law by a single individual, either from fear or favor, is a breeder of a lawlessness that is far reaching.

Germs, bacteria and such things are kept on the jump. They cannot successfully hide from the active and fearless Secretary of the State Board of Health, Dr. Rankin. He locates them every pop when he goes after them. In Greensboro, where they have had an epidemic of typhoid fever (by the way, the Greensboro News has done a man's part in standing up and being counted uncompromising for a rigid execution of health laws) Dr. Rankin has discovered, located and named "a typhoid carrier." He is a man, and this man's connection with a dairy put it out of business. It's hard but it is necessary.

DO WE?

If we really want Mexico to have peace, we should first of all quit selling the Mexican arms and amunition with which to continue fighting one another.---Henderson Gold Leaf.

If we really wish the terrible war in Europe to stop, thereby restoring the market of the South's greatest production; and if we really want Europe to have peace, we should first of all quit selling the Europeans arms and amunitions with which to continue fighting one another. If we are really and truly the Peacemakers we claim to be, then we will stop the creating and furnishing of the engines of destruction to our neighbors across the water.

REMARKABLE RECORD.

That the Southern Railway, during the past year, collected over sixteen millions of fares---representing, of

course, from first to last, sixteen millions of passengers,---and killed just one, is a proud record. This single fatal accident to a passenger was in great measure due to the carelessness of the passenger, himself.

With all the curves, all the storms, the inumerable agencies connected with railroading which man arranges and controls, with high speeds, single tracks, hot and cold weather, sunshine and rain and countless other things to mar perfect working order, this record is not onlya high compliment to the management of the Southern Railway but a splendid one to the condition and character of those who composed the sixteen millions.

WHERE THE LOVE EXTENDS.

There has reached this country from the bank of England the biggest bunch of money in one shipment in the history of the world. The shipment included fifty-two millions of dollars, of this thirty-one million was in gold coin. The total weight was seventy-five tons, or 150,000 pounds.

Stored in a battle ship, which was convoyed through the war zone by a flotilla of destroyers, the great treasure reached New York, via Nova Scotia, from which point it was carried by train of steel cars guarded by 40 armed men.

The cost of carrying this immense lot of gold is said to have been $250,000.

Not half so much care and caution have been exercised in the preservation of human lives. It's the love of the Almighty Dollar, the commercial spirit, that moves men to precaution and great watchfulness.

INGRATITUDE.

When the European war broke out, it caught quite a number of Americans on the other side. Some were stranded for the lack of funds, and none could return home on account of the disorganization of traveling facilities. To these the United States gave assistance, prompt and secure. These people were brought home, safe and sound.

Even with all this care on the part of the goverment, some of them heaped criticism upon the officials for not being in a bigger hurry. Something like a quater of a million of the half a million appropriated for the relief of the Americans thus distressed has not been returned to the goverment. It is regarded just a loan. The greedy, complaining ones are treating the act of the Goverment as a gift. Now, it is published, the goverment intends to sue every last one of them for the money and it ought to. Such base ingratitude!

It is just this kind of folks that could be hired to go on a beligerant ship, loaded to upper deck with munitions of war. to secure its safety through the war zone, without giving a moment's thought about the embarrassment their fool-hardy act would cause the United States in the event of some accident befalling the ship. They neither think, nor care. Just one fool, one ingrate, one dare-devil for the price of a trip and meals, so far as patriotic sentiment is involved, would be perfectly willing that his country should become involved in a trouble that would cost this country much innocent blood and wealth. It's a hardship for any country to become sponsor for such folks, but it must be done.

Every last one of the ingrates should be made to toe the mark.

ONE CLEAN OBJECT LESSON.

Having one-half day in Greensboro, with time hanging lightly, and remembering the stir that has been raised in Greensboro along the line of sanitation and health conditions, this writer struck out to see, with his lay-eye, just what could be seen during that time,

A car-ride to Proximity, Revolution andWhite Oak—the mill sections that have been created by the Cones —was regarded the best begining point for observation. The anti-child labor agitation that has been going on and the occasional damaging reviews that some of our mill sections suffer in foreign publications and addresses, associated with the published statements relative to the typhoid fever condition, would naturally prompt one to expect to find things other than well-regulated in a mill section.

Just a word: we went to the wrong place, looking for germs. There may be germs in Greensboro, as there are germs in all places; but how a large community, such as the Cone settlements, the population of course renters and not property-owners, could be so orderly, clean and attractive, can be understood in no other way than to go back to the heart, mind and soul of the real power behind that most remarkable creation. Every where you see indisputable evidence of a community spirit---not all for one person---but rights and privileges for all. Nowhere in that entire section can be found a single evidence of selfishness---nowhere can you see that a power is thriving upon the helplessness and the condition of the less fortunate.

A master mind, in harmony with an unselfish soul, has planned for the very best results for all---for the largest element of liberty and opportunity. The streets and pavements would do credit to any town; the keep of the homes shows high class, the condition of the yards, with well-arranged flower plats, would be an object lesson and an inspiration to even enthusiastic Civic League workers. The streets, where the business houses and amusement places are to be found, are absolutely free from trash, papers, rubbish or anything to mar the clean picture which they make.

It is a marvel.

The general up-keep of that great mill section, with its drainage, its precaution against contamination, its neatly kept homes, the welcome that hovers around the front door, the attractiveness of the parks, the fine order that everywhere prevails, the splendid meeting halls, the churches, and the elegant school buildings, system and order everywhere evident, the surroundings of the mills spotlessly clean---the fine

spirit and fellowship that prevail between the Cones and the people---makes an object lesson for community builders.

The mills are idle for a month, for the lack of dyes. If at anytime in the world when order would not prevail, it must be when a large community is at rest from labor. We would not have known that the mills were idle if not have been told so. There was nothing to indicate that the restraint of labor and duty was lifted---order, order, order everywhere.

Community interest---sympathy---what helps the employer helps the employed---give and take---stand together. During the enforced idleness of the mills for a month, for the lack of dyes, house-rent is free---that's community interest.

We forgot, in our pleasure at the sight and admiration for the brain that was the author of that community, the great public theme that is agitating everywhere---germs. There are germs a plenty about Proximity, Revolution and White Oak, but they are germs of order, germs of sympathy, germs of unselfishness, germs of a community spirit.

Art of Observation.

How many people whom you meet in every day life observe as much as they ought?

If you think it easy, try this: Ask some member of your family about some object which they are accustomed to see. For instance, a picture. As which way the head faces, right or left. Seven out of ten will be unable to tell correctly.

The writer filled the office of lecturer in the Grange for some time, and for an experiment one evening asked a number of questions about the hall in which the meetings are held.

On "Observation night," as it was called some 60 members were in attendance. For a starter they were asked which way the Indian head on a common cent faced, right or left. Only two could tell.

Two doors leading to a balcony were next brought to mind. A knob on one door opened both. They were asked on which door this knob was located. Two gave the correct answer while 35 gave the wrong door.

The number of pictures on the walls of the dining room was next questioned. No one, not even the janitor, could tell. They all gave nearly twice the correct number, which was 12.

Is there a telephone pole squarely in front of the hall? was next asked. A brother said there was. Another brother said he thought it was squarely in front, but a little to the left. Both brothers were positive they were right and caused no little merriment for the rest. More merriment was caused by the report of a committee that the nearest pole was to the right of the hall.

All these objects had been seen by those present probably hundreds of times, but they hadn't noticed them enough to remember about them.

Now, dear reader, when you meet a friend on the street just ask him which way the head on a 5-cent piece faces, left or right. Ten to one he won't know.

Ask all your friends "observation questions," little things that they should notice. Before you are aware of the fact you will be observing many things you never noticed before, and you will enjoy life more for having noticed them.—American Magazine.

SELFISHNESS.

Selfish people are unhappy and make themselves uncomfortable. They take no comfort in seeing others happy and envy those who may be better off than themselves in any respect; they think unkindly of them and if they can, rob them of their pleasure. Discord and dissension are often the result of the snap and snarl of selfishness. Upon the other hand, gladness may be diffused by a gentle word, a willing service gained by a kindly request and a soft answer turneth away wrath. There is no sense in scolding. It is more than a weakness or folly; it is a sin, doing much evil to the scolder and the scolded. It is the opening of the drought to eternal fires that ought to be quenched. It scorches and inflames others' hearts and minds that should be kept from evil. Affability toward others cultivates amaibility in the actor. The courtesies practiced in the social life are just as charming in the home circle. "Be courteous."

---Harrodsburg Leader.

The Picture of the Soul.

Over in France the leading bank has an ingenious way of getting the picture of a man who is suspected of being a wrong-doer. Behind the desk of the cashier there is a photographic studio. Of this the visitor knows nothing. At a signal from the man at the desk, the artist flashes the camera upon him, and his picture is taken, and he leaves behind a record that he never can get away from.

Stop and think for a moment that somewhere in your soul a faithful Artist is moment by moment taking pictures that will never be blotted out. Every beautiful thing you look upon, every lovely picture, every splendid thought, every sweet face—all are stamped there never to fade away. And this is just as true of the things which are not pure and lovely. Ah, what a thought this is! —that this Artist working behind the scenes is faithfully picturing upon the sensitive plate of your soul all that ever comes before the eye of your mind. Not a thing escapes; and wish it as you may, the story is told, and it is told for ever.

God helps you to keep on the soul He has given you only the record of things good, pure, true, lovely and of good report! How can this be done? Only by living a life so high, so pure, so consecrated to Jesus Christ, that He will give you visions of beauty and shut out the thought and the very appearance of all that is evil.

Do you know any man or woman who sometimes says things that is likely to bring a blush to your cheek? Keep as far away from that person as you possible can. It may cost you something to do this sometimes. By going out from the presence of that one you may bring criticism on yourself, but God will never criticise you. He will love you all the better for it, and in days to come men will creep up to you for help and strength, for they will know that you have a power which will make you strong and tender to protect them. What is the Artist behind the scene picturing for you? See that the record is always one to make you glad in the days to come.—Christian Work.

"Honorable confession is good for the soul." —Mrs. T. C. Alexander.

Ill habits gather by unseen degres.—Ovid.

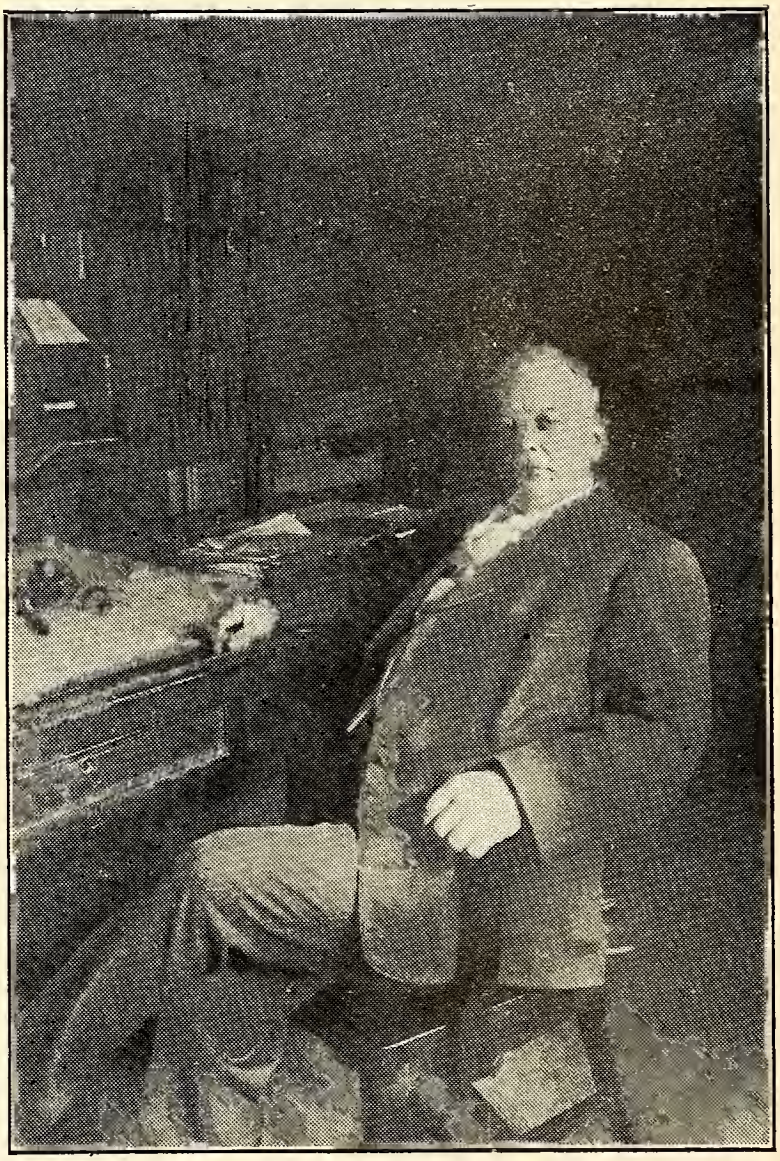
The success of most things depends upon knowing how long it will take to succeed.—Montesquieu.

THOMAS WALTER BICKETT, Attorney General.

"The vision I have about North Carolina is to see her people and her resources brought up to a maximum of efficiency."---Thus spoke the Attorney-General of North Carolina, when asked of his hopes for the state.

One of the State's most interesting characters, able and tireless, is Thomas W. Bickett, who was elected Attorney-General by the people in 1908, and renominated and elected in 1912. Up to 1908 his reputation was confined to a few counties, but at the famous convention of 1908 where he made one of the chief nominating speeches his star rose suddenly and to-day there is not a county in the state, where he is not well and favorably known.

The subject of this sketch is a native of Monroe, Union county, and is the son of the late Dr. T. W. Bickett and Mrs. Mary Covington Bickett, representatives of the best type of the splendid citizenship of which this county has long been known. At the age of thirteen young Bickett lost his father, and from that day on he assumed the direction and making of his own fortune. After completing the course in the Monroe High School, he entered Wake Forest College, from which institution he graduated with distinction in 1890.



THOMAS WALTER BICKETT.

As is the case with many another North Carolinian, who has taken a proud position in the life and affairs of the state, this young man financed his own way through college and through the Law Department at Chapel Hill, graduating in law from the University of North Carolina in 1893 and in the same year securing from the Supreme Court his law license---all this literary and legal training being secured, by virtue of his faith in coming rewards for diligent effort and by a dogged determination to succeed, on borrowed money, all of which this man of faith and hope "paid back" after entering upon the practice of law.

Again, as in the case of others, who have in the past had no little experience in the school room while the compass of life was settling for good, young Bickett, at the age of eighteen, in the rural schools of Union county taught the young "ideas how to shoot" during one term, and during the years of 1890-92 he was connected with the splendid Graded Schools system of Winston-Salem; and from this point he went to the University; and finishing his law course, he located at Louisburg, in Franklin county, where he began regularly the practice of law. In this he has been signally successful from the start, not only from a personal view but in the services rendered his clients, with whom he has always enjoyed a cordiality that bespeaks satisfaction and confidence.

Mr. Bickett manifests no little pride in the fact that for years he was permitted to enjoy the very highest office, locally, that is within the gift of a people---he was a school committeeman of the public schools of the town of Louisburg. The man that can name the principal and the teacners in a local system of schools is, in the sight of the women and children of the community, something out of the ordinary. The late lamented Aycock always claimed that a school committeeship was the biggest thing in his whole life.

The subject of this sketch was a member of the General Assembly of 1907, representing Franklin county in the House of Representatives. His great ability soon was recognized and among the members of that body none stood higher or wielded a greater influence. During that meeting of the General Assembly Mr. Bickett formulated and introduced a bill, which becoming a law made it possible for the expenditure of one-half million dollars for increased facilities for the care and treatment of the insane---at that time there was not a "County Home" and but few jails that did not have amongst their inmates one or more representatives of this most miserable of our citizenship.

Mr. Bickett, as Attorney-General of North Carolina for more than six years, has made a distinctively brilliant record. His care of the causes of the state, coming up for hearing by the Supreme Court, has been able and original; and in some instan-

ces they have been so unique that they enjoyed a run throughout the press, carrying with them information and entertainment to thousands of readers. In the Freight-Rate Campaign, through which the state so successfully passed, Attorney-General Bickett, by virtue of his office and his great ability, rendered the state invaluable service.

Counting his ceasless campaigning during 1912 and 1914, both of which made heavy drafts upon his time and strength, and add to this the great number of literary addresses which he has made on numerous occasions, there would seem scarce a county in which his eloquence has not been heard and appreciated by innumerable audiences. As a Commencement Orator he has been for several years in great demand.

General Bickett makes Louisburg his home, and when duty permits he is to be always found with his family and mingling with the citizenship of that splendid county with whom he is extremely popular and who rightfully look upon him, going up and down the state in his service to the people, as reflecting a great honor upon Franklin county. Yet a young man, having been born February 28th. 1869, he seems just in his prime with no ordinary promise of a long and brilliant service of usefulness to the state.

Thomas Walter Bickett is under stood throughout North Carolina as a receptive candidate for the gubernatorial nomination, at the hands of the Democratic people in 1916.

Lost.

What? Lost your temper, did you say?

Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it.
It isn't such a dreadful loss—
Pray do not try to find it.

'Twas not the gentlest, sweet one,
As all can well remember
Who have endured its every whim
From New Year's till December.

It drove the dimples all away.
And wrinkles up your forehead,
And changed a pretty smiling face
To one—well, simply horrid.

It put to flight the cheery words,
The laughter, and the singing;
And clouds upon a shining sky
It would persist in bringing.

And it is gone! Then do, my dear,
Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And loose it never, never!

—Harper's Young People.

REPRESENTATIVES OF JUNIOR CIRCLE AND THE BOYS AFTER AN ICE-CREAM AND CAKE FEAST.

The Junior Circle of The King's Daughters, of Concord, under the direction of the Stonewall Jackson Circle of The King's Daughters, was organized December 8th, 1914, with eight members. The purpose of this junior organization was to give aid to the Stonewall Circle in supplying clothes to the destitute and books to school children, whose parents were unable to purchase same. This circle of fine young girls of Concord has done conscientiously and enthusiastically the work mapped out to be done---in addition to this, in several instances, money has been given to relieve suffering and to make life easier for the burdened and unfortunate.

The charter members were: Misses Margaret Bell, president, Jessie Willeford, vice-president, Catherine Means, Secretary, Helen Marsh, Corresponding Secretary, Francis Ridenhour, Treasurer, Nancy Patterson, Bertie Louise Willeford and Ruby Cline. But the ranks were soon reinforced for the spirit of the work proved contageous and now the roll shows 22, by the addition of the following new members: Misses Elizabeth Black, Martha Caldwell, Mary and Valda Crowell, Margaret Virginia Erwin, Isabelle Goodson, Lucy Richmond Lentz, Margaret Ritchie, Elizabeth Smith, Helen Troy, Mary MacLaughlin, Ruth Blackwelder, Annis and Virginia Smoot.

Mrs. R. M. King and Miss Zula Patterson, members of the Stonewall Circle, meet alternately with the Junior Circle and lend assistance in the work.

A few weeks ago this band of attractive young people decided to give the boys of the Jackson Training School---ninety-five in number---a surprise treat of ice-cream and cake, and representatives of the circle motored out to the institution being guests of Mrs. Eugene Cannon and Messers George L. Patterson, Chas. B. Wagoner, M. F. Ritchie and Photographer Matthews, who took this snap-shot and donated same to THE UPLIFT.

The picture was taken on the lawn in front of the Administration Building, and on the extreme right may be seen the vestibule of the new Chapel now about completed. The young Junior representatives make an attractive back-ground for the boys of the school. And the little tot---Sarah---the daughter of Superintendant and Mrs. Boger who forms the centre of the front, was that day unamimously elected a member of the Junior Circle and designated the mascot of the Circle.

What A Little Woman Ran Away From Home To Encounter.

By Jim Riddick.

Number 38, the Southern Railway's best train going north, leaves Charlotte after eight o'clock. It is all Pullman. By 9 o'clock passengers begin, one by one, to ask for their berths to be made up. The train was crowded and day passengers were dropped here and there throughout the train to the best advantage. When I boarded the train for a short trip up the road, the conductor placed me in the section that he had been occupying with his effects, and this was to be my seat until arriving at Greensboro, where passengers change for Raleigh.

At Lexington practically all the berths had been "made down" and there came to my section a little light-haired woman, dressed in black with just enough white trimming edges showing to break the intense sombreness of her attire. She, like the average woman, carried her best hat in a paper poke. "I have changed my seat to this," the little woman remarked by way of an explanation and I suppose an introduction, "to permit a sick man, who is going far north to have the section I occupied prepared for his retiring, for I get off at Danville, and I did not care to see him suffering for want of a comfortable place."

The little woman had the marks of care indellibly drawn in her face, yet with all this she manifested a stoic nerve. She acted and talked as if she thought that everybody knew her, knew her history, knew her home and where she was going. The fact that she had shown such a commendable spirit in giving room for a sick man was to her sufficient excuse to entertain me with her trials and her purposes without further introduction or even any encouragement.

"I'm getting tired," she proceeded to continue her story, "for I have been traveling since a little after 8 o'clock this morning. You know you have to leave Macon, Georgia, at that time to catch this train at Atlanta. I ought to have gone on another train, for it will be late when I arrive at Danville and they are not expecting me. But my daughters urged me to go on, for they agreed with the doctor that what I needed was a change for I am so nervous. I have been sewing every day and way up into the night, until my eyes gave trouble. The doctor that fitted these glasses assured me that they would rest my eyes, but I am kept busy keeping them on my nose---you see my nose was not made for this kind of glasses, and I am worried to death for fear every minute I will drop them and break them; they cost me twelve dollars, and I don't want to pay out any more money now for glasses."

The little woman informed me without a particle of reason that she had two of the sweetest daughters in the world. "One is jolly and lighted spirited, and you can not make her mad; but the other won't let anybody run over her." I ventured to inquire how she accounted for one of her daughters being so sunny-lived and the other evidently of a different temperament. "Oh, the people say that my youngest daughter has a disposition like me and I really think my oldest daughter is very much like her father, who always thought the world was against him and he was fretful and took exception to about everything that was done and said if it did not fully accord with his way of thinking."

I thought it strange that this little woman should be telling a stranger about the weaknesses and short-comings of her dead husband, on account of whose death she was then wearing sad and sombre attire, and so expressed my wonder in just as delicate a manner as possible. "No, my husband is not dead unless he died since last Thursday. I am wearing this garment, these gloves and this hat out of memory of my son, who got shot the day before last Christmas. He was the prettiest and sweetest boy I ever saw---everybody said he was the most promising boy they ever saw; he never gave me a moment's care or concern until the morning of the day when he got shot. I had a presentiment that very morning, when he left the house, that I would never again see him alive." Then she wept bitterly and made no effort to drown the noise of her sorrow. I wondered what the passengers near by, who yet must be awake, thought of this scene and this outbreak of tears.

Drying away her tears and assuming an attitude defying her fate, she continued: "my son was shot by a playmate, who was fooling around him in the drug store where he worked at the soda-fountain, and they say that he was the most popular soda-water jerker in Macon. The pistol was snapped in some way and the ball went through his bowels. When I saw him he was lying in a ward in the hospital awaiting his turn on the operating table. He said "mother, don't worry; I'll be out in a few days," but my boy died before the doctor could reach him." She wept some more, and suppressing the great sorrow that was then chocking her she added:"I never saw such a handsome boy---he was eighteen years old a few days before he was shot, and he was making a salary sufficient to clothe himself, and he wore the nicest clothes and no new fad in collars or ties ever escaped his attention and he was always the pink of neatness." I ventured the opinion that to keep up with changing styles required a pretty good salary. "Well, you see," said the little woman, "I boarded him, and he had no trouble in buying his clothes and having a little spending money besides."

I thought the little woman in black had finished her story. She took a deep sigh, and began again: "I wonder what my daughters are doing right now? They seemed so anxious for me to take this trip. They are so good to me and thoughtful of me. My oldest daughter, though, has---the poor thing---had an experience. She ran away and got married. It nearly broke my heart to give her up, but she is again with me." And her husband, too, I could not resist inquiring of the woman in black. "No, they don't live together; she stood him as long as she could and then she came back home to me. Oh, me! I soon became reconciled after the marriage, for her husband was of a good family and his father made a good salary as a drummer, but his wife was a weak foolish woman and reared her son, my daughter's husband, up in idleness with all the money he needed to move around with the fast set and the society kind. He grew cruel to my daughter, and gave her but little and she told me what she had to go through with so I told her to pick up her things and come home. She left him and came home; and he is loafing around now and drinking and doing as sorry as he can. Oh, there is lots of trouble in the world, and my friends tell me that I am a wonder to stand up under all my trials and

keep looking so young---why I havn't a single gray hair."

I thought what a care had been the lot of this woman---how the fates had wrought against her---her son suddenly taken from her---her daughter wrecked on her matrimonial voyage---a support to be worked out at the end of the needle in the sewing room---bad eyes requiring glasses and the end not yet. Did you know the heart-aches, the disappointments of the hundreds, the incompatibility (as the high-tempered and unreasonable dispositions term it) between couples, the struggle to worship the gods of fashion and style and the consuming craze for a Ford that drives men and women into debt and idleness and mischief, often—then you would have a picture of the life of hundreds and hundreds of folks as they go rushing on.

This little woman, with a dead son, a daughter that had run away in a foolish mood with a sorry man, a daughter full of sun-shine and yet uneducated and not beyond the danger line because in that blood seems to be tragedies, seemed scarcely forty years of age. There are other little women, who stoically nurse their troubles and tell the world that it is none of its business, fighting battles, cruel, long and unending. All that glitters is not gold, and it takes a rare bravery for the many poor, overworked and undertreated women to conceal their torture and, in public, to wear the social reception face.

Number 38 halted for a moment at High Point and a comforting thought that the story of tragedy was about over; at any rate, but another chapter in that miserable life of disappointment at most could be related until I had reached my destination and could get away from the miserable little bundle of nerves, the heroine of a tragedy. During all this voluntary recital of the sorrows and miscalculations and accidents of just one little family of Georgia, thrust upon unwilling ears, I thought what succor and comfort that might have been given by the father of those children and the husband, who way back twenty years ago, in Halifax county, Virginia, lead this little woman to the marriage alter and there in the presence of God and witnesses pledged as long as life lasts his devotion, his care, his support and his fidelity; and I made bold to inquire how the husband and father bore up under this life traegedy?

"I don't know---I hope that he has been ten thousand times more miserable and lonely than I have," said the little woman in black, "for just ten years ago I bade him good-by at the Southern station in Macon. Since that day I have not seen him, nor have I seen any one that has seen him---I have not heard from him, except by an indirection and in a somewhat mysterious manner. He left on one of his usual trips in the interest of a harness manufacturer, and to find another location in another town more convenient to his territory; and he said that he was going to send for me and the children and I believed him, of course. Seven years ago I received a letter from an alleged doctor in ———, Tennessee, saying that Mr. ——— (my husband) was desperately ill, and that his recovery was impossible. I wrote, but word came back that there was no such man or doctor in all that section. I am convinced that it was a fraud perpetrated by my cruel husband and I have daily prayed that his life might be more wretched ten thousand times than is mine."

All through my life of sixty-odd years I have seen, time after time, the exhibition of the greatest earthly love---woman's love, wife's love, mother's love---but I saw that night for the first time to what breadth and to what length a woman's hatred, fired and burning fiercely day and night, can go and does go.

"I pray," she declared, "constantly for the opportunity of seeing him writhe in his last miserable struggle for life and pass into the great beyond, where there is no peace but a just punishment."

And just here her face brightened and she inquired: "do you place much faith in the readings of a fortune-teller?" The poor nervous soul was grasping at every straw that might indicate what the future held for her. "I do," she protested, "I am thoroughly convinced that I see the end. That fortune-teller told me so accurately and completely the story of my life and all of its meanderings up to that good day (last Thursday) that what she told me from the book of the future must be true---oh, but it is awful, but out of the terrible darkness of it there is just one thing that speaks justice ---my prayer to see him just once more, in flesh, passing out into the great beyond a broken and most miserable wretch forevermore."

"No other man has any interest for me," and the little woman, dressed in black, grew quiet and her face became so dull and expressionless that it seemed of stone.

In a fancy of love, some twenty years ago, this Virginia girl stole away from her splendid rural home, where plenty, peace and a religious atmosphere prevailed, and followed a prepossessing "drummer," as she called him, without weighing the seriousness of her step into matrimony—she but a girl of sixteen---and with him became a rolling stone, from pillar to post, through several states.

There are those, who in their might and unsympathy, will say that this little woman was hysterical and drove him mad. And there are those, recognizing the sacredness and the bindingness of the matrimonial vow, know him to be a coward to fidelity and a sorry specimen of manhood.

Torn and tattered in mind, weakened under a strain that man himself could not withstand, little wonder this little woman of Georgia, going home for the first time since her fatal step with the unfaithful man that abused her faith and confidence, should not be rehearsing, in mind and to any who might listen, the terrible tragedy of her life.

The Books of the Bible.

Do you know how many books are in the Bible? You once knew, but have forgotten?

Let me tell you one good way to remember. First write down the words "Old Testament."

Now how many letters are in the word "Old?" Three. How many in the word "Testament?" Nine. Put three and nine together, and you have 39---the number of books in the "Old Testament."

Next write down the words New Testament.

There are also in New Testament three and nine letters. Now multiply three by nine and you have 27---the number of books in the New Testament. Of course by adding 39 and 27 you have 66---the number of books in the Bible.

Any boy or girl who will read this over twice will never forget how many books are in the Bible.---Presbyterian.

A Full Prescription.

A girl reading in a paper that fish was excellent for brain food, wrote to the editor: "Dear Sir.—Seeing as you say how fish is good for the brains, what kind of fish shall I eat?" To this the editor replied: "Dear Miss.—"Judging from the composition of your letter, I should advise you to eat a whale."

THE UPLIFT

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Gordon Kimball received a box from his mother at Statesville, last month.

The boys had a Brunswick Stew supper out on the campus last week. No one had a poor appetite and everyone enjoyed himself to the utmost extent.

Our Literary Societies have begun to receive the magazines that they have subscribed for. We now have one of the best magazine libraries in the State.

The shop boys have dressed 2907 feet of lumber, 3x8 for the Roberta Cotton Mill. They have been kept busy and could have finished a few days sooner but were troubled with broken belts.

Mr. S. I. Parker is giving a course in punctuation to the printing office boys and the advanced grades in English. The course will be very helpful to the boys, and especially to the printing office boys.

The boys are again indebted to the King's Daughters for their kindness. The Junior Order of the King's Daughters, of Concord, served ice cream and cake to the boys out on the lawn in front of the cottages, last month.

Our school teacher, Prof. H. E. Isenhour spent a short vacation in the mountains of western North Carolina last month. He had a very enjoyable time during his absence and returned to the institution looking fresh and healthy.

We have a very large tomato crop this year. We have gathered about 40 bushels; 192 5 lb. cans have been canned, and the others have been used at the table. We are canning them as fast as they ripen and we hope to can many more before the season ends.

We have been working a double force in the printing office for the past few days trying to get caught up with our work. We are about a month behind with our work on the Uplift and we want to catch up, and in the mean time complete a cook book that we are printing for the King's Daughters, of Concord.

The following people have made short visits to the school, to see relatives, during the past month: Mr. and Mrs. Walker, of Lawnsdale; Mr. and Mrs. Gardner,of Monroe; Mr. and Mrs. Grumbles, of Saluda; Mrs. J. L. Kimball, of Statesville, Mr. O. H. Young, of Lexington, and Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Randolph, of Kinston.

We have watermelons in abundance this year. We have gathered 200 in the past two weeks. The dry weather has caused some of the vines to wither and die but those that have lived have made a good record as melon producers. After gathering these two-hundred the patch still gives promise of many more in due time.

Our chapel is now in the hands of painters, who are putting the finishing touches to the decoration, which is very beautiful. It is the pride of every boy at the school. This is clearly shown by the fact that it is the first place he takes a visitor. We will begin in a few days to carrying away the unusued material and odds and ends in readiness for the dedication which will take place in October.

The officers elect for the Stonewall Literary Society are: President, W. A. Elkins; Vice-President, W. H. Byrd; Secretary, J. G. Kimball; Critic, S. A. Phillips; Treasurer, J. C. Fisher; Censor, R. W. Gantt; Reporter, A. F. Watson; Librarian, E. E. Murphy. This is a good staff of officers and every one is acquainted with his duties as he has held the office before, and there is a hope of much improvement during their terms.

The Cone Literary Society held its election of officers for the next two months the first Monday in this month. The officers elected are: President, William Sanderford; Vice President, James Swaney; Secretary, Elisha Neathery; Critic, Wiley Lamm; Treasurer, Hunter Parker; Reporter, Lambeth Suit; Chief Librarian, William Sanderford; Ass't Librarian for the magazines, Will Hill; Ass't Librarian for the books, Randolph White; Constitutional Committee, Mr. S. I. Parker, chairman and Henry Crawley and Elisha Neathery.

The Cone Literary Society gave a public debate last week. The query was: "Resolved, That the Laws of North Carolina should be so amended as to allow equal political rights to both sexes." The affirmative was represented by Messrs. Crawley and Suit. The negative was upheld by Messrs. Neathery and Sanderford. The judges were Mrs. Hudson, of Kinston, Mr. Smith and Mr. Carver, of Concord. The debate was very interesting to all. When the judges retired to decide on the question, a very good declamation was rendered by Wiley Lamm, entitled: "Don't use big words." It was a very good declamation and was gotten off very fine considering that the audience got the speaker to laughing on account of the words used in the piece. When the judges returned Mr. Smith acted as spokesman. He commended all the speakers on their speeches. He then announced the decision of the judges to be unanimous in favor of the negative side. The scholarship medals were then awarded. Mr. J. W. Van Hoy, of Concord, presented the medal won in the primary room. Mr. Carver presented the medal won in the grammar room. The medal in the primary room was won by Jayson Moody, and the grammar room medal was won by Harrison Byrd. The medals were awarded for the highest average made in

scholarship and deportment during the past six months.

On Saturday, July 3rd, the first-nine of the Training School played Hartsell Mill Team. The game was very interesting, but somehow the visitors could not find Russell, the local twirler, and were defeated by a score of 18 to 3. Kiser knocked a home run that put the visitors out of sorts, and then the boys made a race-track around the bases. The Saturday following, July 10th, the Training School team played a shut-out game with the Harrisburg sluggars. Tho' Russell had pitched for the Harrisburg team, they could not find him for but one hit during the whole game. They suffered a defeat of 9 to 0. Saturday, July 17th, a very tight game was played with the Gibson Mill team. The score was 5 to 3 in favor of the Taining School. This makes our fourth game with Gibson Mill---two of which we lost, and two won. Saturday, July 31st, a very pretty game was played between the Training School nine and the Rocky River team. Until the fifth neither side scored, but the visitors started the scoring by making 3 runs, which was all they made. The boys came in for the next two innings for 3 runs which succeeded in tying the score, then there was a tightening up on both sides and not another run was made until the 11th frame in which the locals succeeded in getting another runner over the plate, thus winning the game by a score of 4 to 3.

War Horses in Action.

It will probably suprise you, said a retired colonel of Hussars, according to Tit-Bits, to learn that a cavalry horse usually enjoys a battle at least as much as his rider, and displays as much courage in it. He will chafe and stamp with impatience while waiting for the order to charge, and at the signal will dash forward like a greyghound released from the leash, full of fire and fury, and often neighing wildly. At the moment of contact with the enemy he will rear, striking and biting savagely at the opposing horses and trampling down the infantry. When his rider falls he will dash along with his fellows and crash as gallant into the foe. In the famous charge of the Light Brigade scores of riderless horses swept down the "Valley of Death," thundering through the smoke onto the Russian guns, and galloped back to safety with the shattered remnant of the brigade. Five horses raced neck and neck with Lord Alfred Paget, who rode in advance of the line, so eager were they to get at the enemy. And not only is the well-trained charger as as brave as his rider; he is often intelligent. He knows the bugle calls just as well, and answers them as promptly. In fact, I have known many a case in which a horse has put his rider right when he has mistaken an order, and has gone faultlessly through a maneuver in spite of the efforts of his mistaken master to make him do the wrong thing.

No, the process of training is neither long nor difficult. The first step is to accustom the horse to the sound of firing at close quarters. With this object he is put on the ground with legs tied, and while in this position a pistol is fired close to his ear, over his back, between his legs, and so on, until his fear is overcome. After a few such lessons it is safe to mount him with a bridle furnished with a curb-bit, and under this control he is taught to stand still while a pistol or a carbine is fired from his back---the latter naturally coming last, as both hands are required in using this weapon. Then follows saber-practice on similar lines, until the horse is as indifferent to the whirl and flash of a sword about his head as to the explosion of a carbine above it. Within a few weeks the horse not only loses all trace of nervouness; he really enjoys the experience and enters enthusiastically into it. In battle the cavalry horse faces even a greater risk of death or disablement than his rider, although the gallant animal rarely gets any of the laurels of war. His danger, however, is by no means so great as it was. In the eighteenth century 150 horses fell in battle for every 100 men; from 1800 to 1865 the proportion had fallen to 120; and in more recent wars the ratio has been approximately 112 horses to 100 men. In some charges, however, the proportion has been greater, as in that of the Light Brigade, in which eighty more horses than men sacrificed their lives. But while the war-horse seldom gets credit for his prowess and devotion, there have been happily a few cases in which he has shared his master's glories---among them Lord Robert's pretty little Arab, "Colonel," who carried him in the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar, and round whose neck, at Queen Victoria's express wish, he hung the Kabul medal, with four clasps, and the bronze Kandahar star.

Try to Carry Sunshine.

"You don't get much sunshine in here, do you?" said the gentle old lady as we entered the elevator at the back of the big department store.

"Only what folks like you bring in, ma'am," answered the elevator man with instinctive courtesy. "Some folks carry enough sunshine 'round with 'em to light others up a bit."

How many people, I thought, as I stepped out a moment later, are dependent on others for all the sunshine they get in their lives, and how few of us carry enough extra sunshine around with us to lighten even one dark corner! For all the cheer the passing stranger gets from us we might as well cover our faces with thick crape veils. And what a lovely mission we are slighting!

Let's form ourselves right here and now into a little league of Sunshine Carriers---Unlimited, even if the league consists of only one member.

Let us smile and look hrppy as we go about the streets and into the stores on errands. Maybe we're entrusted with the only rays of sunshine that some people will see all day long.

Let us smile and look happy as we go about our work, too, in school or office or home. Work thrives better in the sunshine just as plants do, and maybe our smiles will make our fellow-workers happier in their tasks---our own will go better, anyway, that's sure.

Most of all, let us smile and look happy for our own dear ones when we gather together around the home table in the morning; or step into mother's room or grandmother's just at sundown to tell them how the day has gone; or run out to meet the tired father as he lifts the home latch after a hard day's work. These are the people to whom our sunshine means not the superficial cheering or the little extra touch of happiness---but the very warmth and heat on which their inner lives depend.---Young People.

It is a curious thing how people supprise us. In our vanity we begin to think we know them to the uttermost, and then one day, possible in a moment of emotion, a little secret door springs open in the smooth panel of their visible lives, and we see within a long, long corridor with other doors and passages opening away from it in every direction---the vast secret chambers of their lives.---David Grayson.

Address of Hon. J. Y. Joyner

Before the North Carolina Press Association at Montreat, July 1, 1915.

Realizing that the press is the most potent of all agencies in molding sentiment, in shaping public policies, and in promoting all movements for public welfare, I count it not only a pleasure and an honor, but a great opportunity as well, to speak to the member, of the North Carolina Press Association.

In my opinion, with the exception of the teachers and others actively engaged in educational work, the editors of North Carolina have contributed more for less pay than any others to the educational progress of this State during the thirteen years of my administration. With the exception of the public school, the public press is perhaps the greatest instrumentality for public education. Appreciating your activity and assistance in this great work in the past, I shall take the liberty of talking to you today informally, as to friends and coworkers in a great cause for the common good, about some of the most important parts of our educational program.

If time permitted, I should like to discuss with you three big problems that now hold important places on our program of educational work in this State:

1. RURAL EDUCATION.---Its adaptation to rural life, to the everyday needs of the country people that constitute 82 per cent of our population, preparing them to get the most out of all that is about them---soil, plant, and animal, the three great sources of wealth---and to use what they make and get in the best ways to enrich, sweeten, beautify, and uplift country life socially, morally, intellectually, spiritually, making it the ideal life that men will seek and love to live. The development of a type of country school by reasonable consolidation and local taxation, of not less than three teachers, adequately equipped in all respects to give such preparation, vocational and cultural, to country boys and girls, and to become the social, intellectual, industrial, and civic center of the whole community.

We have been working on this problem for some years and we are beginning to have some encouraging success in the establishment in a number of counties of farm-life schools, rural high schools, and consolidated rural district or community schools prepared to give instruction and training in rural-life subjects.

You are acquainted with this work and have given it your hearty support in the past, and I bespeak the same in the future.

2. MORE EFFICIENT TEACHING AND SUPERVISION.---Increased compensation, increased qualification, professional preparation, and professional protection for teachers and superintendents of schools, raising the most delicate and difficult of all work committed to man to the dignity of a profession requiring reasonable special preparation.

3. ADULT ILLITERACY ELIMINATION ---The limitation of the time, however, compels me to content myself with the briefest, statement of the first two problems, with which you are already familiar, and to devote the remainder of my time to the third problem, with which you are less familiar.

With 12.3 per cent of the total white population over ten years of age and 14 per cent o fthe white voting population unable to read or write, according to the last census, the editors of North Carolina will agree with the teachers and all other patriotic citizens that the reduction and final elimination of illiteracy is one of the first and most urgent educational duties—a duty already too long neglected. The recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Oklahoma Sufferage Amendment case adds new emphasis to this question of adult white illiteracy in North Carolina. In the enactment and enforcement of the compulsory attendance law for children between the ages of 8 and 12, conservatively stregthened later, will be found a most effective means for the limination of illiteracy in the rising generation and its prevention in future generations. The present crop of adult illiterates already beyond the reach of the regular public schools must be reached by some other means. They constitute an army of 132,189 native white illiterates, of which 49,710 are native white illiterates of voting age, 140 out of every thousand white voters unable even to read their ballots---an army marching under the black banner of ignorance, a prey to all the ills that follow in the wake of ignorance, a menace to all that is best in civilization in a democracy, doomed to darkness, inefficiency, intellectual and industrial bondage, ambitionless, hopeless, helpless, unless some effective means be found and found quickly for their relief and liberation.

This army of adult illiterates is an inheritance from former generations, from slavery, from an aristocratic instead of a democratic civilization, from civil war and devastation, the poverty, and the destruction of our school system and institutions that followed. It must inevitably handicap the progress of the State, discourage immigration of the desirable sort, and in the future, as in the past, invite the sneers of the scorner and the defamation of the witling to the shame and injury of the State for the next two or three generations, unless we find and put into immediate operation some effective means of reducing, and, if possible, eliminating adult illiteracy during this generation. It is our duty to the State and to these illiterates who are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, and who are not responsible for their illiteracy, to seek and find a way to reach and teach them without further delay.

These are the tragic facts about white illiteracy in North Carolina. Let them speak for themselves---speak to the hearts of men, to the love of humanity in men, to the sense of duty in men, to the judgment and the patriotism of men, to the desire for safety and self preservation in men!

By the accident of birth, the fortune of environment, the love of our fellow-men, expressed in private and public schools for us, here sit we smugly in the light; yonder at our doors are our brothers, thousands of them, in the shadow of the world, in the bitterness of darkness, in the bondage of illiteracy—mature men and women, old men and women, but children still---

> **"Children crying in the night,**
> **Children crying for the light,**
> **And with no other language but a cry."**

That cry, from the depths of some divine despair, rising from mountain-top and cove, from plain and and valley, ringing in tne ears of men, ascending to the courts of heaven---shall we not heed it? Duty points the way, conscience lights the path. Shall we not go down to them, these grown-up children, these lame ones---lame of mind, lame of soul, lame, so many of them, from their mother's womb; lame, most of them, because, in the landuage of one of them, they "hain't

never had no chance?" Shall we not go down to them, and bid them in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, "Rise up and walk?" Shall we not take them by the hand and lift them up, that they may gather strength to stand alone, to walk alone, to live in the light, to dwell in the darkness no more forever?

Editors of North Carolina, you have it in your power more than any others to get these facts before the people, to hammer them into their minds and souls until they are aroused to their manifest duty to these less fortunate brethern of theirs, to help in the presentation and the successful execution of the plans for the elimination of illiteracy in North Carolina.

I do not need remind you that you would be great gainers in the increased circulation, the appreciation, and the influence of your papers from the elimination of illiteracy and the dissemination of intelligence. I make my appeal on higher grounds to this body of men, confident that now, as in the past, they will respond promply and enthusiastically to the high call for the betterment of their fellowmen and the honor and safety of their State.

I do not need to say more, then, than simply in conclusion to outline in brief our plan for the elimination of illiteracy and indicate how you may help, through your papers, in the successful execution of these plans.

We have now in press for general distribution through the State Department of Public Instruction a bulletin of information giving the facts about illiteracy in the State and in each county, containing short arguments and appeals from the heads of a number of professional, civic, social, industrial, and agricultural organizations and orders of the State that have pledged their enthusiastic cooperation in this work. This bulletin will be used for carrying on the publicity campaign for getting the facts before the people and arousing them to action. It will, of course, be sent to every newspaper in the State first, the contents to be used by the editor as he sees fit supplemented, of course, by editorials from week to week.

This bulletin will be followed by another that will be a hand-book for the teachers and workers. This will contain twelve lessons, three a week for four weeks, in reading, writing, and arithmetic for adult illiterates, together with suggestions to the teachers. By an amendment to the school law, 1915, the names of all adults as well as nonadult illiterates in each school district are required to be reported in the school census of the district. Personal invitations and solicitation from friends, neighbors, associates in lodges and other organizations, and all other tactful means will be used to induce these illiterates to enroll in the "Moonlight Schools," which are simply night schools, conducted on moonlight nights, if possible, for the convenience of the country people in reaching the school.

These schools will be conducted in the schoolhouse or, if more convenient, in some other place, at least three nights a week for at least four weeks. Of course, we shall have to rely mainly upon the public school teachers to volunteer for the teaching. Many of them have already indicated their willingness to do this. Others will be given opportunity to volunteer at summer schools and teacher's institutes this summer and later at county teachers' associations. The teachers can always be relied upon to do their part in every altruistic movement for community improvement and civic betterment. This part of the work will necessarily be largely under the direction of the county superintendent, the teachers, the county board of education and committeemen, as it is distinctly educational.

The "Moonlight School" have proved successful in dealing with this problem of adult illiteracy in other places, notably in Kentucky, where they were first inaugurated about three years ago, in Rowan County, by Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart, at that time superintendent of schools of that county. The story of the movement in that State under her wonderful leadership is inspiring and the results have been marvelous. Largely as the result of the discussion of this subject at the annual meeting of the State Association of County Superintendents, at the Teachers' Assembly last November, eighty-two "Moonlight Schools" were conducted in twenty-nine counties in this State last year, enrolling sixteen hundred illiterates, of an average age of forty-five, most of whom learned to read and write. The forthcoming bulletin contains an exact reproduction of a letter written by an adult illiterate on the fourth night of his attendence upon one of these schools in Columbus County. These schools have, therefore, passed beyond the experimental stage.

Adult illiteracy will be one of the principle subjects emphasized this year during "Community Serv-

Steamship Disasters.

STEAMER	LIVES LOST
Titantic--April 14, 1912--Newfoundland Banks	1,595
Lusitania--May 7, 1915--Atlantic Ocean	1,100
Empress of Ireland--May 29, 1914--St. Lawrence River	1,024
General Slocum--June 15, 1904--East River, New York	959
Bourgoyne--July 2, 1898--Off Newfoundland Banks	871
Princess Alice--Sept. 3, 1878--Thames, Near Woolrich	700
Utopia--March 17, 1891--Off Gilbratar	574
Matsu Maru--March 23. 1908--Off Coast Of Japan	300
Ship Kapunda--March 29, 1897--Off Coast Brazil	289
Lady Elgin--Sept. 8, 1860--Lake Michigan	287
Excursion Steamer--April 24, 1909--At Monteviedo	200
Larchmont--Feb. 12, 1907--Long Island Sound	183
Volturno--Oct. 11, 1913--Atlantic Ocean	135
State Of Florida--April 18, 1884--Off Canadian Coast	128
Libau--June 7, 1903--Off Marseilles Cosst	100
Norge--June 25, 1894--Off Rockall Reefs	600
Nile River Steamer--April 8, 1912--Nile River	200
Eastland--July 24, 1915--Chicago River	980

ice" week early in October, and immediately following that week these "Moonlight Schools" will be opened and conducted for at least a month in all parts of the State.

Local organizations like the Farmers' Union, Junior Order, Women's Clubs, School Improvement Leagues, churches, Sunday-schools, etc; will be asked to cooperate with teachers and school authorities in securing attendance, in meeting any necessary incidental expenses, and in providing short social entertainments of various sorts to make the pupils of these schools feel at home and to make it pleasant and interesting for them.

The county papers will be asked to publish in their columns or in a little supplement each week's lessons a week in advance. The names and post-office addresses of the illiterates enrolled in the schools will be furnished the paper, with the request to send a copy of the paper containing the week's lessons to each pupil, who will be directed to to bring it to school with him each night. The paper will be in his text-book. As he learns to read, he will of course, have the balance of the paper for additional practice in reading.

Short news items from each district, some of them about happenings in these schools, in words and sentences comprehensible to adult beginners in reading, will be sent to the paper weekly. In this way they can be interested and encouraged from the start. If the country papers will cooperate with us in this plan, I believe that it will prove the most successful plan yet devised for teaching adult illiterates.

The printing of the lessons and the locals and the extra copies of the paper could not cost much. In addition to the sweet reward of an approving conscience for a valuble service rendered, the editors would, I believe, soon reap a financial reward in advertisement and increased subscription list. A very large majority of those to whom the paper was sent, as soon as they learned to read, would become permanent subscribers and grateful friends to the paper.

The editors and the teachers of North Carolina occupy the strategic position in this plan. Without their voluntary services, involving some sacrifices on their part, these plans cannot be successfully carried out: this work will fail, thousands of men and women, some of whom offered their lives for us in the time that tried men's souls, will be doomed to stumble on in darkness to the end of a joyless journey.

I know I can speak for the teachers of North Carolina. They never yet have turned a deaf ear to any worthy call of humanity; they never yet have flinched at any reasonable sacrifice demanded therefore. They'll do their part!

Editors of North Carolina, I've seen your mettle tried before and often. I've learned of what fine, sturdy stuff these Tar Heel editors are made. I know you'll do your part.

All together, then, for the elimination of illiteracy in North Carolina, for the emancipation of every man, woman and child from its tragic limitations!

Three Boys.

"Let me tell you," said Miss Frances Willard once in the Young Crusader, "about three splendid boys I knew once upon a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So the boys set in to help her. By taking a few borders, doing the work herself, and practicing strict economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt and gave each of sons a thorough college education. But if they had not worked like beavers to help her, she never could have done it. Her oldest boy, only fourteen, treated his mother as if she were the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on his big apron, and went to work with a will, washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on the table---did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do; and the two younger ones followed his example right along. Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer, or cards. They kept at work and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked but respected them. All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything boys like better. They all married noble and true women; and today one of these boys is president of a college, goes to Europe almost every year, and is in demand for every good word and work; and another lives in one of the most elegant houses of Evanston and is my own beloved physican; while the third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo and a member of the City Council."---Exchange.

A little thing comforts us because a little thing afflicts us.---Pascal.

Bill's in Trouble.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast.
To think the boy whose future I had once so proudly planned
Should wonder from the path o' right an' come to sich an end!
I told him when he left us, only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-plowin' in a mighty crooked row---
He'd miss his father's counsel, an' his mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.
I know thar's big temptations for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist;
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waiting snares,
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywheres.
But Bill he promised to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud;
But it seems as if my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,
And now the boy's in trouble of the wustest kind.
His letters come seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Bill was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road,
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame
An' in the dust'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short,
I just can't tell his mother, it'd break her poor ol' heart,
An' so I reckon, parson, you might break the news to her---
Bill's in the legislature; but he doesn't say what fur.

Three Agricultural Representatives Reviewed.

By M. M. Lee, in Harper's Weekly.

The Corn.

The corn is an industrial plant,
As even chronic grumblers grant;
Though all the world should stop and play,
'Twould keep on stalking night and day;
And though it has so many ears
It never tells a thing it hears.
It would be well did all abstain
From gossip, like this golden grain.

The Beans.

The beans, I fear, are wont to mix
From early youth in politics;
They're always clammering 'round the polls,
Aiming, methinks, at lofty goals;
And though it may appear to us
Their methods are circuitous,
I think that, like the suffragette,
The bean will surely get there yet.

The Lettuce.

The lettuce is a sleepy-head;
It lies the livelong day in bed;
And should we cause it to appear
At dinner, 'twill be late, I fear;
Not by persuasion, but by force
It comes---before dessert, of course---
And like as not by some strange hap
All curled up for another nap!
I wonder why they will invite
A thing so very impolite.

The Greatest of These is Charity.

It has been said that faith may be lost in sight, hope end in fruition but charity extends beyond the grave to the boundless realms of eternity. In numerous ways and methods can charity be exemplified. It may consist of the giving of alms and the extending of the hospitality of our homes to the stranger who applies for food and shelter. Once upon a time three strangers applied at the door of a tent for food and shelter. They were tired, travelstained and footsore. There was nothing about their personalities to distinguish them from the ordinary traveler of those early and oriental days. This mattered not, however, to the patriarch who occupied the tent. He gave them water to drink. He washed their feet. He prepared his festal board with a sumptuous repast, and before the feast was half ended he discovered that he had entertained three angles in disguise. So should we be careful whom we turn away. The stranger who applies at our doors for food and shelter may not be an angel in disguise, but the tattered garments which only partially covered his person, the dust grime of travel which conceal his identity may prove to be the livery of a good man and worthy subject of charity.

But charity does not consist entirely in the giving of alms; it also consists in the extending of the hand of love and sympathy to the man or woman who may have wandered from the beaten path of rectitude. It is alright to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. It is alright to visit the homes of the sick and vouchsafe relief to the habitations of the distressed. These are human benefactions and constitute a part of our duty to our fellowmen, but the hand that is outstreatched for the poor fellow who is down and offers to lead him back into the better way, is the hand that dispenses true charity. Food, drink, raiment will satisfy the physical needs, but the aching heart needs consolation and sympathy. Whenever a man or woman falls from those standards of morals which have been erected by the customs and usages of society, it is the tendency of the world to shove the erring ones down the hillside and make it almost impossible for them, through their own resources and initiative to retrieve themselves. The spirit of true charity is to restore the fallen ones to their feet again and lead them back to the top of the hill where the light shines and where the way is clear.

And thus we have dealt with two of the human virtues, friendship and brotherly love and the three graces, faith, hope and charity. These virtues and graces are the essential attributes which men and women must possess if they would fulfill the ideas which have been established since the creation of the race. They are the leaven that leaveneth the whole loaf of human happiness, and the man or the woman who is blessed with all of them is bound to scatter a whole lot of sunbeams in the world, and his or her good deeds will endure as precious, hallowed memories long after the possessors of virtues and graces shall have crossed the "silent river."---Mansfield Shield.

What is a Lie?

According to the short definition given in the dictionary, few of us will plead guilty of the vice of lying. But examine the word in all its bearing and see if this sin is not one of the most common in existence.

The following eignt definitions of a lie, presented in a sermon by Dr. Timothy Dwight, are worthy of serious consideration:

1. A statement which is known to be false.
2. A declaration which we believe to be false, but turns out in the end to be true.
3. Asserting what is not true when the assertion springs from a sinful neglect of examining.
4. Professing to declare the whole truth and yet concealing a part of it with the intention of deceiving.
5. So coloring facts as to make a wrong impression intentionally.
6. Flattery.
7, Alleging to support a cause or doctrine which we believe to be unsound, or in presenting those facts and considerations which we believe are entitled to some weight in such a way as to make them carry more weight than we believe they are entitled to.
8. Promise-breaking.

Who can lay his life down by these statements and declare that he has never told or acted a lie? Surely "all men are liars." Yet truthfulness is the most exalting and ennobling trait of men.---Biblical Recorder.

A certain nobleman well known to society, while one day strolling around his stables, came across his coachman's little boy on a seat, playing with his tops. After talking to the youngster a short time, he said:

"Well, my little man, do you know who I am?"

"Oh, yes," replied the boy; "you're the fellow who rides in my father's carrriage."

King's Mountain Battle Ground.

By Miss Bonnie Mauney.

MISS BONNIE MAUNEY.

The contributor of the accompanying story of the King's Mountain Battle Ground, is the daughter of Hon. and Mrs. W. A. Mauney, of King's Mountain. Mr. Mauney is one of the makers of that good town--he has left his impress on the town as a far-seeing and prosperous merchant and cotton manufacturer. He is an advocate of universal education. His daughter, manifesting at an early age a fondness for books, has never wanted for the best opportunities educationally or in other ways. She is a recent graduate of Elizabeth College, and is an attractive young lady of splendid talent and of extraordinary promise.

Eight miles south of the town of Kings Mountain and just over the the North Carolina line into South Carolina is a spot known and held sacred by all Americans as the birth-place of their freedom. This is the King's Mountain Battle Ground.

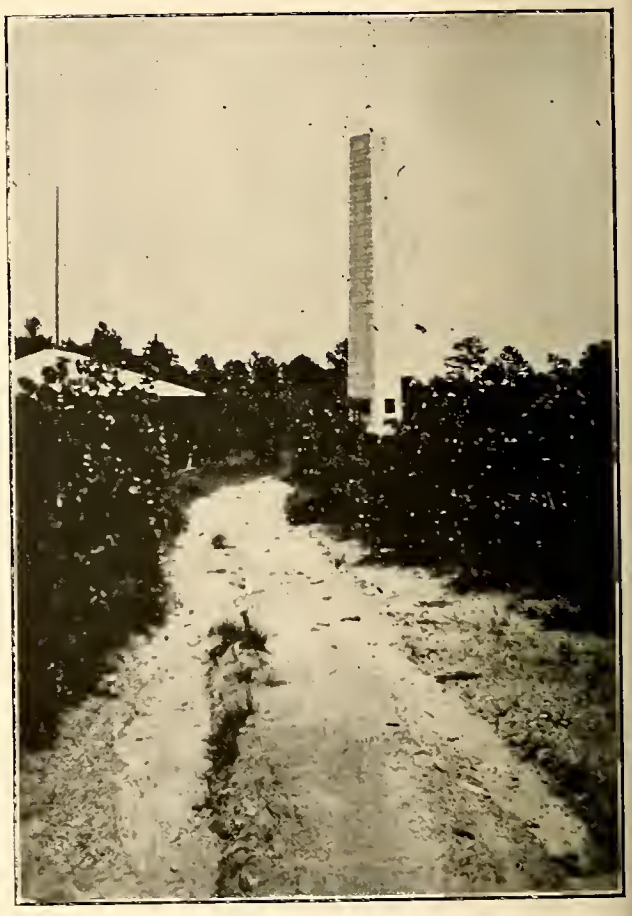
Contrary to what might be expected from the name, the battle-ground is not situated on the crowning peak of the mountain, but on one of the smaller ridges several miles southwest of the pinnacle. The ridge stretches from east to west about one-half mile, from north to south varying from fifty to two hundred yards. It stands about one hundred and eight feet higher than the surrounding country.

The present appearence of the battle-field is not very unlike what it must have been at the time of the battle. If the British and the Patriots could return for a peaceful reunion, I am sure that they would have no trouble in recognizing this as the scene of that horrible conflict on October 7, 1780. The most important differences in appearance are the several slabs and monuments erected by Americans as a grateful remembrance of the heroic deeds of their fore-fathers.

There is now a wagon road which traverses the western portion of the field and there are several paths which have been worn by the feet of those patriotic citizens who have visited the spot. But such visits are rather infrequent. The roads near this desolate ridge are poorly kept, hence they are in a bad condition—so bad that many tourists are prevented from going to the battle-ground. No human soul resides near the spot. Only the mountain peaks near by and the monuments keep eternal watch over the field "where valor proudly sleeps." The occasional singing of the birds in the distance, the babling of the brook at the foot of the ridge, the sighing of the winds through the pines on its slopes and the barreness of the great rocks on its summit bespeak the loneliness of the place.

History tells us that at the time of the battle, the summit where the British were stationed was almost devoid of trees. And such is the condition now. Shrubs and bushes break the view along the top of the ridge but unfolding itself on all sides except the North, is a beautiful panorama of hills and valleys. Descending on either side of the ridge we reach first a profusion of wild ferns and mountain laurel; farther down small oaks; and at the foot, the tall straight pines.

Our nation has in large measure shown itself grateful in marking this historic, yes, even sacred spot with memorials of stone. At the base of the mountain on the eastern side and very near the stream stands the oldest monument on the field. This rough stone about three feet high placed here in 1815 now shows traces of abuse and age. The inscription has grown dim and can scarcely be read. In 1914 the King's Mountain Association of Yorkville, S. C. erected a new slab of the same height as the



MONUMENT UNVEILED IN 1909.

It is the last one erected on the Battle Grounds, being the result of the energy and influence of Congressman E. Y. Webb. This monument, the picture having been taken from quite a distance and looks smaller than the first built in 1880, is 90 feet high.

old one and about three feet from it. The two stones bear the same inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Major William Chronicle, Captain John

MONUMENT UNVEILED IN 1880.

Mallocks, William Robb, and John Boyd, who were killed at this place on the 7th of Oct.1780 fighting in defence of America. Col. Ferguson an officer of his Brittanic Majesty was defeated and killed at this place on Oct. 7th 1780."

In 1880 what was then called the "New Monument" was unveiled. This monument is situated on the highest point of the field. It stands twenty-eight feet high with a base eighteen feet square. The inscriptions are cut on marble slabs and these are embedded in the granite masonry. But Americans were not satisfied with this tribute. Through the efforts of Congressman E. Y. Webb, who made a wonderful speech before congress and who gave in this speech an account of the battle and the present condition of the field and pointed out the expediency of erecting a grand structure there, funds were appropriated. On October 7, 1909 a shaft of white granite standing ninety ft. high and representing a cost of $30,000 was unveiled. Metal plates on the four sides bear inscriptions and on either side of the plates are handsome carvings in the stone. This Monument stands near the center of the field on the spot where the British forces were encamped.

Small stone markers show the spot where Ferguson was killed and where he was buried. His grave is a solitary one—about one hundred and fifty yards from the Big Monument in a lovely valley close between two hills. It has become a custom for each visitor to the grave to place a stone upon it and now the heap is more than two feet high.

This rough and lonely spot chosen by the British was indeed a most happy selection for the Americans. With the British on the summit and the American force sufficiently strong to surround the mountain, it is no wonder that—

"Here upon this lonely height,
Born in storm and bred in strife,
Nursed by Nature's secret might,
Freedom won the boom of life.
Song of bird, and call of kine,
Fluttering leaf on every tree,
Every murmur of the wind,
Impulse gave to Liberty."

A Palace In Miniature.

In the museum at Utrecht stands the most wonderful doll's house that was ever built, and which is probably the oldest in the world.

Its history dates back to 1738, at least, and since then it has been carefully preserved. It became the property of the museum by deed of gift in 1866.

Nobody knows just who ordered this delightful toy to be built, but there are many traditions as to its origin. One of these says it was carried out from the idea of a rich old lady of Amsterdam, living there in the seventeeth century Another, that it was a mark of devotion to an old grandchild, and yet another has it that this beautiful doll house was planned to carry out the whim of second childhood of a lonely old lady, who spent her last years in solitary exile.

The doll house became, by the time it was completed, a perfect little mansion, reflecting the taste and comfort of the home life of the wealthiest Dutch families of that century. The quiet, happy way in which they lived, the whole social order of the household, was here protrayed in full. In the drawing-room, exquisitely finished after the fashion of the day, were cupids in the corners of the ceiling, and roses in garlands; and on the stuffed sofas and ottomans about the carved tables sat and stood tiny men and women, dressed with absolute perfection.

Besides this bewitching "best room" are two bed-rooms, the nursey, pantry, the ironing-room and a splendid Dutch kitchen, fit for the best chief in the land to do his work in. In all these there are dolls "dressed to their part," and placed in a l sorts of positions.

The wonderful nursery is the most interesting of all these charming rooms, and then the beautiful flower gardens in the rear.

There are many shrubs in pots here, the famous Dutch tulips in there most brillant colors; there are pinks and other "posies" in prim rows---all as natural as life. In fact, it is hard to believe that this is a makelike garden, for the most famous workers of the day had it in hand, and left the impression of real life on the whole thing. There was a wish to make the doll house a very triumph of art.

In the year 1831 the beautiful rooms were despoiled of some of their treasures, but these the owner, Madame Pipersburg, did her best to replace. She saw the value of such a creation as a representation of the life of Dutch families in the long ago. The rooms spoke louder than history —louder than the paintings of that era.

The museum of Utrecht had won a prize, and Madame Pipersburg was proud to be the donor. The famous doll house was the epitome of a whole civilization, a monument, in its way, as wonderful as the pyramids—a splendid palace in miniature. —Baptist Boys and Girls.

GIRLS COULD STOP IT.

The girls of Lewis, Kansas, are refusing "to walk, talk or sit with cigarette smokers," says news item. Their example should be imitated. Almost any day you can see a young man walking along the street with a young lady puffing a cigarette, blowing the smoke in the woman's face. A cigarette fiend must smoke or have a fit, but the thing to do is to let him have a fit, or go off by himself and smoke.---Greensboro Record.

A woman who had some knowledge of baseball took a friend to a championship contest.

"Isn't that fine?" said the first. "We have a man on every base."

"Why, that's nothing," said the friend. "So have they."---Everybody's Magazine.

"All persons long for art, and the very highest art is open to all persons. If to live unselfishly is the ultimate beauty, then there is a chance for everybody to be a great artist."

"If Ye Can Find A Man."

After all, it is the man—the man behind the gun, or anything else—that counts. The man must first make the gun, and then operate it. "If ye can find a man" you can get anything done that ought to be done. However trite the saying "It is not more men, but more man that is wanted," it is nevertheless true. It is not quality, but quality in men that counts in the upward move of things.

In the numerous tributes paid recently to the late W. R. Nelson, the fact that it was his vigorous personality, his indomitable courage, and inspiring ideals behind the Kansas City Star that made that paper what it has been, and is, stood out in all plainness. It was the man that made the paper. And so it goes everywhere. It is the man that counts.

There is a wrong ruinous spirit in our age. Our time and our country are indictable for using men for making machines and organizations and wealth. instead of using all possible contrivances for making men. That is, we are more intent on building up commercial enterprise and values than we are in building up manhood. Man, the creator, is sacrificed to the creature. Converting human units into automatoms is impoverishing. Everywhere there is demand for a man. No matter what the profession or the project; there is need for a man behind it to insure certain and worthy attainment.

"If ye can find a man" in the ministry you can be sure of earnest, serious and fruitful work. Nowhere does the man count for more than in the ministry. And nowhere is there greater need of vigorous, virile, vital manhood. There is no place in the ministry for the weakling, or the coward, or the ignoramus.

The elements and evidences of a man may be summed up as follows:

A real man has a head. By this we mean he has the power to think, and makes diligent and conscientious use of this power. He thinks to the limit of his capacity on large and virtal problems, and is inlarged in his thinking by the thinking exercise and by the nature of the things about which he thinks:

The real man has a heart, and having a heart he feels and loves. He is sympathetic. He has an interest in and regard for others. He is not coldly and cruelly selfish.

The real man is a man with a purpose. He has some understanding of the meaning of life. He lives for something definite and worth while. He lives to make a life, and not a living. He is saved from the enervating effects of aimlessness. He moves in a way that leads upward, girding and gathering by an unswerving purpose.

The real man is a man of vision. He sees visions and is a rational, dreamer. He is far sighted. Often he lifts his eyes and looks way beyond hogs and cattle and stocks and bonds and all material things. He "endures as seeing him who is invisible."

The real man is a man with a creed. He believes something. He has convictions about the things he believes. The things he believes are things of value to him. He believes in the promotion of things in which he believes. He would die if need be for his faith,

—R. K. M., in Word and Way.

SEVEN GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Here are seven resolutions which, if followed, will help one to get on in the world peacefully and successfully:

1. I will not be provoking if I know it.

2. I will not be provoked, if I can help it, or, if I am, will not speak till I think it over, putting myself in the other fellow's place.

3. I will not be petty. I will pass over small annoyances without fuss or comment.

4. I will not insist on my own way because it is my own way. If the other fellow's is about as good, I'll take it.

5. I will say what I think and then drop the subject, especially if it seems a case of getting hot. Argument doesn't convince after that.

6. I will accept advice (even if I have not asked for it), think it over, and act upon it if it is good.

7. I will let the other fellow have the last word, the largest half, and all the credit if he wants it.

—Joliet Post.

Name the Kiddies.

Seventy-two thousand babies registered without names.

Apparent great reluctance on the part of fathers and mothers to furnish promptly the Local Registrars the given-names of their babies is causing the Vital Statistics Department of the State Board of Health lots of trouble. Babies' births are required to be registered by the attending physician or midwife within five days after birth. From the certificates of birth filed with the State Registrar, it does not appear that much over 10 per cent of the babies are named on the certificates.

There is a provision for filing the name of the child at a later date through what is known as a supplemental birth certificate but not many parents have availed themselves of this opportunity thus far. Of course the registering of the baby's birth as well as filing the supplemental birth certificate giving the name is done for the parents, free of charge.

Thus far, the Vital Statistics Department has been sending out double post cards to all parents of unnamed babies asking for the baby's name, but to send such cards to 72,000 mothers, costs nearly $1500.-00 a year, in postage alone. The funds at the disposal of the department will not permit continuing this practice, so hereafter the kiddies will have to do one of four things; either choose their names quickly before their birth certificates are made out, have daddy file a supplemental birth certificate, see that enough funds are appropriated by the Legislature so that a post card may be sent them for any missing information, or go without having their names rcorded by the State.

So It Does.—"I want to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly.

"You want to be what?," demanded the conductor.

"Don't lose your temper. I had to look in de dictionary myse'f befo' I found out dat 'procrastinate, means 'put off.'"

Two Irishmen were philosophizing Said Pat to Mike, "Did yez iver shtop to think that wan-half of the world don't know how the other half gets along?" "Your're right," said Mike, "and neither does the other half."

Pure Lithia
Water!
If You Need
Pure and
Uncontaminated
Lithia
Water
Write to
The
Lincoln
Lithia
Water
Company
Lincolnton, N. C.,
For Prices
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The Southern Railway Co.

The Premier Carrier of the South

THE HIGHWAY OF HELPFUL AND PROGRESSIVE POLICIES.

Identified as it is with the Southeastern Section of the United States, it is the purpose of the management of the Southern Railway Company to make its policies as helpful as may be practicable to the people of that Section.

Through its Land and Industrial Department and its Department of Farm Improvement Work it co-operates with the communities along its lines for the location of industries and of desirable classes of Farm Settlers and employs expert agents to co-operate with farmers seeking their advice as to improved farm methods, including diversification of crops, the building up of soil productivity, live stock raising and dairying. It has awarded scholarships in the State Agricultural Colleges of the States traversed by its lines to young men who would otherwise have been unable to avail themselves of an agricultural education. Realizing that the farmer who takes up the growing of new crops or the raising of live stock may be discouraged in his first season by the failure to market his products satisfactorily the Company has appointed market agents to give such information relative to markets, methods of packing, shipping, etc., as may be helpful to producers seeking their co-operation.

All of the co-operative development work of the Southern Railway Company is free to all persons in the territory traversed by its lines who may wish to avail themselves of it.

On matters relating to Southern development, or farm and factory openings, call on or address.

M. V. RICHARDS

Land and Industrial Agent

WASHINGTON, D. C.

364 Dr. Caroline Hyde Pratt

THE UPLIFT

August, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

The Gauge of Life.

They err who measure life by years,
  With false or thoughtless tongue;
Some hearts grow old before their time;
  Others are always young.
'Tis not the number of the lines,
  On life's fast filling page,---
'Tis not the pulse's added throbs
  Which constitute their age.
Some souls are serfs among the free,
  While others nobly thrive;
They stand just where their fathers stood;
  Dead even while they live!
Others, all spirit, heart and sense;
  Theirs the mysterious power
To live in thrills of joy or wo,
  A twelvemonth in an hour!
Seize, then, the minutes as they pass;
  The woof of life is thought!
Warm up the colors; let them glow
  With fire and fancy frought.
Live to some purpose; make thy life
  A gift of use to thee:
  A joy, a good, a golden hope,
  A heavenly Argosy! —*Selected.*

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord, N. C.

A HINT.

Any man or woman, who feels an interest in unfortunate youth, and can spare a day from pressing duties, can go out in the average town and secure without trouble at least twenty five subscribers for THE UPLIFT.

The purpose gives an opportunity for the telling of an interesting and engaging story---that of the conservation of youth, life.

The results of your efforts strengthens us---gives us the sinews for development and inlargements.

ONE MAN WITH BUT LITTLE EFFORT SENT IN 23 SUBSCRIBERS FROM STATESVILLE.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VII. CONCORD, N. C., AUGUST, 1915 No. 6

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The high office of "Grand exalted ruler and universal potentate" is, in these times of war, entirely confined to secret orders.

Cartoon: "The Kaiser has the Bear by the tail, and that frightened animal is going east at a breakneck speed." Is that Russian strategy or German kultur.

There is not always something in a name: Governor Brewer, of Mississippi, and Governor Rye, of Tennessee, are ardent and aggressive prohibitionists.

It is stoutly claimed by a knocker that Hay Fever is a fashionable disease—that only well-to-do professional men and retired folks with a plenty are ever afflicted with it.

They are pumping so much life and advertising into the Rotary Clubs that after a while the general public will wonder what they are. That's the way all new things start.

The vital statistics law of North Carolina is getting into fair working order. The reports are not complete, but enough is now known to assure us that nothing like "race suicide" threatens the state.

Having heard of Mr. Wanamaker's billion-dollar bid for Belgium, the Bulgarian government has rejected all bids up to date as too low, and it is presumably awaiting the effects of a new advertisement.

Columbia State: "Germany and Austria make 250,000 shells a day. Great Britain makes 250,000 shells a month. There's the history of the first year of the war in a nutshell." And the balance of the shells are furnished by neutral and peace-loving American manufacturers.

What in the world is the matter with the corn and cotton in the corporate limits of Charlotte? The crops are so ordinary that the fact brings forth considerable comment as the trains speed through the city limits. County Demonstrator Graeber should get after the Charlotte farmers.

The whole state, which has profited by the unstinted generosity which he practices towards her institutions, and which entertains for him the very highest esteem on account of his great heart, patriotism and worth, will be deeply touched by the bereavement that has overtaken General Julian S. Carr in the recent death of his wife, one of the state's noblest women.

The editor of the Charlotte Observer has taken to the platform; and the foot-lights didn't scare him one bit, if we are to judge by the patriotic and stirring address he so effectively delivered to the Commercial Club of North Wilksboro. There is no reason why the Programme Committee of the Cabarrus Home-Coming Festival should not prevail on Col. Harris to occupy the center of the stage and tell the story of progress of his native county from the year, say 1840 or thereabouts.

Latest defenders of the moon: Col. Varner, Editor Clark and Judge Justice. Even Col. Fairbrother tries to make us believe that he too is a "moonist." The world is getting so uppish and crazy abouts fads and Fords, that hundreds of youngsters have never been taught the difference between a "wet" and a "dry" moon. Those people who, as Col. Wade Harris says Doubting-Thomas-like, "set their clocks by the moon" were not at all surprised by the storms and wet times during this month.

The office of attorney-General of North Carolina seems to be the most attractive booth in the state government, if we are to judge by the number of hatless men in the state and those who are reputed to be willing to lose theirs. It's a position that must be filled by a professional man, and from a profession that in this state is rich in ability and high character. It can not, therefore, fail to be a brilliant race amongst smart and astute contestants.

That terrible accident in Wilmington, on the night of the 7th, when a small boat went to the bottom of the Cape Fear river, cost four precious lives. Just a moment's notice and death claimed them. It touched the heart of the state. Two brothers---Dr. Morris Caldwell and Mr. Clell Caldwell—two very fine fellows, enjoying the esteem of a wide circle

A CONVENTION CALL

The 26 Annual Convention of The North Carolina Branch of The International Order of The King's Daughters and Sons will meet in Concord, N. C., October 27th and 28th, 1915.

Each Circle is requested to send its full complement of Delegates, as the occasion will be one of unusual interest, being the Dedication of the Chapel erected by the Order. It is also urged upon the Circles that they make earnest efforts to respond to Miss Coltrane's correspondence upon the duty of organizing new Circles. This is most important for the life and activity of our Order, and can not be too strongly recommended to our members.

Further notice of the Convention will be sent to the Circles later, enclosing credential blanks, to be filled out and sent to Mrs. E. T. Cannon, Concord, Chairman of the Credential Committee.

Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn,
State President;
Mrs. Richard Williams,
State Recording Secretary.

of friends and with bright futures, with young and interesting families, and suddenly taken away, carries with it an intense shock. It is not often, in times of peace, that such a tragedy comes into the lives of parents such as this—they merit and have the deepest sympathy of the entire public.

If a city or town man desires to reform and return to nature's most inviting field, and lacks the courage so to do, all he needs to do is to ride out into the country and view the splendid crops, the planting of which did not ignore the power of the signs of the moon. If this sight does not fix him up right, then read the Progressive Farmer for one month. This will cure any timid man that longs to tickle the bosom of old mother earth. Having read the Progressive Farmer for a month, a man with red blood in his veins and a heart attuned to what is really beautiful and fascinating and entertaining and engaging---making old earth respond to kind and intelligent treatment---just can'tstay away from a lively interest in modern and progressive agriculture. The trick is turned.

MILITARY-ISM, NAVY-ISM, MONEY-ISM.

How easy it is to attempt to hide one's short-comings and faults by a muddy discussion of the faults and sins of others. The biggest thief in the neighborhood runs out and cries at the top of his voice "catch the thief," thus blinding the eyes of the public in seeing the real thief.

Nations are but composite wholes of individuals. They are heir to the very same sins of individuals but on a larger scale. None are guiltless, despite the grand-stand play attempted before the world in this war.

We hear much about military-ism, the awful thing that Germany cultivates and nurses from the cradle to the grave. The great students (?) of humanity condemn it; and England, having access to the entire world through the news agencies of all the earth, using the arts of the artful censor, sends out flaming pictures revealing the horrors of military-ism, and puts the world on notice that her titanic struggle in this great world-war is alone for the purpose of putting down military-ism. And the timid accept this view as accurate, and anxiously await for military-ism to overtake them and consume them alive.

In the press and magazines, special writers have turned loose varied stories of the sin of another nation—Navy-ism. England has been for years the mistress of the sea and there are those who see in navy-ism a greater obstacle to world progress and nation development than they see in military-ism. Navy-ism, they contend touches the affairs and lives of all nations, either for good or bad, while military-ism has to do most generally with internal affairs of a single nation. It is pointed out that the average business of the average man in any neutral country is more vitally affected and influenced by the operation of navy-ism than by military-ism. The existence of this power of England has wrought more disturbance in the affairs, as a whole, of all the countries than has all the military-ism of all the world in all history.

Coming near home, there are those who see the presence and existence of another sin; while not quite so murderous, it is equally as bad because it lives and thrives on blood and death---money-ism. They argue that the love of money has blinded individuals and public men to the moral wrong of running day and night, at fancy figures on enormous contracts, in turning out the engines of death and destruction for hundreds of thousands of people, who, except for this love of money run riot in peace-loving America, might live.

Those who see in money-ism the national sin of this country in this day of greatest disturbance, also see that the United States could alone bring this terrible war of the nations to a close within ninety days by simply, individually and collectively, living what she has been preaching ---Peace.

Military-ism, Navy-ism and Money-ism---these three, but who, in all this wide world, can accurately and truthfully name the greatest sinner among them?

GEORGIA'S TRIAL.

Whether Leo M. Frank was guilty or not of the murder of the little Atlanta girl, the courts said he was. Every court and every form of delay were resorted to in his behalf without avail. His case was reviewed by the Pardoning Board of the state, and by a vote of two to one it declared against Frank's appeal for mercy.

Governor Slaton himself reviewed the case, set aside the verdict of the courts, disregarding the findings of the Board of Pardons, and commented about his own commutation act in rather a spectacular manner---at any rate in a manner that was calculated to stir up bad blood already at a boiling heat. The Governor's act, however, settled Frank's fate so far as the law was concerned and there is no doubt that the Governor was wholly within his rights. But all this made of Frank, who from printed and verbal statements must have been terribly depraved, a hero.

Add to this the spectacular write-ups, the illustrations and the maps, which the press has seen fit to parade before their readers, give the whole horrible affair a prominence that promised no good to anyone. Georgia is to be pitied for the part played by the cowardly mob. The whole State must suffer and become the victim of the scoffers on the outside for an act committed by a few lawless folks. The fact that Frank was made a hero, makes Georgia's shame more conspicuous to the outside world. Bad as it is, doubtless Georgia's pride reasons, it is no worse than has been upon times committed in every state of the Union. But that does not excuse Georgia, the self-styled "Empire State of the South."

Though the whole affair from the beginning to the end is inexpressibly bad, it grows worse when we think of the very strong possibility that this very lawless act, going unwhipped

by law and justice, may be the suggestion and the incentive for other mobs to operate in other cases. The great illustrated and hero-like publication attending the whole Frank affair can result in no good, and it certainly was not edifying.

JOSEPH MARTIN REECE.

Joseph Martin Reece, the owner and editor of the Greensboro Daily Record, died on the 24th of this month, after a number of weeks of great suffering from an affliction that baffles medical skill everywhere. For several weeks prior to his death he was constantly in a state of unconsciousness.

Mr. Reece was born June 11th, 1848, at Jamestown, on the Southern Railway, in Guilford county. At an early age his parents moved to Greensboro. He learned the printer's art, and for several years he worked at the case in several offices; and afterwards ran job offices of his own. On November 17th, 1890, Mr. Reece and his life-long friend, Mr. H. J. Elam, started the Greensboro Record, which soon after passed into the hands of Mr. Reece and his family.

Joseph Reece was in a class all by himself as an editor; no one wrote editorials like he did and no one conducted a paper like he did---he had his way, purely original and according to his own ideas of fitness. It was always an interesting journal, for it dealt with the things that were happening and Editor Reece expressed his own honest opinions regardless.

A more likable man can no where be found: manly, honest, cheerful, sincere, straightforward and dependable---these were his great asset and through them and by them, coupled with energy, they made him a splendid estate. Though childless, he was deeply interested in the child's things and the child's world. In him the children and especially the unfortunate had a genuine friend.

Greensboro in particular and the state at large has lost one of its best and most useful citizens.

What the force in the Record office said about the dead editor, their employer, the same appearing in the paper on the day of his death, forms a real genuine boquet surpassing in beauty and charm wagon loads of flowers gathered here and there---those boys knew him.

MR. BLAIR ANALYZES THE SITUATION.

Rev. Hugh M. Blair, editor of the North Carolina Christian Advocate, the popular organ of the Western North Carolina Methodist Conference, cooly and deliberately analyzes the situation occasioned by the sinking of the British ship, Arabic. After giving the size of the ship, the number of persons aboard and the nationality of the human freight it carried Editor Blair proceeds to size up, in most forceful and logical manner, the attitude assumed by the thoughtless, the prejudiced and blood-thirsty as follows:

"As far as reports now have it there was no warning given by the submarine, nor did the Arabic attempt to escape. Two American lives are reported lost.

When one says what he will do if such or such an event occurs, he then weaves a net for his own entanglement and embarrassment. It is a pedagogical law never to tell a pupil what will come to pass if he does or does not do so and so, for by doing so a teacher entangles himself to be true to his word no matter what the conditions may be, and we know conditions are so changeable we can never foretell them. And this is a most worthy, dignified and excellent rule applied in any individual's or any nation's life. So it is rather unfortunate our government should ever have said what it would or what it would not think should another American lose his life in the danger zone.

Apart from such regretable diplomacy, however, there are many paths yet left open whereby war, or even an unfriendly breach with Germany, may be avoided.

From a glance at the editorial opinions as culled by the associated press last Sunday morning it would seem that the editors of leading American newspapers have gone mad in conspiring to do England's fighting for her, and the unfortunate situation in the United States is that the reading public believes what the prejudiced editors say. The ignorant editor and the ignorant swallower-down of what he thinks have never read any side but the highly-colored London and Paris side, and it does seem that England's press has so "pulled the wool over America's eyes" that John Bull will be using Uncle Sam's long arms and fingers to scratch the chestnuts out of a very hot fire for him, just as the fabled monkey used the cat's paws, or just as poor France and Russia are scratching around in hot ashes today in order that England may continue her role of domineering the sea and gobbling up all the land of the globe.

It is a great pity that men are not sufficiently unprejudiced to read such authentic magazines as the Yale Review and The Open Court, periodicals edited by the wisest of modern American philosophers.

No one denies the right of Americans to travel the seas, and so has a man the right to stand on the railroad track in front of an approaching train, but he is none the less a fool for doing so, and a nation fighting to defend such action is as foolish as the man. American citizens were warned to get out of Mexico and to keep out. Why should they not be warned in the present instance?"

RECALLING "HEROES."

"The papers are discussing the pioneers in North Carolina public education and give deserved credit to Aycock, Jarvis, McIver, Joyner, Noble, Moses, Battle, Scarborough and Alexander Graham. Some of these men are dead and a few of them are with us yet. All are worthy of the honor of the State. But not a word has been said about the two men who compelled an unwilling Legislature to make the first appropriation direct that was ever made to the public schools, and thus turned the tide of popular sentiment in favor of universal education. One of these men, John B. Holman, of Iredell, drove the bill through the House, and the other, Stephen McIntyre of Lumberton, passed it in the Senate. Holman has gone to his reward; McIntyre's in the prime of his power, senior member of the greatest law firm in the state of Robeson. When you are flinging your roses around, gentlemen, you must not forget these heroes."—Charity and Children.

And when you are "flinging your roses around," let us not forget what a scramble that brave soldier,

John C. Scarborough, found in the educational cause in North Carolina and what he had to contend with to make a start with no one scarcely in favor of public education.

And don't forget to fling a rose at Maj. S. M. Finger, who conceived the building of an institution, in which women might have approximately the same chance that the state gives the boys. It was he who worked out the campaign that brought to the state the State Normal at Greensboro, and he it was that knew men sufficiently to locate Chas. D. McIver and Edwin A. Alderman and place into their hands the commission to go up and down the state and preach that gospel. They did it. Their campaign was one of the most brilliant events in the history of the state. McIver has left us—Alderman is still with us. It was a noble pair, and their great accomplishments reflect credit upon the genius of the late Major Finger in knowing how to size men up and give them the power to come into their rightful own.

And, Mebane. Sanwiched in here at a critical time in the state, when the atmosphere was charged with feelings from crossed wires, and handicapped most miserably by conditions, he made a record little short of giving statewide satisfaction. No man ever had more obstacles to overcome from within and without. He began the real organization of the business side of the great office of State Superintendant. Roses here, too.

And the late General Toon, who in a short service discovered the most fatal defect of the educational system, that of dividing up the school fund into so many parts in weak districts with miserable houses and who, to remedy this evil, began the campaign to consolidate districts into larger and stronger ones and to give the rural child the comforts he was entitled to in better and more attractive school buildings---to him let us fling roses after roses. Death claimed him before realizing the glory of the accomplished fact; but there came to the task one, Hon. Jas. Y. Joyner, than whom the state has never known his superior as an organizer and who usually gets what he goes after---and here you need your roses and then some.

Equality.

By R. O. Everett of Durham.

R. O. EVERETT.

EQUALITY! That is the principle; the principle which distinguishes us as a people from all who have gone before us and likens us, I pray God, to all who may come after us. It is not alone a principle of government to be discussed on election day; it is a philosophy of life, controlling man in all his activities. You must assume one of two mental attitudes in all your relations with your fellowmen. If you concede to others all that you claim for yourself and demand for yourself all you concede to others, your mental attitude is that of equality. But if you claim more for yourself than you concede to some and grant to some more than you claim for yourself, your mental attitude is that of inequality. As a code of conduct, equality is based on the Golden Rule, embodying the principle of the fatherhood of God ond the brotherhood of man. Inequality, as a code of conduct, is based upon selfishness, embodying brute strength, recognizing in one an inferior and in another a superior. By one or the other of these attitudes every man is goverened, not only in political conduct, but in the everyday affaires of life. And no man who believes in equality as a rule of political faith can be a snob or a monopolist or an oppressor of his fellowman in his private relations. A government which stands for equality is so only as a manifestation of the underlying principle of the people, and is not a cause but a result.

Killed by Fear.

"Although I was on the plain when buffaloes were there by the hundreds of thousands," said an old-time locomotive engineer, "I never killed but one, and I didn't mean to do that. "The experience happened during the year in which the Sante Fe railroad was opened up through Kansas, and the engineer's story is a part of an interview which he had with writer for the New York Sun. "One day," said the engineer, "my train was held up not far from Dodge City, Kansas, by a great herd of buffaloes that were traveling south. I ran as near to the herd as I could get, and then stopped to wait until it passed, for I might as well have dashed my engine against a strong wall as tried to force a way through that living mass.

"Of the buffaloes that could see us,—those on the edge of the herd, —only one seemed to be disturbed by our intrusion on that vast prairie, and this was an enormous bull. He actually towered head and shoulders above his fellows. He was near the head of the column, and left the ranks when he stepped upon the railroad. He advanced toward the locomotive until he was within a few yards of it. Then, with nose to the ground, he pawed the dirt and bellowed snorting defiance, showing every disposition to resist our coming into his domain.

"As he stood there in the middle of the track in challenging attitude, I pulled my whistle valve wide open. Such a wild piercing, hair-raising shriek as that locomotive let go had never split the air in that far Western country before. It struck the great bull with such terror that he rose on his hind feet as if he had been shot by a blast. An instant he stood that way, terrorized, and then he toppled over like a falling tree and came down in a heap across the track, making everything tremble. He was dead, literally frightened to death by the shriek of that locomotive.—Ex.

SOME STUNTS IN LIVE STOCK.

By Jim Riddick.

The awakening along progressive agricultural lines in North Carolina is all but marvelous. The thought is inspiring. There are ideals and ideals; theories and theories.

Way back yonder, before stock-law days, everybody in the country, small towns and villages, had cows and calves, sheep, goats and hogs. Many a cow sold for ten and twelve dollars—that was enough; many a village store had home-made bacon and not a soul thereabout had ever seen western meat. That was in the days when vast uncleared areas prevailed and were the pasturing grounds of the public, without limit or price.

Stock-law came in. The non-land owners disposed of their roaming cattle and pine-rooters; and many land-owners felt the making of pastures an impossibility; so they reduced their stock to one cow and sometime went out of the business entirely.

They did without milk and butter; they let the baby boy hitch up the family dog instead of the billy-goat; they got their flour and meat from the west—all because the great public grazing grounds were by law abolished. The thinking, thoughtful, hopeful people, however are coming into their own again.

Rotation, grain, stock, intensive farming, these are the subjects that interest live farmers. Improved stock is the goal. The ten dollar cow and the fifty cent pig are now unknown. The $40, $50, $75, and $100 cow is the order of the day. And these be not fancy peices for a good animal, such as the Shufords, Lutzs and hosts of others are bringing into the state.

This new order of things has brought with it certain evils that follow in the wake of great and enthusiastic movements.

It is a modern disease that attack the novice and the undefendable. It does not attack the real and sound man. The disease has come to be known as "Cowliars." It's an invisible dicease, nevertheless very painful if one gets fully exposed to it.

Bion H. Butler, the new North Carolinian, who is doing so much for the state by his vigorous and interesting letters, that "slop over with opportunities" discovered in his adopted home, escaped this new disease. In the course of a recent letter to the News and Observer, when referring to the purchase of a family cow says:

"I don't recall the various debates over the subject, but in the course of time we had a letter from Hickory and Shuford told us he had some high-priced cows, and some lower-priced ones, and some other ones, but just at that time he did not believe he had one that was just what he wanted.

I got to thinking about Shuford then, and it occured to me that we would know more of him before the committee erects that monument over us, for a man who has a lot of cows and is frank enough to say that he does not have exactly what a prospective customer really needs, can't be suppressed."

Go out into the open market and you'll soon learn what this disease is. Cowliars is a real thing that novices in the creamery business must necessarily get tangled up with.

Making a Success.

We read some time ago of a father whose son, after graduating from a medical college, was located for the first year or two in the hospital. After a few months he wrote to his father, an humble farmer far out in the country, that his life was a failure and that he felt some times like giving up. His father, alarmed by the message, hastened to the distant city to see his boy. The young man explained that he was making very little money and saw no immediate prospects of saving much money. Then he took his father with him through the wards to visit the sick. The old man watched his son as he ministered unto the hepless babies and suffering women; he saw how the young man with his skillful touch was bringing health and happiness back to many a life. When they had left the ward, the old man looking straight into the eyes of his son, as he grasped his shoulders with his rough hands, said: "My boy, if you stay here and keep on doing this blessed work, I'll go back to the farm and work a little harder, if need be, to make a living for both of us. Your life is counting for something: it is not a failure." May we all catch the vision that this old man had. The successful life is not measured by the dollar mark, but is measured by the capacity to serve a suffering world.

—Baptist Standard.

A BRILLIANT WOMAN PASSES

MISS FANNIE E. S. HECK,
Raleigh, N. C.

In Woman's Page in Everything of August 28th we find this:

Miss Fannie Heck, of Raleigh, a leader in church work and one of the best known and universally loved women in the South, passed away Wednesday after a long and painful illness. Miss Heck was one of the organizers of the Woman's Club, of Raleigh, and always an enthusiastic advocate of organized womanhood. Her death removes from North Carolina and the South one of its best and most useful women.

Taking Things as They Come.

A man who had never seen the inside of a law court until he was recently introduced as a witness in a case pending in one of the Scotch courts, on being sworn, took a position with his back to the jury and began telling his story to the judge.

The judge in a courteous manner said: "Address yourself to the jury, sir."

The man made a short pause, but, not comprehending what was said to him, forthwith continued his narrative. The judge was then explicit, and said to him:

"Speak to the jury, sir—the men sitting behind you on the benches."

The witness at once turned round, and, making an awkward bow, said, with great gravity of manner:

"Good morning, gentlemen!"

The world's coals upply is estimated at 7,397,533,000,000 tons.

Wade Harris, of The Observer Banquetted

At North Wilkesboro, in the great and fast developing county of Wilkes, on the night of August 16th the Wilkes Commercial Club gave a banquet in honor of Col. Wade H. Harris, editor of the Charlotte Observer.

Copying from a news report, we gather the following programme of the interesting and edifying event:

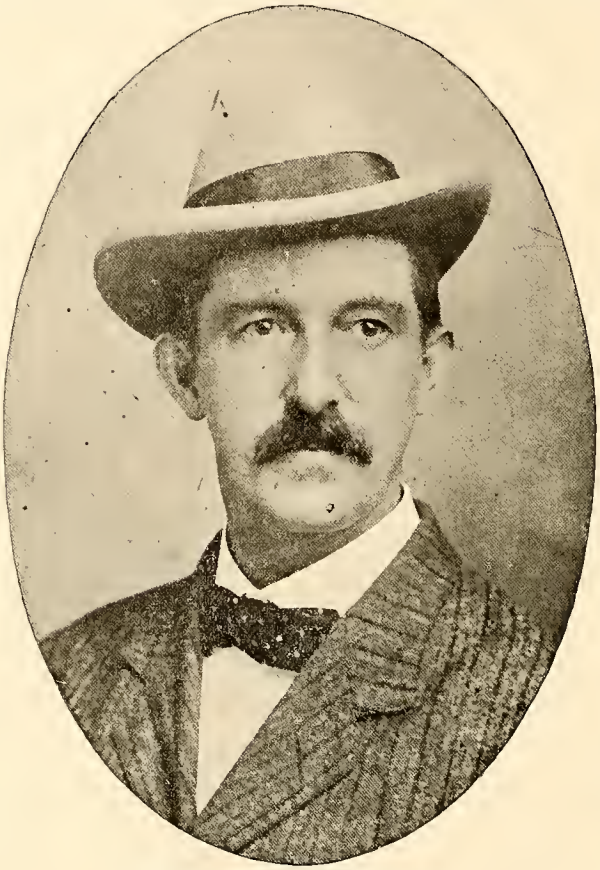
T. B. Finley acted as toastmaster and the following men responded to toasts: "The Lumber Business of This Section," J. B. Norris. lumberman; "Civic Improvement," Mayor A. E. Spainhower; "Climatic Advantages of Wilkes," Rev. Edward Long; "Good Roads for Wilkes County," H. W. Horton; "Co-operation in Town Building," J. J. Rogers; "Tanning Industry of North Wilkesboro," J. C. Smoot, tanner; "Railroads," J. L. Clements, agent for Southern Railway; "Transportation Problem We Must Face," J. E. Finley, banker; "New Outlets to the West," H. C. Landon, general manager of the Watauga and Yadkin River Railway; "Wilkes County in History," J. G. Hackett, postmaster.

The closing speech was by Col. Harris, the guest of honor. It is so unique and so suggestive of the possibilities in the life of the state and especially that part embraced in the mountain sections, that the address merits thoughtful reading. THE UPLIFT regrets its inability to reproduce Col. Harris' entire speech before the Commercial Club

Of all men not mountaineers, Editor Harris has rung clearer, editorially and otherwise, his endorsement of all movements looking towards opening of the great mountain sections of the state, and stringing them to the ballance by wire and rail. He has done it so religiously and frequently that many folks actually believe that Wade Harris is himself a product of the mountains, say Watauga or Alleghaney, or Ashe or Avery or any of the others, having slipped away and got appropriated by Charlotte.

At that banquet Col. Harris said among other things:

"I stand tonight in the fulfillment of a pleasure of long anticipation in finding myself among the people of Wilkes and embarking on a tour of a railroad development that is opening up some of the dormant wealth and resources of this section to the outside markets. The mountain region of North Carolina can be likened to a vast treasure house of the fields, forest and mines, locked out from the world and its people with it. But the key has been found and the doors are swinging open. The key is the railroad. Your own line leads you into the very interior of the storehouse from which, in order to take, you have but to give in exchange. The barriers have been removed from a stream of wealth long obstructed and stagnant, and now set pulsating with the ebb and flow of the tide of industry and commerce. The railroad development in the mountain counties, now happily progressing after long years of waiting and discouragements, is of vaster significance than our people have yet come to realize. It means an impetus to the progress and prosperity of the State not at this time dreamed of. Coincidentally with the opening of these Western counties to the world, will be the opening of the eyes of the world, itself.



WADE HAMPTON HARRIS.

Guard Secret Code Book.

Few things are so jealously guarded as the secret code book of the United States navy. It is a book of signals---not the ordinary "wigwag" signals used in the daily direction of the fleet by a commanding officer---but a code of signals to be used solely in time of war and in the presence of an enemy.

These secret code books are issued only to executive officers of a ship who are enjoined to protect them against theft by every possible means. These books are threatened not so much by the ordinary thief as by secret emissaries of other governments who desire to obtain knowledge of what our battleships would do in time of action. Governments have no scruple against theft in such cases.

The loss of one of these secret code books by an officer, unless explained to the entire satisfaction of the secretary of the navy, would mean court-martial and probably expulsion from the service. To the honor of our service, no officer has ever yet been brought up on a charge with loss.

The books are bound in heavy metal covers so that in time of threatened capture they may be thrown overboard, sinking at once to the bottom of the sea, and thus avoiding seizure.

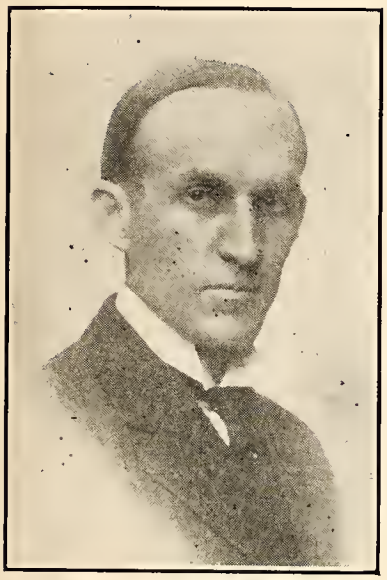
Close Shave.

A prominent eastern bishop, noted for his piety and humor, was recently asked by one of his parishioners, why it is that the pictures and figures of men angels, as well as female angels, are represented without beards.

The bishop promptly replied that it seemed easy enough to make angels out of women, but that men could only get into heaven by a close shave.

Put love into the world, and heaven, with all its beatitudes and glories, becomes a reality. Love is everything. It is the key of life, and its influences are those that move the world.---R. W. Trine.

A WHOLESALE CASH GROCERY.



CLARENCE O. KUESTER.

The Kuester-Lowe Grocery Company, a wholesale concern of Charlotte, is nearing the first year's experience on a strictly cash basis. Mr, Kuester, the live-wire booster of Charlotte and everything else that wins his admiration, decided in the fall of 1914 that there was disturbance in the air---that it behooved all good and wise men to stay where the water could be waded and in water neither too hot nor too cold.

The store which he manages was loaded to the rafters with canned goods and other things that find a welcome in a wholesale grocery store; the stores of his many cnstomers about over the state and even in South Carolina had all the standard canned goods that they needed for some time, for, to quote Mr. Kuester himself "there was that something in the air that told all men to stay close to shore; quietly everybody began to economize except in automobiles (that craze is on, come what will) and the old shoes were made to last through winter; hats and pants of last Summer's vintage had to do service this year; the fancy rations were curtailed; people who formerly went to fashionable sea-side resorts and other fashionable places contented themselves with finding a nook in our own delightful mountains, where things are plain and inexpensive. And with this condition foretold last fall, it gave me the nerve to inaugurate the CASH SYSTEM."

"Does it work," he was asked.

"Work," he exclaimed, "its the workingest thing ever started in this country. My customers like it---they can see their way---they are not embarrassed---they are on the safe side---and among them there are no broken hearts, broken purses or broken hopes. Nobody has done the volume of business that was done last year, but it was a satisfactory and safe business."

There is but one other strictly cash wholesale grocery concern in the South, outside of the Kuester-Lowe Grocery Company.

Bryan Is Right.

All over this country there has been turned loose no little criticism of William Jennings Bryan, much of it due not to his recent acts but in keeping with a habit some folks had. The recent course of this great American was more the occasion to criticise him than from actual cause.

But whatever view we may or may not have of Mr. Bryan and his course this utterance by him on the night of the 22nd, after the editorial expressions occasioned by the sinking of the Arabic had been assembled, is pure, hard sense. Its stands out among all the prejudices and feelings of the time as thoroughly sound and honest:

"I have read the editorial opinions concerning the sinking of the Arabic as those opinions were reproduced in Sunday morning papers, but they seem to avoid the most important question. The real question is not whether American citizines have, under international law, a right to travel through the danger zone on the ships of belligerent Nations. That is admitted. The question just now is whether an American citizen should put his convenience or even his rights above the nation's welfare. If American citizens refuse to consider their own safety or the safety of the Nation, then a second question arises, namely, whether the Government should permit a few persons to drag the country into this unparalleled war."

"Our Government has made its protest and there is no doubt that the question taken is abundantly supported by precedent, but that does no necessarily mean that we are going to war. Diplomacy has not yet concluded its work, and even if diplomatic efforts fail, we have recourse to the treaty plan which must be resorted to in case of desputes with Great Britain, France, Italy and Russia, and should be resorted to before going to war with any other belligerent Nation.

"If the treaty plans fails, we still have a choice between entering this war and the postponement of final settlement until peace is restored. In the meantime it will be well to think of the thousands or possibly the hundreds of thousands who would be sacrificed if we enter the war; these brave men are certainly entitled to consideration as well as the few who by deliberately incurring unnecessary risks bring harm upon themselves and danger to their country.

"It is time for unneutral portion of the press of the United States to lay aside its bias and unite in helping the President to keep the country out of war.

"The pro-Ally papers are insisting upon war with Germany, the benefit of the Allies, and the pro-German papers are insisting upon an embargo on arms and ammunition for the benefit of Germany. If these two groups of papers would join together and urge measures to restrain American citizens from going into the danger zone on belligerent ships, and prohibiting American passenger ships from carrying arms and ammunition---if they would do this they would aid in preventing war and in reserving for our Nation the priceless opportunity to act as peacemaker when the time for peace arrives."

Adam Surely to be Pitied.

Adam was the first citizen of his time, but there could not have been much satisfaction for him in that.

Election day was just like any other day to Adam. The joys and the sorrows of the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November he never knew. He never marched behind a band or never carried a transparency, or shouted himself hoarse for a stout stranger in an automobile.

Not for Adam the bulletins on the screen, not for him the glad shoving to and fro in a crowd of patriots blowing fish horns. Not for him the thrilling news that somebody had carried the Twelfth precint of the Forty-fourth ward by nine votes.

Poor old Adam! Unsought by candidates, undisturbed by machines uninitiated in the mysteries of marking a ballot, he must have led an empty and colorless life.---New York News.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight packed up in bundles than when it lies flapping and hanging about his shoulders.---Fuller.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Mrs. W. A. Perkins, of Fayetteville, spent a few days recently with her son, Sam Phillips at the Institution.

Charlie Randolph, of Kinston, N. C. has recieved an honorable discharge. Everyone wishes him success in his new life.

Tne last boy to enter the institution was William Garrett of Graham, N. C. He arrived here only last Saturday but he is already at home among the boys.

Mr. T. V. Talbirt made a present of a half a bushel of apples to the printing office boys. They wish to express their appreciations for his kindness in giving them such a nice treat.

The following boys have received boxes from home: Will Hill of Saluda; Morris Lefkowitz, of Greensboro; Henry Dubois, of High Point; Paul Roberts of Shelby; and Odell Gregory of Winston-Salem.

Mr. Frank Turner, of Asheville, N. C., who has been spending some time in New York City, stopped over on his way home at the Training School to see Mr. P. W. Shaw, an officer at the school.

A donation of four pictures has been made to the Cook Literary Society by Mr. H. E. Isenhour, cottage officer. A collection was made sufficient to frame these pictures which will go to beautify our society hall.

The following people have made short visits to the school during the past month to see relatives: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sanderford, and their daughter, Miss Helen Sanderford, of Raleigh; Mr. and Mrs. Moody, of Saluda; Mrs. W. A. Perkins, of Fayettville; Mr. Parker, of Lillington; and Mrs. M. L. Lancaster, of Winston-Salem.

The King's Daughters held their meeting out here at the school this week and the boys enjoyed it very much, and especially the vocal solos sung by Mrs. Womble. The boys gave a few recitations to add to the program of the evening. The boys were very glad to have the King's Daughters to come and hold their meetings at the Training School.

The officers elect for the Stonewall Literary Society are as follows: President, Harrison Byrd; Vice President, Sam Phillips; Critic, William Elkins; Treasuer, J. C. Fisher; Secretary, Wayne Allen; Censor, Robert Lloyd; Reporter, Gordon Kimball; Librarian, Earl Murphy. These officers will take their seats next month. It is a very good staff of officers and all of them are familar with their duties.

The Training School baseball team suffered a defeat last Saturday at the hands of the Rocky River team in a score of 8 to 1. The game was a very good one and neither side scored until the sixth inning when the locals started off the scoring by bringing in one runner. This was all they made. The other side came in and tied the score in the next inning. When our team returned to the field they loosened up and let the visitors score 7 more runs before they could check them again. It is not often that we suffer a defeat like this.

At the last election of officers for the Cook Literary Society the following officers were elected:

Harry Baker, President; Howard McCormick, Vice-President; Robert Klouse, Recording Secretary; Adrian Dudley, Corresponding Secretary; O'dell Gregory, Treasurer; Royall Mumford, Librarian; Elias Smith, First Reporting Critic; Julian Pope, Second Reporting Critic; Howard McCormick, Query Committee; Fred Costan, Executive Committee; Robert Lewis, Sergeant of Arms; and Frank Hewlett, Reporting Editor. This is comparatively a new organization, but it has made much progress during the few months that it has been organized.

The Cone Literary Society of the King's Daughters Cottage have a good set of officers for this term. The Reporter is doing extra fine work by getting up interesting items of the society and submitting them to THE UPLIFT reporter to let the people of the state see what the society is doing for the boys. All of the boys take a great deal of interest in their society and it has developed a few speakers that will make their mark in the world as orators some day. The boys have their fun as well as work, but we do not want to leave the impression on the people that it is all fun for it is not. Only last meeting one of the members suggested the idea of buying some society pins with our motto on it, which is "Excelsior." The members discussed the idea and finally a motion was made to appoint a committee to look into the matter. The motion was carried by a large majority.

Thursday, Aug. 19th, the annual County Sunday School Convention was held at Poplar Tent Church in No. 2 township, and the boys of the Training School went. The going was a great feature to the boys. Two picnic vans, a two horse wagon, three buggies and a surry were the vehicles used to convey the Training School family. It was soon found that thirty-eight boys was too great a load for our two big mules, and the kindness of Mrs. V. C. Caldwell enabled us to add another wagon and team, and this relieved the strain upon the Trnining School horses. The school sent a class to compete for the loving cup that was offered to the class who sang the old time hymns the best. The boys tried hard to bring back the prize, but they were out-classed in their singing by the choir from Rocky River. The Training School class received honorable

mention, but they were proud of this honor as there were a number of choirs competing. The event of the day that was participated in by all the boys, and we might say the most enjoyable one was the bountiful dinner that was served the boys by the good people of Poplar Tent. The boys ate of the good things to their full satisfaction, and came away having a warm spot in their hearts for those of Poplar Tent, who were thoughtful enough and big hearted enough to provide for them in such a pleasing and abundant manner.

"Character is Made By **Many Acts,** IT MAY BE LOST BY A SINGLE ONE."

Jenny Lind's Salute

Fifty years ago, when Jenny Lind was singing in New York, the American frigate, St. Lawrence, returning from a cruse abroad came into the harbor. The young midshipmen, on the first night of their shore leave, went to hear the famous singer, says the Youths Companion.

The next day the boys, to express the emotions that her wonderful voice had stirred in them called on her in a body.

They hardly expected that she would receive them, but she did, and she was so charmed by their youthfulness and ingenuousness that when they timorously asked her if she would like to see their ship, she accepted the invitation. Then growing bolder, they asked her to luncheon, and she accepted that invitation too.

When, on the appointed day, she came on board with her companion, the captain saw her from his cabin and recognized her.

There is nothing more strict than the courtesy observed in ship etiquette among officers of all ranks. Of these three messes---the captain's table, the ward room and the steerage mess, where the midshipmen ate ---no officer, from the captain down, would make himself one of a company at another mess unless especially bidden.

In this case the captain rang the bell for the orderly.

"Tell the gentlemen of the steerage mess," he said, "that the captain is going ashore, and that his cabin is at their disposal if they care to use it."

The luncheon, however, was eaten in the steerage. But after the pleasant meal was over the boys proudly invited their guest into the captain's cabin, where they took their coffee.

"Ask her to sing something," whispered the paymaster's clerk.

I'll thrash you if you dare!" returned one of the midshipmen under his breath.

The ward room officers had guest, too. They brought up guitars and sat on the poop-deck above singing, "The Swanee River" and other popular songs.

"How pretty!" cried Jenny Lind, with enthusiasm clapping.

When at last she was leaving she paused on the step between the curved sides of the gang way. Looking up at the floating Stars and Stripes she said:

"I wish to salute your flag."

Uncovered her head and holding her hat in her hand, she began to sing "The Star Spangled Banner."

As she sang the first verse every officer and man came silently on deck. When she sung the song to end deafening cheers rang out from the St. Lawrence, and taken up by every ship near by, for all had been listening.

Steamers blew their whistles; and every man within reach of that thrilling voice knew that he had heard one of the most inspiring songs in the world sung as he would probably never hear it sung again.

A Remarkable Dream.

A lad once had a remarkable dream. He dreamt he saw a long procession of men coming toward him and the group of boys standing by him. First came an author, and as he approached the boys he stopped and said: "Lads, I have written my last book, my life is at its close; I want one of you to take my place." Then came a celebrated doctor and he said: "Lads, I have attended my last patient. I want one of you take my place." Then followed a musician, a lawyer; a blacksmith, a builder, an artist; a preacher, and each told the boys he wanted one of them to take his place. Last of all came a miserable drunkard, dressed in rags, and as he staggered toward the boys, he said hoarsely: "Lads, I am now going to a drunkard's grave. I want one of you to take my place."

"Not I said the dreamer, as he awoke with a start.

Only a dream, and yet how true! You, my lad, if you are spared to reach manhood. are going to fill some man's place, but what sort of man will it be? I know this, that if you determine to be a total abstainer from this day forward it will not be a drunkard's place. But if now you take just one glass when you fancy it, it is quite possible you may one day take a drunkard's place, and fill a drunkerd's grave! God, forbid it! But, remember drunkards are people who tried to be moderate drinkers and failed. But all the powers of the evil one cannot make a drunkard of a total abstainer.

—Exchange.

And so all growth that is not toward God
Is going to decay.
—George McDonald.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman.
Useless each without the other!
—Longfellow.

Onward, onward may we press,
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness;
Excellence true beauty.
—Montgomery.

The opportunity to do mischief is found a hundred times a day, and that of doing good once a year.
---Voltaire.

MOON AND CRAZY FOLKS---JUDGE JUSTICE SPEAKS

In the Superior Court one Humphreys Long, colored, was tried for shooting at H. L. Hedrick. Long had escaped from the chain gang and Mr. Hedrick had been deputized to run him down. The negro was convicted and when it came time to sentence him Mr. J. R. McCrary, who had appeared for the boy in the recorder's court, asked leave to make a statement. He told Judge Justice that the boy was a half idiot and that Mr. Tom Miller, foreman of the chain gang, said that on the changes of the moon the boy acted crazy and foolish and he added to the statement that "Mr. Miller is not a superstitious man."

Judge Justice caught at this last statement and said that Mr. Miller's statement would not stamp him a "superstitious man," for the moon did have much to do with lunacy.

"Why," said the judge, "the very word lunatic comes from the Latin word 'luna,' meaning the moon. It has been recognized in all ages that the moon affected crazy or foolish people. Every 28 days this baleful effect is felt. It is felt in horses, dogs and other animals." He went on to point out a number of well-established facts in regard to the moon and its effect on people.

Long was sent back to the roads to serve out his sentence and judgement was suspended as to the shooting case.

Judge Justice's remarks set others to talking about the moon and about signs in general. Mayor Charles Young was outspoken about his beliefs, and he is reasonable about it, too. He said that the most learned scientist would tell you that the moon governs the tides on the ocean and he argued that if the moon was able to exert such a mighty influence on three-fourths of the earth's surface, why not on the remaining one-fourth of the earth?

Can you answer that?

The mayor firmly believes that the moon has much to do with both the animal and vegetable kingdom and is a firm believer in planting corn, beans and potatoes at the "right time of the moon" and in killing hogs, roofing houses and doing other things by the moon.—Lexington Dispatch.

"It is good" comments the Statesville Landmark in a discussion of the influence of the moon, "to find that the moon has some supporters left in this country—men who are brave enough to stand up for the ancient faiths. The learned gentlemen in charge of our State Hospitals might not admit that the moon had anything to do with it, but it is a fact that at certain times the patients under their charge are more disturbed than at other times, and if the facts were looked into it would probably be found that the moon is the cause, as Judge Justice says.

In the old days, when certain stimulants were sold over the counters in Statesville, the police used to maintain that there was more drunkenness at a certain stage of the moon—probably when the moon was full. The idea was that an amount of whiskey that could be easily carried at one stage of the moon would throw one at another stage of the moon---and they had the facts to prove it.

In this connection The Landmark congratulates Prof. J. P. Cook of Cabarrus for taking Secretary of Agriculture Houston to task for saying that the moon has no effect on the planting of crops. Prof. Cook asserts that he has "the goods" right in Cabarrus county to show that corn planted at a certain time in the moon made good, while corn planted at another time didn't make good.

At Davidson College commencement this year Dr. H. L. Smith ridiculed the idea that cutting timber in the dark of the moon or the light of the moon had anything to do with the condition of the timber: and he claimed he had proved it did not by actual experiment. Yet woodsmen who know more about woodcraft than Dr. Smith will ever know, and who have demonstrated the theory hundreds of times, will tell him that timber cut in one phase of the moon will be soggy and rot quickly; cut at another stage it will be dry and light.

These learned gentlemen can talk, but it's the actual facts, demonstrated by experience, that count. When the young colored boy who had been to school told his father that the earth revolved on its axis, the old man looked at him with pity and disgust. To show the boy his ignorance he laid a watermelon on the gate post, maintaining that if the earth turned over in the night the melon would be hound to "drap" off. Next morning the melon was still on the gate post, and, triumphant, the old man laid down the law that there was to be no more talk of the earth turning over.

On Easy Street.

They say he lives on easy street
The street where all is grand.
Where joy and sorrow never meet
They say, in this promise Land.

Where balls and parties do abound,
And banquets and fine clothes;
Where songs and laughter both resound
And care, nobody knows.

He rarely saw a begger there,
A criple or a tramp,
A mother seldom with her child,
A Virgin with her lamp.

O, this, they say, is where he lived,
And loved and had his fling:
Where habits formed, become rock-ribbed.
And life has lost its sting.

But a little bird that perched upon
My casement t'other day,
Told me a tale about this one,
Whose body now is clay:

This man who lived on Easy Street
And seemed from dull care free.
Who died and left this life so sweet,
Which he thought a fantasy.

Now this is what the bird did say,
"That man whom you thought free
From all life's ills and life's grim fray,
Had, too, his misery."

"He did not have to work, 'tis true,
Or labor for his bread.
So thereby he escaped the due
That's placed on every head."

"But that's just why he suffered so,
And, filled with discontent.
He tried to find surcease from woe,
Always on pleasures bent."

"He did not know the joy that comes,
From toiling with the hands
Or with a busy brain that hums,
To meet life's grim demands."

So on he went from flower to flower
Sipping the nectar sweet,
But he sipped so long that the taste turned sour
And he crushed them 'neath his feet.

"Then he wondered why life lost its zest,
Complaining bitterly.
Because he was filled with a great unrest
And the remedy could not see."

"It were better to live on Poverty Row,"
Said the little bird to me,
"And the lives of the meek and low
Than that of this dabauchee."

A REBEL OX AND GEN. GRANT.

When we southern planter folks burned the cotton we were permitted to keep several bales for "domestic purposes."

We hid these bales in the canebrake. As we were out of everything, clothes, shoes, food, medicine, and the rest, and Confederate money for some reason would not pass inside the Yankee lines, we decided to try to run two bales of cotton through the blockade, and get hold of some money, and get some supplies.

It was a thrilling business this running the blockade, but that is another story. The Federals were so anxious to get cotton that they sometimes "opened the lines" to any who would bring it in. That is, they would allow the citizen who brought it to come and go without having to take the oath of allegiance to the United States.

My father would not take the oath, and as my mother had been caught in the lines by a similar bait, and compelled to take it to get out, he was slow to run the risk. But the situation was not to be trifled with, and as my mother could not go, he finally decided to make the attempt.

Through a friend he got a permit to protect his team, took two bales of cotton to Memphis, sold it for one dollar a pound, and got home without taking the oath. I may say here that he did not take it until the war ended, when he learned that General Lee had applied to take it, and advised all others to do so.

I went and drove the four big steers. After selling the cotton, and getting some of the much-needed supplies, my father left me, telling me to meet him at what was then the end of Main Street, near where the Union Station is now.

Leaving the "Bluff," where I had been keeping the wagon, I turned into Maine Street from Union, and at once found out that was no place for an ox and wagon at that particular time. The street was full of soldiers.

I got in front of the Gayoso Hotel, and had to stop. While there I saw a sight I will never forget. A whole brigade of Illinois troops, that had just arrived by boats, and landed at the upper end of the city, were marching through the city to their camp.

Though standing up in the wagon I could not see the end of the line. About eight abreast, they filled one whole side of the street, every man of them in fighting trim, and with banners flying, drums beating, and fifes screaming, it was a scene to be remembered.

Just as the column came opposite where I was the bands broke loose with the stirring air, "Rally 'Round the Flag Boys, Rally Once Again." It was the first time I had heard it, and while I could have shot every one of them, and torn the "flag" to tatters, my heart leaped with the music.

There must have been some big officer at the hotel, for as they passed the soldiers came to a "salute," and cheer after cheer went up. I am sure they were not cheering me!

After they passed, I drove to the next street, and leaving Maine turned into Shelby. I found this street entirely free, and inwardly congratulated myself on getting into a street where I could go on my way.

My satisfaction was brief. A soldier dashed up on his horse, and whipping out his sword, he ordered me to "get out of that street." He rode awkwardly, and spoke broken English, so much so that at first I could not understand him. He must have been one of those "lean-up-against-the-fence-ky" fellows the government brought over to help put us down.

I told him I would drive out at the next cross street. No I wouldn't, he insisted; I must get out now, and get out in a hurry. The idiot! as if a boy of twelve years old could pick up a big wagon and four big oxen and get out of his way.

I should have said that my off lead ox was a very excitable animal. He had never been out of the swamp. We drove him on this occasion because when the time to start came the ox we expected to use had gone off, and this one was handy.

His name was "Buck," and his hide was red as blood. His horns were long and sharp, and this was in my favor, for the soldier was afraid to get too near him. The poor beast must have suffered a great deal that day, for he trembled almost constantly, and would frequently low, as if calling for his companions in the swamp.

The other steers were quiet, and with their steadiness I was able to control Buck. The danger was that in his frantic actions he would turn his yoke. I would have to unyoke him to get him straight, and I knew that, once loose, he would make beefsteak for the Yankees. So I kept close to him, and had frequently to beat him over the head with my whipstock to make him behave.

While this coloquy with the soldier was going on and my attention was wholly taken up between dodging his horse, which he kept spurring up against me, and keeping Buck in line, all at once a full band of music burst loose just behind us. Buck fell on his knees' as if he was going to say his prayers, and I felt like falling on mine, but I had to dodge that horse.

After the band passed, a squad of mounted soldiers rode by, and after these, another group, all officers, approached. Something halted them just as they got opposite where I was. They pretty well filled the street.

One of the horses on the opposite side of the street got to plunging, and backed the whole crowd over on me. The man nearest to me was a quiet, dignified-lookin man, without any sign of rank. I could have put my hand out and touched his stirrup, and indeed kept my eye on his horse for fear he would step on me.

The soldier kept on, in his outlandish jargon, telling me to get out of the street. The quiet-looking man on his horse spoke to the soldier, and said, "Let him alone. Don't you see he is doing the best he can to get out of the street?"

Instantly, as if the words had been magic, the man sheathed his sword, backed his horse up on the sidewalk, and horse and rider stood there as if chiseled out of stone. The quiet man on his horse was General Ulysses S. Grant.

The trouble was this: A grand review of the troops enroute to Vicksburg was being held. Shelby Street had been ordered kept clear for General Grant and his staff to go to the front. Somebody neglected to guard the street where I went into Shelby, and I got in the wrong place again. The fact is there was no "right" place for an ox wagon there that day.

But General Grant came to my relief, and extricated me from a perplexing situation. What did I see when I reached my station and met my father? That is another story. My, my, my! What didn't I see!---Epworth Herald.

Day follows on the murkiest night, and when the time comes the latest fruits will ripen.---Schiller.

Follow peace with all men and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.---St. Paul.

DOWN GRADE.

Far down the long, straight track appeared a growing blot of black and white. The old watchman stepped out of his little shanty and waved a faded flag at a line of teams carting hay into the city. The horses stopped, stamping in the deep dust. The rails thrilled and hummed as the black and white blot swooped near and nearer. There was a shrill howl from the monster, a shake, a roar, a rush, and the express had passed in a blur of dark green, indistinct faces, and a rain of cinders.

"You may have saw the engineer wave his arm at me," said the old watchman when he had stumped back to his chair and the teams had rattled over the crossing. Well, that was Si Hunter. He's a friend o' mine. Youngest engineer on the division, and runnin' the express while old Mackittrick's laid off with a broken arm. They know what they're doin'. Best boy you ever seen, he was. And he's growin' a fine man. None o' the jumpin' kind about him. He'll stick to his throttle in the middle of a forest fire, a head-on, and a wash-out combined."

"He must be clever," suggested the idler with the camera, hanging over the whitewashed guards.

"Well, he ain't. Ain't like you or me, person o' eddication. Just a little tramp when I first seen him,' that's what he was. He hadn't no advantages. But what he don't know about a loco might be wrote on a five-cent piece, and they know it in the yards. Has the feel of 'em. Has the instinct for 'em, without which trainin' is hopeless. And ten years ago you might 'a' looked at him and never knowed. So easy for lights like his to be hid under bushels.

"Ten years ago this very summer, there wasn't any guard at this crossing, and not half the traffiic. I was workin' then. Somethin' had gone wrong on the down grade behind that hill there---a fish-plate missin', or a bolt loose. or somethin', I forgot what. Anyway, me and another feller had been to fix it, and we was walkin' back 'long the ties, easy like. And I first seen Si then. I'd have forgot him right away, I guess, if it hadn't been for what had happened right after.

"Just a little young tough, boss, sitting among the rose bushes on the edge of the cutting. Just a little, white-faced tramp. He looked down at us in a sullen way under his eyebrows as we passed beneath, and I remember how I felt sorry. 'Pity to see 'em go like that,' I sez to my mate. 'He looks as if he'd been brought up for better things.'

" 'Aye,' sez Henery, lookin' up, I've four of my own,' he sez, 'and he's on the down-grade, all right if somethin' don't pull him up.' I think I'd have spoken to the lad, he looked so lonesome, but he scowled so queer as we passed---he has the habit still, if he's thinkin'---that I don't feel encouraged to, as you might say.

"He's told me since how far and how swift on the down-grad he was then.

"Well, we walked along, and Si, he sat there above the cutting with the light on the heavy young face of him. 'He looks as if he'd no one to care a cent for him,' said Henery to me thoughtfully, and I sez, 'that so.' And we was both sorry for a minute, and then forgot, talking of a strike that threatened in the round-house. Good thing that everybody didn't forget so quick, ain't it?

"Presently Henery sez to me, 'there's the through freight,' and we stepped off to let her pass. I remember it was Sandy Wicklow in the cab. Most unfortunate man on the road, he was, and there's no gettin' over it. Things was always happenin' to him, not by ones or by twos but in regular bunches. 'Wonder they trust him with so much,' says Henery to me, 'for another accident's abut due; he ain't had one for two months.' We watched the box-cars rattlin' past; it was---it was---lemme see, it was old 709, and she was gruntin, terrible with the grade against her. D'ye know that grade? The worst and most expensive for its length between Halifax and the Rockies.

"Fifteen minutes after the through freight, there was a slow local due out. But old 709 hadn't cleared the top o' the grade before we heard the local's whistle in the distance. 'Willis is crowdin' em out,' sez Henery. 'There'll be trouble if he piles up freighl and passengers like this. Not eight minutes between," he sez. And I stuck up for Willis and said 709 was late already. I remember as if it was yesterday.

"We heard the local clearin' the curve right down yonder where them two elms are. Henery looked that way, and then he looked back at the freight. He grabbed my arm. 'Why' Willyum,' he sez in a high voice! 'what's come to the freight? Why, he sez, higher than ever, 'why, its still there!'

"Sure enough, there, 'way up at the top of the grade, was the little red square that was the caboose on the tail o' the freight. And it wasn't disappearin' down hill, either. It seemed to be growin' bigger, redder, nearer, between the walls of the cutting.

"I let out a roar and grabbed Henery. 'I know what it is!' I yells. 'It's a runaway!' And so it was. Old 709 she'd snapped off four heavy box-cars and the caboose at the very top of the grade, and that most unfortunate man, Sandy Wicklow, had actually went on without knowing of it! He had so!

"We stood as if we was froze for a minute. We seen the steam of the freight growing smaller through the trees, and we heard the local honoit' for the crossin'---this very one, we seen the box-cars swing out of the walls of the cutting into the sun. That's a terrible long, steep, grade, and they was rocking like ships, now, by the speed they're got up. Like a roaring avalanche they come. And the local chugging up to meet them just around the curve.

"As they cleared the cutting we saw two black specks shoot out of the caboose and over the bank. 'Curs! curs! curs! cried Henery with a great sob. 'They ain't even stopped to set the brakes!' But what use was brakes to cars smokin' along like that? I was shakin' all over. 'Take your handkerher and see if you can back the local,' I sez to Henery, and he went off with a yell. But I knew there wasn't time. I yelled too, and turned back and ran like mad for the siding and the switch, half way between the curve and the rise of the grade.

"And I knew I wouldn't be in time. Even ten years ago I wasn't as young as I had been. I ran with all my might, and I may say I prayed with all my might, too. 'Oh, God, them poor folks on the local,' I sez, over and over as I tore up them ties. But my knees was stiff, my feet was heavy as if I was runin' in a dream, and I knew I just couldn't be in time, though o' course I kept on. O God them women and kids in the local!' I sez again. Behind my eyes I could kinder see the train ditched at the bottom o' that high bank, and the wreckin' gang and all.

"And then I seen the little tramp.

"He leaped down on the tracks from the fringe of wild roses where he'd been layin'. I seen him just as a little, black figure against the afternoon sunlight. And then I saw

him runnin' like a mad thing for the switch lever.

"My knees almost give way as I stumbled on, but even then the wonder of it struck me. With the railroad man's eye, which is given, not learned, he'd took in all chances in a moment. He'd seen the only thing to do, and he done it. I yelled myself hoarse as he tore at the handle, though he couldn't hear me with them cars so near. 'Go it kid!' I yelled. 'You're the stuff! Open for your life!' I seen him throw up his arms and step back, and his face white as dust as he stared at the cars. I knew the same thought was in his mind as there was in mine---would they jump the switch? Then he was blotted out as they careened into it, smashed down the siding, and over the bank with a crash you could hear in the city.

"It was all over so quick, quicker'n I can put six words together. I sat down right in the berry bushes at the side of the track with my head in my hands, for I was shook all over. I've only to shut my eyes, and I see it all still. Then there was the local slowin' up, and folks runnin' to the edge of the bank, as much noise and excitement as a lot of whisky-jacks fightin.'

"I was the first to find the little tramp where he lay hid again in the bushes. When I bent over him he caught my hand like a kid, and he looked awful small and white and young, and different, some way. Somethin,' in those few minutes, had wiped all the bad off his face all the growin' distrust, all the beginin' of evil. His hand had stopped that wreck, and it seemed to me 's if the hand o' God had stopped him, too, on the down-grade.

" 'Is it all over?'' he sez to me. ''S all right sonny,' I sez, 'thanks to you., But he just sobbed and shivered in the bushes. I was so afraid there was horses in the first one,' he sez. 'Steel rails or somethin', I sez.

"Well, he slunk out after me more as if he'd helped to wreck the local than saved it.

"The Time is Short."

I take one moment only to suggest one consequence which comes from the sense of how short life is: I mean, the feeling that it gives toward our fellow-men. Do you not know when your time of intercourse is short with any man, your relations with that man grow true and deep. Two men who have lived side by side for years, with business and social life between them and with a multitude of suspicions and concealments, let them know that they have only one hour more to live together, and as they lock into each others eyes, do not the suspicions and concealments, clear away. They know each other; they trust each other; they think the best of each other in those few moments that remain. Oh! my dear friends, who are letting miserable understandings run on from year to year, meaning to clear them up some day; you who are keeping wretched quarrels alive because you cannot quite make up your mind that now is the day to sacrifice your pride and kill them, you who are passing men sullenly upon the street, not speaking to them out of some silly spite, yet knowing that it would fill you with shame and remorse if you heard that one of those men would die to-morrow morning; you who are letting your neighbor starve until you hear that he is dying of starvation; or letting your friend's heart ache for a word of appreciation or sympathy which you mean to give them some day;—yet if you could only know and see and feel all of a sudden that "the time is short," how it would break the spell! How would you go instantly and do the thing which you might never have another chance to do. What a day of friendship, of brotherliness, of reconciliation, of help, the last day of the world will be if men shall know how near the awful end is! But we need not wait for that? Cannot the men and women whom we live with now be sacred to us the knowledge of what wonderful mysterious sound it is we are walking together in this sorrow human life, close to the borders of eternity?

---Phillipo Brooks.

A Unique Address of Welcome.

J. Whitcomb Brougher has never yet followed in the footsteps of a living soul. He has a way of his own; he is different. After all, there is nothing so interesting as a variety. The trouble with most preachers is that they are commonplace. They say what they are expected to say, and what others have said. If they have any originality they are afraid to show it. They dread sensationalism more than they do dullness. No, we would not have preachers preach like Brougher, but we are glad that he preaches as he does. If he preaches as we preach he would preach to congregations "as small and select" as the congregations to which we preach. At the Los Angeles Convention Dr. Brougher gave an address of welcome which was a "Brougher classic." In this address he said:

You are as welcome as the sunshine after a storm. You are as welcome as a summer after a winter in Chicago. You are as welcome as the first baby in a new home. You are as welcome as a baby at a Methodist christening. You are as welcome as the whale was to Jonah when "all at sea." You are as welcome as a meal to a hobo. You are as welcome as watermelon to a negro. You are as welcome as a sweetheart to an old maid. You are as welcome as a pretty girl to an old bachelor. You are as welcome as a mother-in-law's departure on a long journey. You are as welcome as a vacation to a school kid. You are as welcome as a baseball game is to a fan. You are as welcome as a tip to a waiter. You are as welcome as a big salary to preachers. You are as welcome as a successful election to a doubtful candidate. You are as welcome as prosperous times to a Democratic administration. You are as welcome as European peace would be to the world. If you can think of anything else that is more welcome than anything I have mentioned, then that is just how welcome you are.

—Watchman Examiner.

The Two Greatest Wars.

The two greatest wars in the world, past and present, are right now going on. One is the war engaging all the European nations and affecting very seriously every other part of the world. The other is the war against heathenism and the powers of darkness in all the lands of the earth. A very striking comparsion between the two was lately made by Mr. J. Campbell White in Men and Missions. In was in brief as follows: "20,000,000 soldiers in physical peril, fifty times 20,000,000 of people in spiritual bondage and death; 1,000,000 men killed in first six months, 2,000,000 people die every month in heathen lands; cost to kill one man about $3,500, cost to give the gospel to the world about $2.00 per person; cost of European war over $40,000,000 daily, expended in the world war about $35,000,000 annually; fighting strength of armies over 20,000,000, total missionary force 12,000 men and 12,000 women." What Christian can look at these impelling figures without renewing his allegiance as a volunteer in the army of Immanuel?---Biblical Recorder.

Where Nights Aren't Dark.

By Aubrey Fullerton.

In the country where summer nights are only an hour or two long, and not dark at that, it sometimes is possible to read a newspaper out-of-doors at midnight and to take photographs at ten or eleven o'clock as satisfactorily as at noon. That Land of Brightness is the far North, where Alaska and the Canadian territories run out to the top of the continent.

Even in the winter, when night and day reverse their lengths, the long cold nights in that northern region are relieved by the brilliance of the stars, which shine as stars shine nowhere else. There is none of that heavy blackness that is so generally associated with night, but the stars, like glowlights of the upper world, dot the arched roof on every side, and throw down a light that nothing obscures. The far-flung open of the western north gives the stars their perfect opportunity.

Star-lit though the winter nights may be, the summer nights in this land of brightness are scarcely more than over grown days—days that do not stop when they reach their normal limits, but keep on into the appointed hours of night time. Twenty hours out of twenty-four are, at the height of the season, bright with the full light of day, and night, when it comes, is but an intermission, for there is no real darkness, but only a fading of day to twilight and then an almost immediate drawing back to day.

The people who live in these northern latitudes do not often concern themselves about astronomical causes of their long days, but they reap the benefits of them. The unusual length of summer daylight means very much to the country in the way of encouraging plant growth As far north as grain and vegetables will grow, crops are made possible by the excess of sunlight that otherwise would not be possible in so short a season, for the growth is quick and substantial. This is one of the reasons, too, why the great prairie lands of the sub-Arctics are covered with a natural wealth of grass and flowers, edging off even to the limits of vegetation with rich carpetings of moss. In the far north, night as well as day is growing-time.

At the very top of the continent, along the Arctic coast, is "the land of the midnight sun." For a few days at the height of the season, the sun lingers on long past its going-down hour in other parts of the world, and may actually be seen on the far horizon at midnight. It seems to be unnatural, but that is its appointed way in the north.

Sunlight, moonshine and star gleam, in their remarkable intensities, are the standard illuminations of the western heavens. But now and again a special illumination is put on, and nature lights up with a raidiance beyond even her wont. Such nights are those when the heavens are fired by an electrical storm. The firework of a prarie night are wonderful and unique. The only thing comparable is a lightening storm on the ocean, when, instead of a great stretch of land lighted by fifty-miles flashes, a far-lying level of water takes up and seems to swallow the gleaming streaks of fire. But there is always more to see in a lightening-storm on land, and the occasional storms in the West and North light up, weirdly and wonderfully, a great length of plain and horizon. It is this bigness of the field for the storm to play in, and the peculiar brightness of the lightening-flash, intensified, it seems, by the clearness and rareness of the air, that make such nights impressive.

Several summers ago such a storm worked out its brilliants terrors in northern Alberta. Out on the prairie it looked as if the fire of heaven were letting itself loose in a purposeful attempt to burn up creation. The sense of distance which is given by a prarie lightening storm is almost uncanny. The winding trail to the west and east, the fields of grain and the occasional groves of popular flashed up with a marvelous distinctness, mlles away, and the settlers' homesteads far between at any time, showed at even greater distances apart in the momentary lightening of the fire-streaks. Away on the edge of things, the line where the heavens and the plains met and ran into one another, was marked with a moving flare of light that went half-way around the circle.

Grandest, strangest, most admired and wondered at, of night time bright things; are the Northern Lights. There is no need of moon and stars on the nights when these are out, for they fill half the sky. More or less faint displays of them are often seen much farther south, but they are at their best in the high latitudes. The scientists say that the North Lights are the results of electricity in the air, a more convincing explanation than that in the old-time folk lore, which said they were due to the sun-light on the other side of the world shining on the icebergs. But it is not possible either fully to explain or describe these wonderful moving lights, whose changing color move in great arcs and flickering tongues over the northern sky. They make the nights memorable.

And so, with one kind of light or another, the nights in the north aren't dark. Day-light, staying on the past day's accustomed time, robs night of many hours, and then even the few remaining hours are bright with overhead lights. It is this length of summer days and brilliance of the night that gives the North much of its fascination and witchery, and men grow to like it because it is the Land of Brightness.

A Boy's Prayer.

Give me clean hands, clean words, and clean thoughts,
Help me to stand for the hard fight against the easy wrong;
Save me from habits that harm:
Teach me to work as hard and play as fair in Thy sight alone as if all the world saw;
Forgive me for I am unkind, and help me to forgive those who are unkind to me;
Keep me ready to help others at some cost to myself;
Send me chances to do a little good every day; and grow more like Thee.---William DeWitt Hyde.

An anecdote regarding Presdient Lincoln used to be told by Eli Perkins. One day an old negro, clad in rags and carrying a basket on his head, ambled into the White House and placed his basket on the floor. Stepping toward Presdient Lincoln, he said, "Am yon de President, sah?" "I am," said Mr. Lincoln. "If dat am a fac,' Ise glad to meet yer. Yer see I lives away up dar in de back o' Virginny, and I's a poor man, sah. I hear dere is some pervisions in de cons'tution for de culled man, and I'm here to get some ob 'em, sah.',---Exchange.

"The quantity of sugar produced on an acre of land in Hawaii is greater than any other spot on the globe. This is due to the wonderful irrigation system."

Going Home.

There is no picture which touches the hearts of men more closely or tenderly than the figure of the tired man or woman going home at the end of the day. The fierce heat of the sun has passed. the intense high light of midday has softened into a restful glow, the strain of effort is over and the passion of work has given place to the peace of deserted fields and streets. It is a normal instinct which sent the worker forth, eager and alert, in the morning; it is the response to a deep craving which sends him home at nightfall. The reward of labor is the rest which it achieves. and the joy of rest is the sense that it has been earned.

The alternation of day and night is a symbol of the order of life in which work and rest succeed one another in a beautiful and healthgiving rhythm. The worker goes out of himself when he takes up his tools; he returns to himself when he lays them down at the end of the day. He pours out his vitality as the water pours out of a hidden spring; if he is a real worker and not a mere drudge, he gives himself in the toil of his hand and his brains, and when night falls his weariness is not mere fatigue of body, it is depletion of vitality. Before he can give himself again he must find himself; and when one goes home he finds himself.

To a vast multitude of men the thought of going home makes the heaviest burdens bearable, the most crushing responsibilities a spurt to effort, the most complete surrender of ease and pleasure, not a sacrifice, but a price gladly paid for happiness which is beyond price. The strain of the day is forgotten at the doors which opens into peace of perfect understanding, the pressure of hours and tasks is relax by the sound of a voice which is musical with love and faith and peace. In such a home-coming there is not only the supreme reward for the work of the day that is ended; there is also the renewal of strength and courage for the day that is to bring new strife and toil.

The joy of going home is not in the ease and comfort that are waiting there; it is in the peace that flows from love, the stillness that follows in the tumult of the storm, the clear atmosphere in which the dust of the highway is laid and the worker sees again the ends for which he is striving; in the quietness of such a home the toil of life is not only sweetened, but its spiritual meaning shines clear after the confusion of details has vanished. Under the heat and burden of the day the strongest man sometimes wonders if life means anything but prolonged strain of muscle and brain; in the stillness of the home its blurred ends, its ultimate achievements, shine like the stars above the highway when the dust has been laid.

The home is not primarily a place for life; work lies below and beyond it, but the companionship which transforms a house into a home is a sharing of the reward of work, freedom, repose, refreshment, vision. There are houses full of conveniences and luxuries in which no one is at home; the men and women who live in them are homeless. To such men and women as to the men and women to whom marriage is more social contract and the family a mere social arrangement, there is no going home, no refuge for the spirit, no place of understanding and vision. There is no more pathetic figures in the world of to-day than these homeless men and women; restless, discontented, and unhappy, and utterly blind to the tragedy of a life in which there is no going home. —The Outlook

How Immigrants Carry Money.

One of the queerest sights is to see how different immigrants carry their money.

Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch.

Irishmen always have a little canvas bag, in which note and coins are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses.

Germans carry their money in a belt around their waists, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be.

The French mostly carry a small brass tube, in which they can place forty or fifty twenty-franc pieces, which can be removed very rapidly one at a time. There are few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube, in which they keep paper money or silver coins, and this tube is hung around the neck by a small chain or cord.

Swedes or Norweigians are sure to have an immense pocketbook, that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them, and which has in it enough leather to make a pair of boots.

The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork and spoon.---Forward.

A wise old German once said: "I like to give villingly; ven I gives villingly it enjoys me so much, I gives again.----Journal and Messenger.

Obligation and Opportunity.

The task that challenges the statesmanship of the hour is to stop the steady flow of population from the country to the town. The currents of human life run in the direction of the greatest profits and the greatest pleasures as the rivers run to the sea. Philosophy, preachment and oratory are powerless to turn the tide. It is as inexorable as the law of gravitation---it is gravitation Hence the obligation and the opportunity of the hour is to make life on the just as profitable and just as attractive as life in town. The man who most deeply feels this obligation, who most clearly sees this opportuuity will most surely serve his day and generation. The day will not harken to the fanatic, the generation will not tolerate the demagogue, but he who would render this high service must bring to his task a serene faith, superb common sense and supreme unselfishness.

The first step to be taken is to give every man who tills the soil a fair chance to own it. This is the mud-sill upon which alone can be builded a profitable and attractive rural civilization. The small farm owned by the man who tills it is the best plant-bed in the world on which to grow men. A landless population will always make a Mexico, but the citizen standing in the doorway of his own home is at once the builder and bulwark of the commonwealth.---Attorney General T. W. Bickett in a speech at the opening of the Farm Life School at Pineville, North Carolina, June 2, 1915.

Time.

Time consists of minutes, hours, days and years, of which a certain unknown amount are deposited to each person's account when he is born; and on which account said person proceeds to draw with the careful frugality of an intoxicated sailor celebrating his return from a two year voyage on the lumber schooner.

Time is much more valuable than money, because when it runs out there isn't any more; whereas in these prosperous days a man may fail in business a dozen times, and still die with all the modern conveniences.

The average man only has thirty-five years of time. He spends his first year squalling, the next fifteen baseballing and the next four, chasing knowledge around a college campus, trying to catch it with a hat which has a band on it that is louder than Sousa's.

Many a man works frantically for forty years in order that he may have the rest of his time to himself and then finds that his account is overdrawn, and the undertaker is at that minute turning the corner into his street on two wheels.

On the other hand many carefree people spend their first forty years of time in enjoyable pursuits and arrive at the has-been age with no income, after which they have to consume another fifty years for which they have no possible use.

Man spends one third of his time sleeping, and another third working. Out of his last third he must dress and feed himself, wait for street cars, listen to insurance agents, wait his turn at the barber's and chauffeur the furnace. If a man has one hour a day for rest and pleasure he is a favorite of fortune and should not complain. With one hour a day a man could learn ten languages, read 10,000 books, become proficient on the violoncello, get a doctors degree in philosophy, or become a Samson with buldging muscles. But most of us spend our spare hours wearing out chairs. The consumption of chairs is becoming more frightful every day.—Ex.

Lying.

Lying is the most despicable of all Crimes. The Liar is the King of Criminals. The last clean spot to a man's raiment turns Crimson when he takes up the business of Lying.

Truth is the highest thing a man can keep.

The heart of an honest man melts away almost unto Death in the presence of a Liar. The very mercy of a kind God blushes with bowed head in Sadness at the sight and sound of the man who plies his Lies. Scorned by Society, the very Soul of the Liar revolts at the carrying about of Bones and flesh so vile.

Truth is the highest thing a man can keep.

A few days ago a young man, large of Mind and Future, left his employment in Canada with a Lie upon his lips. Coming into the seething whirl of the Great New York he sought his former friends. Immediately he began to hand out his stock of Lies. More abominably than any abandoned thief he slyly exchanged his Lies for Favors and for Gold. Then nervously yet quietly sneaking away under cover of his Lies, his Soul now naked of Honor and Character, he sought refuge under his own made tent of Lies. There Self convicted he now awaits Judgment.

Truth is the highest thing a man can keep.

Mark Twain spoke more than humor when he said: "when in doubt, speak the Truth." Even the Devil hates a Liar—one of his own children.

And Nature itself closes its eyes in shame as the Liar passes by.

Truth is the highest thing a man can keep.

You—Young Man, Young Woman, Business Builder, Doer of things—Whoever you are, and whatever groove you work your way---Listen! Starve---die, rather than Lie. Flee from the presence of a Lie as from a Plague. Grasp the clean, strong hand of Truth and follow in its path through the livelong hours of every single day. Remembering that---

Truth is the highest thing a man can keep.

---George Matthew Adams.

Young Men Wanted.

Every young man in our town is wanted! Wanted from the street corners, from the loafer's rendezvous, from the idler's promenade; turn your steps into the highway of noble aims and earnest work. There are prizes enough for every successful worker, crowns enough for every honorable head that goes thro the smoke of conflict to victory.

There is within the young man an upspringing of lofty sentiments which contribute to his elevation, and though there are obstacles to be surmounted, difficulties to be vanquished, yet with truth for his watchword, and leaning on his own noble purposes and exertions, he may crown his brow with honors. He may never wear the warrior's crimson wreath, the poet's chaplet of bays, or the statesman's laurels, though no grand universal truth may have at his bidding confessed to the world, though it may never be his to bring to a successful issue a great political revolution—to be a founder of a republic whose name shall be the distinguished star in the constellation of nations—yea, more, although his name may never be heard beyond the narrow limit of his own neighborhood, yet is his mission none the less a high and holy one.

But why do so few young men of early promise, with hopes, purposes, and resolves as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves? The answer is obvious. They are not willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture which is the price of great success. Whatever the attitude for particular pursuits nature may donate to her favorite children, she conducts none but the laborious and studios to distinction. —Exchange.

Why?

Why can we hear so much better over water than over land? Sound is composed of waves of different lenghts transmitted through the air, and these waves can be interrupted and broken up by coming in contact with any obstacle as the waves of water are broken up when they strike a rock. Now, on the land sound waves cannot travel very far without striking against houses or trees or mountains or other obstacles to their progress, and these prevent the sound traveling to a great distance. On the sea, however, or on a great lake, where the surface is perfectly level, it is posstble to hear for a very long distance, simply because there is no hindrance to the path taken by the sound.

---Exchange.

He surely is most in need of another's patience when he has none of his own.---Lavater.

The confidence we have in ourselves gives birth to much of that we have in others.

---La Rochefoucauld.

"Revenge is sweet in the taking, but it leaves a bitterness like unto gall."

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If You Need
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THE HIGHWAY OF HELPFUL AND PROGRESSIVE POLICIES.

Identified as it is with the Southeastern Section of the United States, it is the purpose of the management of the Southern Railway Company to make its policies as helpful as may be practicable to the people of that Section.

Through its Land and Industrial Department and its Department of Farm Improvement Work it co-operates with the communities along its lines for the location of industries and of desirable classes of Farm Settlers and employs expert agents to co-operate with farmers seeking their advice as to improved farm methods, including diversification of crops, the building up of soil productivity, live stock raising and dairying. It has awarded scholarships in the State Agricultural Colleges of the States traversed by its lines to young men who would otherwise have been unable to avail themselves of an agricultural education. Realizing that the farmer who takes up the growing of new crops or the raising of live stock may be discouraged in his first season by the failure to market his products satisfactorily the Company has appointed market agents to give such information relative to markets, methods of packing, shipping, etc., as may be helpful to producers seeking their co-operation.

All of the co-operative development work of the Southern Railway Company is free to all persons in the territory traversed by its lines who may wish to avail themselves of it.

On matters relating to Southern development, or farm and factory openings, call on or address.

M. V. RICHARDS

Land and Industrial Agent

WAHINGTON, D. C

B64 Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt.

THE UPLIFT

September, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

Don't be a Moon---Be a Sun.

Radiate smiles and helpfulness on the unjust as well as the just---expecting nothing in return.

A moon-person shines by the light of your smiles. He frowns when you frown.

A sun-person smiles your frowns away. He radiates the soft answer that turns away the clouds of wrath.

The moon-person is a negative. The sun-person converts the blank negative into a picture.

The moon-person reflects life. Life is radiated from within, not reflected from without.

Every person is a sun and a moon. The sun-person's negative side is turned upward toward Life itself, and Life flows through him and radiates upon the things of Life.

The moon-person walks upside down, his negative side turned, not toward life, but toward the things of life.

Wherefore life in him is pinched and intermittent. Life giveth to him in his sleep, but in his waking he walks as one asleep to Life.

This is peace and happiness and prosperity.---Elizabeth Towne in Nautilus.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord, N. C.

A HINT.

Any man or woman, who feels an interest in unfortunate youth, and can spare a day from pressing duties, can go out in the average town and secure without trouble at least twenty-five subscribers for THE UPLIFT.

The purpose gives an opportunity for the telling of an interesting and engaging story---that of the conservation of youth, life.

The results of your efforts strengthens us---gives us the sinews for development and enlargements.

ONE MAN WITH BUT LITTLE EFFORT SENT IN 23 SUBSCRIBERS FROM STATESVILLE.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VII. CONCORD, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 1915 No. 7

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Carranza has been recognized. What next?

The President escaped a very long "watchful waiting."

It would seem marvelous if the Ellen Wilson Memorial Fund ever materializes.

The persimons are scarce, the acorns are not bountiful, and the shuck on the corn is very light and thin---all of which indicates a moderate winter. This is another sign that keeps company with the great influence of the moon.

Our new chapel when opened for use will have a new organ---and it was made in North Carolina. The leader and the local circle of The King's Daughters made this handsome necessity a possibitiy. More about this in the October number.

It is pretty generally understood that except for the help from this neutral and peace-loving country, in the way of food, munitions of war and millions of dollars, with others to follow to protect the margins, the great war among the nations of Europe would now be ended.

The brightness and the strength of the state press has been materially increased by the return, to the state of his nativity, of Bob Gray. He is now the chief editorial writer on the Raleigh Exening Times. He is as bright as a flash, but he lasts longer and his light extends further.

The convention of the U. D. C's, at its recent meeting in Charlotte, accepted a tender of a page in the State Journal to the daughters for their own exclusive use. Col. Field is headed straight to a complete surrender and will doubtless soon be advocate so loudly the rights of women to vote that Judge Clark's mus'c will be complete drowned out. It's coming along, and the state may just as well get ready for it.

Mr. Ceasar Cone.

Since the foundation of this institution, there has been no one who manifested a greater sympathy for the cause. Every inch of cloth used in making the working clothes for the boys, since the opening of the school up to and including this good day, has been voluntarily and freely, without a cent's cost, been furnished by Mr. Cone.

THE STATE MEETING.

The annual meeting of the North Carolina branch of The King's Daughters will be held in Concord on the 27th and 28th of October. The first three sessions will be held in Central Methodist Church, also the closing session. The two day sessions on Thursday will be held in the new chapel at the Training School

On the afternoon of the 28th, the laying of the cornerstone and the dedication of the chapel, which has been built by the King's Daughters' power and influence, will be held at the chapel at the Training School. Preparations are making for an interesting and impressive occasion, and the interested public in general is invited to attend this dedication exercise, which will be jointly in the hands of the Board of Trustees and the members of the King's Daughters of the state.

This event makes a particular and happy step in the life of the institution.

OUR APPRECIATION.

At the recent convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held in the city of Charlotte, it was decided to undertake the erection

of an artistic bridge across the National Highway, at this institution, which will connect the institutional campus with the beautiful knoll on which our chapel is located. As said on the floor of the convention this bridge will be artistic and useful. It adds to the beauty of the plant, facilitates government, gives a great convenience to the student body, and it will commemorate the lives of two of the state's greatest ---General and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson.

Some months ago, when the district meeting of the Women's clubs was held in Concord, Mrs. R. E. Little took an occasion to spend an afternoon at the Training School, which won her admiration and surprise. The idea of this bridge was called to her attention She thought well of it. So at the convention of the distinguished women above referred to, Mrs. Little herself the President, the subject assumed definite shape. The motion looking to this work was made by Mrs. F. M. Williams, the wife of Editor Williams of Newton.

The management of this institution is sensible of the great goodness manifested towards this cause. While the possession of the archway is pleasing to us for its use and beauty, the spirit of helpfulness prompting the action of the Daughters of the Confederacy touches us.

Those "Tired" Southerns.

A radical newspaper writer, in the course of a periodic attack in a New York newspaper on a great business institution of the South, allows himself to speak of "The South, where men, women and children are 'tired,

We think of Washington, the Virginian, as renowned for his adventurous youth as for the sustained vigor of his maturity.

It was in the Virginia legislature that Patrick Henry's fiery eloquence lit the torch of national independence.

It was a Virginian who, by his dashing cavalry exploits in the Revolution, won the name of "Light Horse Harry" Lee.

In South Carolina, Marion and Sumpter, destitute of almost all things, except guns and courage, checked Tarleton's invasion by what a historian calls "an irregular, harassing warfare, that for daring and dash, ingenuity of plans, pertinacity of purpose, and general effectiveness, is without a paralel in the war."

For 32 of the first 39 years after the organization of the United States government, the Presidency was held by natives of Virginia—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe—all men of action.

That Southerner, Andrew Jackson, who followed them, was never suspected, either before or during his eight years in the Presidency, of being "tired." The successful defense of New Orleans was ascribed, more than any other cause, to Jackson's "almost frenzied energy."

"Davy" Crokett, the tireless explorer and dauntless soldier, and Decatur, the conqueror of the Barbary pirates, were southerners.

Taylor, the driving force of the Mexican war, with his victories of Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista—the last named against odds of four to one—was a southerner.

In the war between the states the vigor, energy, enterprise and resourcefulness of the southern men were as remarkable as their courage. It needs only to mention Robert E. Lee and "Stonewall" Jackson. Tennessee gave also to the union cause the Nelson of modern American history, David Farragut.

Even now, we have in the White House a southerner, who held the 63d Congress in con tinuous session from March 4 to October24, through a blistering Washington summer, when he was to all appearance, the only person not "tired".

Of southern activity in the pursuits of peace, we need no other testimony than the tremendous energy that has recovered from the utter wasting of the Civil war—lands devasted, houses destroyed or dilapidated, farms gone to decay, the man who might have restored them killed or crippled—and out of the desolation, somehow, the men of the south have built up wealth and prosperity again.

One is indeed ignorant who supposes the southerners are not active or vigorous. In fact, the southern people seem to be rather conspicuous for the very activity and vigor in which their critic assumes them to be lacking.

---Leslie's Weekly.

The tongue cunning to excite envy is an evil.—Euripides.

"Give Attendance to Reading."

Almost nine centuries ago a lonely monk, known afterwards as the Archbishop of Poictiers, wrote down in a monastery the following words which have lost none of their eloquence of truth through lapse of time. Could there be a more exquisite tribute to the fellowship of books?

"Our house is empty, save myself and the rats and mice, who nibble in a solitary hunger. There is no voice in the hall, no tread on the the stairs. The clock is stopped, the pump creakes no more. But I sit here with no company but books, dipping into dainty honey-combs of literature. All minds in the world's history find their focus in a library. This is the pinnacle of the temple from which we may see all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. I keep Egypt and the Holy Land in the closet next to the window. On the side of them are Athens and the Empire of Rome. Never was such on army mustered as I have here. No general ever had such soldiers as I. No kingdom ever had half such illustrious subjects as mine, or half as well governed. I can put my haughtiest subjects up or down as it pleases me. I call 'Plato,' and he answers 'Here'—a noble and sturdy soldier. 'Aristotle'. 'Here'---a host in himself. 'Demosthenes,' 'Cicero,' 'Caesar,' 'Tacitus,' 'Pliny,'---'Here' they answer, and they smile at me in their immortality of youth. Modest all, they never speak unless spoken to. Bountiful all, they never refuse to answer. And they are all at peace together. My architects are building night and day without sound of hammer; my painters designing, my poets singing, my philosophers discoursing, my historians and theologians weaving their tapestries, my generals marching about without noise or blood. I hold all Egypt in fee simple. I build not a city, but empires at a word. I can say as much of all the Orient as he who was sent to grass did of Babylon. And the world is around me, all that ever stirred human hearts or fired the imagination is harmlessly here. My library shelves are the avenues of time. Ages have wrought generations grown, and all their blossoms are cast down here. It is the garden of immortal fruits, without dog or dragon."

In thy breast there is a mind that cannot be gained over by charming.
---Homer.

Edison Greets Daniels at Llewellyn Park.

[Right here was the beginning of plans, the development of which eans the glory of science and invention. It is not over stating what will apparent soon to everyone that the Hon. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of e Navy, has inaugurated a movement that will deal with the affairs of is nation throughout a century. The personnel of the organization he as effected guarantees this.]

The Seventeenth Man.

Back and forth on the Selina May aced Capt. Sam Gulliver in the dim w, October dawn. The fog was ick as buttermilk; he could barely e the billows that rolled the hooner down to her scuppers, as e drifted, hove to in a six-knot uth west breeze, where deep d shoal water meet and tide-rips n high on the southern edge of eorges.

Gulliver frowned as he trod the cking deck. Something was on his ind. It was not merely that the essel lay right in the steamer's track, and that sixteen lives in the bunks below might hang on his watchfulness; that was part of trawling. But Captain Sam was facing a new experience. Yesterday noon, for the first time in fifteen years, he knocked a man down. To be sure, it had been necessary, unless he wished to get four inches of cold steel between his ribs. Nevertheless, it had not been pleasant.

Manuel, the new man, had fooled him. The captain had shipped him to Boston for a web-footed Portuguese, but he had turned out to be an ordinary Italian, more at home with pick and shovel than with oar and trawl. He hardly knew one rope from another; Captain Sam had learned that much on the trip out. Still, any greenhorn ought to be able to pull in cod and haddock.

The first time the dories were swung over, it was a trifle rough, and the Italian absolutely refused to put his leg over the rail. Gulliver remonstrated; Manuel scowled, and stuck to the deck, Captain Sam became insistent; the man grew sullen, and his black eyes narrowed. At last the captain lost his temper, and seized him roughly by the shoulder. Out flashed a knife; but Gulliver's hard fist was quicker, and Manuel's head thumped the deck, and his weapon flew overboard.

He spent the rest of the day under guard in the forecastle. He would eat no supper. By and by it came time to turn in. The captain spoke down the gangway:

"Better tie his hands. No knowing what he may do when we're asleep."

Naturally Manuel had objected; he fought like a wildcat, even using his teeth. But at last they trussed him securely, and tossed him into his bunk in the fore-peak.

On deck in the silence of the morning watch, Captain Sam lived over these events. Never again would he ship a man hastily. He would go short-handed first. Ed Clements, the regular lookout, had gone below to take some cough medicine, leaving the captain alone.

Far away he heard a faint rumble hardly louder than the wind in the rigging. A steamer was coming. He looked at the compass to note her position.

"East by South."

She was on her regular course, running west by North, for the Nantucket light-ship. She would pass not far from the schooner. He must be on the lookout.

Going forward near the windlass, he began working the brake fog horn. The wind carried the sound down toward the coming liner.

"She can't help hearing that."

Two minutes passed. Then sudden and grum, roared out the warning blast again. It seemed barely a mile away. Eighteen knots an hour eats up distance fast. But the captain felt relieved.

"She'll pass us a little to the South."

Letting go the brake of the horn, he walked aft. The next whistle two minutes later, should sound astern. His mind reverted to Manuel,

Suddenly out in the fog to leeward came a rushing, Captain Sam knew it all too well, and fear gripped him. The steamer! He had miscalculated her position. She was heading straight for the Selina May.

Gulliver had never made quicker time between the wheel and the windlass. So long as he dared, he worked the brake of the horn madly, then dropped it ran aft, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Turn out! Turn out! A steamer right aboard!" Up from both gangways rushed a string of startled men without hats, coats and boots, dazed, wild-eyed, terrified. They ran confusedly about the decks, or stood paralyzed with dread. Then close by in the fog, drowning all other sounds the whistle bellowed menacingly. Before its thunder ended, from high above glared down on them a pair of red and green eyes, with a sharp black prow between. A lookout gave a yell of alarm as, with a ripping crash the steel nose struck the schooner opposite her nest of dories just abaft the forward rigging.

The knife-like stem, driven by thousands of tons of steel behind, sheared through the hull of the schooner as if it had been pulp-board. Overboard from stern to stern and bow the panic-stricken crew leaped headlong; the instinct told them their only hope lay in the water as far as possible from the track of the roaring monster. Before the prow struck the further gunwale of the vessel, her decks were empty. One man kept his senses—the captain. Just before the collision he had sprung to the taffrail, and seized the painter of the dory, towing astern for precisely this contingency. Casting off the line, he threw himself head foremost into the boat, clutching the gunwales, and kicking strongly away from the schooner.

His push carried him some distance from the reeling stern. Instantly he dropped upon his back in the bottom of the dory and grabbed her sides.

The liner cut the Selina May in two and passed between the sections. The high short wave that rolled out from her bow tossed the boat like a cork. Had Gulliver not been on his back in the bottom, he would surely have been pitched over-board.

From his prone position he caught a glimpse of the lighted bridge with the officer in charge peering down. He sent up a cry for help.

"You've sunk us! Come back pick us up!"

There was time for no more. The long black side swept by. Presently the stern slid into the gloom ahead, and the rushing died gradually away. But the whistle roared back a note of encouragement. Had he been heard? A few minutes would tell.

The dory gave a final toss, and Gulliver sprang up. He pulled in his thole-pins and shipped the oars. The lives of his entire crew, scattered over that dark fog-smothered sea, depended on him alone. Driving his boat back toward the spot of collision, he raised a shout: "This way, boys, this way!"

"Ay!" came out of the darkness close at hand; and presently an arm and head rose over the gunwale. Captain Sam pulled the man aboard; he had no time to ask who it was, Another hail, and another swimmer rescued, a third, a fourth, and a fifth. Still they came, their faint, sepulchral voices sounding through the gloom, from star-board, from port, man after man.

Soon the dory was as full as safty would allow. Gulliver kept the late comers in the water, holding on to the gunwales. At last a row of heads lined each side!

"All here?" asked the captian. "Let's count up."

Nine in the boat, four on the starboard gunwale, and three on the larboard—sixteen in all. And there had been seventeen men on the Selina May! An awestruck silence settled over the survivors. Who was missing?

Dinen, the cook, clutched Gulliver's arm.

"Manuel!" he gasped. A murmur of horror ran round the dory at the thought of the Italian, bound and helpless in the forepeak. Was the wreck still afloat, or had she gone down?

And I told you to tie his hands!" groaned Captian Sam. "Boys I feel like a murderer. Lets see if we can't fine the forward end of the schooner; perhaps it hasn't sunk yet." But he spoke hopelessly.

"There!" exclaimed the cook.

From the dence fog ahead sounded faint, muffled cries, mingled with a dull hammering, as of a man's fists on wood. Manuel was still alive, but in mortal fear. The dory moved slowly toward the sound, and soon its bow brought up against a tangle of rigging. Beyond loomed a black, formless mass, evidently the forward part of the wreck.

"Don't get to near!" cried warning voices, "She may go down any second!"

Gulliver stood cautiously up.

"Take the oars, somebody," said he "and keep off far enough not to be sucked down with her if she sinks. I'm going after him. Something's holding him down in the forecastle, and he'll drown like a rat without help. I've never lost a man yet, and I don't propose to now."

Carefully, so as not to swamp the over-burdened dory, he slipped into the sea. Three strokes brought him to a mass of ropes and shattered planks. Crawling over these, he soon stood upon the deck, which was already awash. What was left of the Selina May would soon be on its way to the bottom.

Captain Sam's knees struck a mound of canvas, and his practiced fingers told him that it was the clew of the foresail, which had fallen over the forward gangway. Incoherent mutterings and shouts came from beneath it. Gulliver drew his knife.

"Keep quiet!" he shouted, "I'll save you."

The canvas heaved violently, and a muffled babble arose. Manuel was beside himself. The captain did not blame him, for the water must have been almost to his neck.

Pushing the Italian's bobbing head aside with his left hand, Gulliver slit a long hole in the canvas. Through this he reached, caught Manuel's collar, and dragged him out.

There was a bubbling, a gurgling groan of imprisoned air. A shudder under the captain's feet told him the wreck was going down! Unless the two left they would go also.

He was about to cut the rope that held Manuel's wrists together, when a thought restrained him. He could restrain the panic-stricken Italian better if those hands were confined until they were safely aboard the dory. Getting a good grip on the seventeenth man, Gulliver dragged him to the rail.

With a sudden shiver the boat tilted slowly upright.

"She's going!" cried Gulliver to the men in the dory, "Keep off and look alive!"

He pitched Manuel overboard and jumped after him. They struck in a swath of rigging, like the tentacles of a squid. Death lurked in those entangling loops. Fighting furiously for both, Captain Sam forced his way through them.

From the lips of the Italian burst a yell of terror, dying away in a low gurgle, as his head was drawn below the surface. Gulliver realized instantly what had happened. One of the floating ropes had entangled

Manuel's feet, and was taking him down with the schooner. In a few seconds he would be beyond help. The captain must either free him somehow, let go, or be dragged down too.

Knife in hand, Gulliver felt his way along the writhing body, until he found a tight loop around the knee. Savagely he hacked at it. Would it never let go? Finally he cut it through and pulled away. With an arm round Manuel, he sought up again to the surface. Before long they were both on board the dory.

Whistle after whistle echoed through the fog. The steamer was coming back. Twenty minutes later her boats had found them, and soon they were safely on board on their way to New York.---Companion.

The Habit Of Happiness.

No matter what his vocation or condition in life may be, every one owes it to himself and to the world to form a habit of being just as happy as he can. Happiness is harmony and harmony means health to all bodily functions; it means efficiency. Faculties give out their best when they are normal. To keep happy is therefor, the best personal economy and surest investment: it insures the greatest possible output of brains and body.

Much natural ability is rendered inefficient because men and women do not know that discord, whether of fear, worry, selfishness, hatred or jealousy, is a health and happiness killer; an efficiency blighter. Many men waste more vitality and mental energy in a few minutes of bad temper than would be required in the legitimate cunning of their business for days.

What would we think of a banker who would open his vaults and throw all his money into the street? But when, in a fit of anger or rags a man throws open the safety valve of his mind and flings out his energy, his precious life capital, character capital, we think very little about it.

We can make ourselves happy or miserable, comfortable or uncomfortable, according to the emotions which we allow to pass through our minds. Whatever goes through the mind must reappear in the character and physical condition.

It is a law that every state of mind, whether good or bad, effects every call in the system and is outlectured in the body. We are thus the arbiters of our fate through our thoughts, emotions and passions.

The time will come when we shall know how to refresh ourselves by mental change, by mental chemistry; that is, by holding in our minds the antidotes of the things that have wearied us or vexed us, by holding the mental attitude which will neutralize the thought enemies that have thrown our bodies into confusion.

There is nothing so deadly to happiness as mental discord. It paralyzes the thinking ability and destroys the power of concentration and effectiveness.

All diseases and sickness of whatever kind are the outpitching of some form of discord. If the mind is kept as happy as possible it is difficult for discord to get a foothold in the body. A happy mind is the best possible health producer, disease killer and discord destroyer.

For centuries man's happiness was looked upon by many earnest, thinking people as a condition largely beyond his control. They seemed to think that it depended mostly upon the temperament one happened to develop and that there were other things of so much more importance that we should not consider it too serious or take precious time to cultivate it directly.

We are beginning to find, however, that even as a economical investment it pays immensely to make a business of being happy and being just as good to ourselves as possible, although not in a selfish way. We could not be good to ourselves in the higher sense by being selfish.

There is nothing better that we can do for our children than to train them from infancy to form a habit of always being happy, cheerful and hopeful, and of making this a life principle. The habit of optimism, of facing life the right way, will be worth infinitely more to them than the greatest fortune they may inherit without it.

Children should be given a bright outlook upon life. There is nothing like a sunny disposition, a happy temperament, and if they are inherited they may be cultivated.

Keep yourself cheerful, joyous and happy. It was never intended that you should be a grumbling, discordant, unhappy mortal. You were made to be happy, exuberant; but do not mistake intoxicating excitement, a titillation of the nerves, for happiness. Real happiness is as calm as a summer sea; it is deep, quiet, serene. It works noiselessly, silent but powerfully. We are most powerful when most perfectly poised, when most serene.

Happiness is a great stimulator of growth. Nothing grows when discordant. When we shall have learned how to conserve our energies by getting our minds into harmony, even the hardest day's work will not tire us. It is nerve exhaustion, wasted energy through unnatural, discordant condltions, that make us jaded and tired out, the result of friction in our machinery. If we could keep ourselves in a happy condition all day, we should be fresh at night. It is keeping ourselves in perfect harmony that we become more efficient and get the most out of life.---Ex.

The Value Of Silence.

Many a good man has lost a good job by talking too much. Many mediocre men remain in steady employment because they give the impression that they are wise by holding a still tongue in their heads.

Unsolicited advice is easy to give, but hard to take. The only kind of advice appreciated is that purchased. That's why lawyers, doctors and a few other people wax fat and happy. By keeping silence only when paid for speaking up, they make their silence valuable.

During these days of strenuous business competition the value of trade secrets cannot be overestimated. In every trade confidential clerks are employed to keep the records and private formulas, if any. Where it is possible to employ two or more workmem, no one man handles a complete work; like the making of shoes, the manufacture of an automobile, or even molding the different parts of a stove. To manufacture parts in quantity is a matter of productive economy, and to keep collective information from the majority is shrewd business. Silence regarding knowledge of the way to do things, becomes a valuable asset from a financial stand-point, providing it does not handicap production.

On the other hand, silence can also be a detriment to man's advancement. If the fear of ridicule keeps a man from asking a question, the solution of which would make things easy or save money, and he does not ask, but gropes blindly, in the dark silence becomes a liability, a handicap. ---Exchange.

Think twice before you speak, or act once, and you will speak or act the more wisely for it.---Franklin.

Why Corn Is King.

Corn is the king of the grains in the number of bushels produced. It is the foundation for the livestock industry in the United States' especially hog raising.

Corn is used directly for food by thousands of people, in the form of corn bread, hominy and many excellent dishes. Indirectly it is the food for the entire meat-eating world, but aside from its food uses there are many others that many people have never heard about.

People who like to talk in millions and billions should revel in discussing the corn crop. Corn was the gift of the New World to the Old. It probably originated in Mexico. Now it is grown all over the world and the average annual crop is about four billion bushels. The United States furnishes two-thirds of that total.

Every year some new use is found for corn. In the old days there were only two ways to dispose of it —to feed it to cattle and, in the shape of cornmeal, to some people. The meal had to be for local consumption, because when made, as it then was, from the whole kernel. it soon became rancid.

From the germ, which is seperated from the kernel in the milling process the oil is extracted by chemical and mechanical processes and constitutes a product which is coming into use in the manufacture of paint.

The vulcanized oil is used extensively in surfacing linoleum and oilcloth and is applied to a number of other purposes. After the oil is extracted there is left a valuable residuum know as corn oil cake, which is sold here and abroad and is used in the fattening of sheep and other animals. Nearly fifty million pounds of this material are annually shipped to Great Britain and Germany and there used by farmers; who find it cheaper than materials of a similar nature which they can grow at home.

A corn product which is coming into extensive use in glucose' made from starch, water and sulphuric acid. Confectioners use large quantities of glucose, which is a colorless, sweetish syrup useful as food when properly taken. Nearly two hundred million pounds of glucose are sent out of this country each year to all parts of the world.

From cornstarch also comes dextrin of several kinds, used extensively in the making of glue, paste and mucilage. When one licks a postage stamp one gets a taste of dextrin, flavored often with some harmless preseverative.

One other use of corn may be mentioned as in all probability having an important bearing on future industrial pursuits. Denatured alcohol is already extensively manufactured from corn, both at home and abroad. Despite the advancing price of the grain it is still one of the most economical sources of the product which under different legal restrictions from those now in existence may become important as a sourse of heat, light and power in homes, especially farm homes.

Experiments conducted here and abroad demonstrated that bulkheads onstructed of cornstalks were nearly impervious to water when a shot passed through them. Some of the largest ships are now protected with a belt of corn pith celulose made largely from corn grown in the Ohio valley. The same material, or modified forms of it, is used in the manufacture of high explosives, such as guncotton and smokeless powder.

Pyroxylin varnish, another material made from cellulose, is a useful product manufactured in connection with the otners products just mentioned.

From time to time the attention of the country has been directed toward the vanishing supply of wood for the manufacture of paper or paper pulp. Various attempts have been made to manufacture paper from other materials and a good many years ago samples of fine paper were produced from cornstalks. The processes as followed were however, not economical, so that the work was abandoned. More recent new light has been thrown on the subject through improved methods and processes.

Like the grain the stalks contain a number of products which can be seperated under proper chemical physical and mechanical processes. It has been demonstrated that form of low grade molasses can be taken from cornstalks without any way detracting from their value for the manufacture of paper.

In passing it would be well to call attention to another part of the corn plant which is considered a more or less useless thing by the farmer, the cob.

With the increased knowledge which experimental work has developed at the agricultural colleges and stations the usefulness of this material as a stock food when ground in connection with grain has been shown.

Large quanties therefore of ground grain and cobs are now used for feeding. The cob is also ground and mixed with various highly concentrated feeds such as cottonseed meal and sold for stock food. Large quantities of cobs furthermore are utilized in certain parts of the Mississippi valley in the manufacture of corncob pipes.

THE SOUTH'S DOINGS.

"Of scientists, who rank above Audubon, LeConte and Maury? The latter is called by one the greatest of Americans, honored by every country save his own.

"A southern doctor first used chloroform; a southern doctor founded the New York Polyclinic; a South Carolina doctor, Marion Sims, built the first woman's hospital; a southern doctor (McGuire of Virginia) first proposed that doctors be regarded as non-belligerents, free to serve the wounded on both sides, forerunner of the Red Cross doctor of today. Dr. Kinlock, of Charleston, in 1862, opened the abdomen of a wounded Confederate soldier and remedied the trouble; the patient recovered. The account is buried in a medical history of the war, and is seen only by an occasional student, Twenty-one years later the same operation was performed by a Swiss doctor, a few months later still by a New York doctor, and heralded in the world.

"The first sewing machine, cotton gin, and steamboat belonged to the south; the first railroad, to South Carolina, yet southerners were said to be impractical and unbusiness-like. The first ironclad battleship wus a southern invention, and was first used by Confederates. The first submarine torpedo boat, the first ironclad batteries, floating and stationary, were built and used in defense of Charleston harbor. The ill-fated United States submarine recalls the brave men of the David who blew up the Hoosatanic and were never seen again, their fate not being known until after the war. Could you teach the youth of today finer things?"---Nashville Christian Advocate.

The Milk of Human Kindness

Archibald Johnson in Charity and Children.

Without discounting one word the Bible says about the doctrine of total depravity, we are glad to believe there is much more good in the average man than some people seem to think. The public conscience is not seared, it is tender and responsive to human suffering. Individual cases of coldness and cruelty there are, but the average every-day man that you pass and repass is neither cold nor cruel. On the contrary, he is genuinely sympathetic and kindly in his nature. Occasions may rarely arise to bring these finer qualities to the surface Years may go by without revealing the brotherliness of the neighbors to one, but whed the emergency does come those who need sympathy and help will find it, and in surprising profusion. It takes the night to bring out the stars. They are there all the time, but their shining is revealed only in shadows. One of the delightful surprises of these emergencies that break us with a power both new and strange, is that human sympathy shows itself to be well nigh universal. And it is like the air and the sunlight. It falls on all alike; and it comes from unexpected and unlooked for places. One of the great ministeries of pain is, that it brings to our relief so many helpful hands. The coldness and the selfishness of the world of commerce is transformed into the warmth and glow of brotherhood. The attitude of the public is completely changed in the presence of a great and overwhelming sorrow. The discordant and strident voices that come to one whose sky is cloudless, are soft and low when spoken to one who gropes in gloom. The world is far from what it ought to be —from what it will be, let us hope and pray, as the sympathy of the race is enlarged by enlightment, but with all its faults it is a good old world after all, and human nature everywhere responds to human need. This is the hope of the future. We let our angry passions rise and fight each other like dogs, but the red cross shines through the battle clouds and the finest heroism is displayed, not by the soldiers facing shot and shell, but by the ministers of mercy who give their lives to those who suffer. It takes experience, however, to fuily realize the worth and power of the kindness of the average man. It is too often discounted and scouted by those who have never needed it; but into all lives some rain must fall and sooner or later the time will come to each of us when we will realize in all its fullness and sweetness the gentle solicitude of our friends and even of our casual acquaintances, as they rally to our help when we stand stricken and dazed with grief.

One Day For The Orphanage.

To the press of North Carolina:---

Relying on the generosity and public spirit of the Press of the State the undersigned are emboldened to ask of our newspapers such timely and telling help as they are able to give us in impressing upon every man, woman and child in the State of North Carolina the importance of contributing ONE DAY'S INCOME to the orphanage work of the State as a Thanksgiving offering.

The orphanages of the State are contributing largely to the enrichment of the life of North Carolina. They are gathering up the waste material and transforming it into valuable citizenship. They, more than any other institutions of whatever kind, are beginning at the beginning of things. They are molding indigent childhood into useful manhood and womanhood exactly at the point where the process of training is vital; and they are doing this work for the most part without the cost of a copper to the State.

The movement to secure a contribution of ONE DAY'S LABOR from every citizen was begun last spring. At a meeting held in Raleigh Sept. 28, the Executive Committee met and formally launched the campaign. The editors of North Carolina were the men toward whom the members of the Committee first turned their eyes. We are counting on these men who, more than any others, shape and control our public sentiment to stand by us in this movement and make the next Thanksgiving notable in the annals of the State's history.

We are often called on to do honor to the dead and this is a sentiment that is creditable and worth, but in this movement we are called upon to perform a service for the living at a time and place where that service will tell most mightilo on coming ages. Thousands of children are safely sheltered in our Orphan Homes, but four times as may are as yet uncared for and left to shift for themselves in a world of temptation and peril without a father's counsel or a mothers care—without a home, a penny, or a friend!

It is primarily in behalf of those homeless ones that this movement is launched. We must enlarge our Orphanages and admit more of the little ones on the ontside, who are clamoring to come in. Each institution in the State is crowed to its utmost capacity, with a stream of children standing at the gates and crying for admission. If a tithe of the citizens of North Carolina will give the price of ONE DAY'S LABOR to the orphanage work it will mean the salvation of a thousand North Carolina children now on their way to the dogs and the devil. Is this work not worthy of the best effort of every good citizen?

It is our hope that every North Carolina pastor will freely and gladly give his best efforts to the advancement of this movement. We hope and believe that they will urge those of their congregations who have an income to sacredly set apart ONE DAY'S WORK to this great cause, and send it forward to the Orphanage of his choice on or near Thanksgiving Day.

Fellow citizens, this is no child's play. It is a man's job. The pennies of the children are not to be despised. Every gift, however little, helps the object to which it is given, and helps the giver more; but we are not appealing especially to children in this movement, but to men and women who are busy in the world's work. And knowing the spirit and temper of our North Carolina people, we do not believe that we will appeal in vain.

M. L. Shipman,
Hight C. Moore,
C. B. McNairy,
Archibald Johnson,
Committee.

No Difference.

A darkey running a ferry across the Alabama River was accosted by a poor white stranger who wanted to cross, but hadn't the wherewithal.

Pete scratched his woolly pool, perplexedly, then querried: "Doan' yo' got no money at all?"

"No," was the dejected reply.

"But it doan' cost yo' but three cents ter cross," insisted Pete.

"I know, but I hain't got three cents."

After a final inward think, Pete remarked: "I done tell yo' what; a man what's not got three cents am jes' as well off on dis side ob de briber as on de odder!"

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Lee Young had a visit from his parents Sunday.

The school section picked peas for Mr. Bob Bost a few days ago.

Dee Sides received a visit from his father who lives in Concord, N. C.

Mrs. Ida DuBois, of High Point, made a short visit to see her son, Henry DuBois.

The work forces have been cutting corn for the past few days. We have a pretty good crop of corn this year.

Miss Bessie Cope, former matron of the Training School, has left the Institution and returned to her home at Worry, N. C.

The last boy to enter this school was John Biggerstaff, of Marion, N. C. He was placed in the Second Cottage in the care of Mr. Fisher.

Mr. T. C. Grier, of Harrisburg, has taken the school room in charge here now. He is a fine man and all the boys like him very much.

Charlie Haglar, of Monroe, N. C., received an honorable parole from the institution last month. We all wish him much happiness in his future life.

Henry Crawley of Durham, N. C., received an honorable discharge week before last. He had spent three years at the school. He has the good wishes of every one here.

Miss Lula Templeton, matron of the second cottage, has returned from her vacation spent in Iredell Co. She comes back to her duties with renewed energies.

Ephriam Jones, of Rocky Mount, N. C., has received an honorable discharge from the institution. He was thought well of by all the officers and the boys here and we wish him much success in his after life.

We are again indebted to Miss Janie and Miss Helen Patterson of Concord for their interest taken in in the boys by frequently coming out here to teach the boys some new songs. We cannot fully express our thanks in words to them.

The boys have been picking cotton for the neighboring farmers for the past two weeks. The boys count this as their vacation because it affords them a rest in their school work. They have races among themselves and nearly every day one or two of the boys win prizes for picking a certain amount of cotton.

Mr. S. I. Parker has left the institution to return to the University of North Carolina to take up his studies. He was a fine officer and all the boys regret to see him leave. There is a hope in every heart that he will return to the institution to take up his duties as officer here when he leaves the University.

A very interesting game of baseball was played between the Training School nine and the Kannapolis team last Saturday. The game was well played, and the home team showed much improvement over last week, due to the extra practice put in. The game closed with the score 9 to 2 in favor of the Training School.

The dedication of the Chapel is to take place October 28th. There will be atheletic exercises given by the boys sometime during the day. Everone is looking forward with much interest to the time when we will have the Chapel ready to be used for religious services that have been held in a small reading hall of the King's Daughter's Cottage.

The Cook Literary Society's election of officers was held last Tuesday night. The officers-elect are: Howard McCormick, President; Frank Hewlett, Vice-President; Harry Baker, Recording Secretary; Fred Costan, Treasurer; Royall Mumford, Corresponding Secretary; O'Dell Gregory, Prosecuting Critic; Sheldon Merritt, Librarian: Dennis Robertson, Sergeant of Arms; Robert Lewis, First Reporting Critic; Roosevelt McIntyre, Second Reporting Critic.

At the election of officers for the Cone Literary Society much interest was shown. Several officers were elected that had never been nominated for the office before but they have shown by their work in the society in the past that they are the boys for the office. The officers elected are: James Swaney, President; Elisha Neathery, Vice-President; Randolph White, Secretary; Will Hill, Critic; Wiley Lamm, Censor; Lambeth Suit, Treasurer; Elisha Neathery, Reporter.

Chrysanthemums.

Brave-hearted blossoms that rejoice the bee
When asters droop, when goldenrod is dead,
When oak-leaves clinging late upon the tree
Have changed for russet their autumnal red,
Come, leave my northern garden's dreary pale!
For threats of killing frost pervade the air;
Together we shall face November's gale
And sift his snowflakes through our tawny hair.

We've shared the best delights, full blossomed flowers—
Free air, wide sky, the song of winds that pass,
The still of noon, the heartening rush of showers,
The sleigh-bell chime of crickets in the grass.
We've drunk the strength of earth, the calm of night,
The golden joy of sunshine from above,
And now, in autumn's chill and winter's blight,
We'll yield that joy again to those we love.

THE OYSTER QUESTION.

By Sarah Graham Morrison, in Young Folks.

The "r" months had arrived.

"How will you have your oysters, ma'am? ' and the old oyster house man handed me a menu card with at least fifty ways of serving the bivalve.

"So many ways!" I ejaculated.

"Yes, madam. There are some three hundred ways of serving them, but we don't list them all. Folks from one part of the country have names for them that folks from other parts don't know."

"Just a plain stew for me," I said, but my curiosity was excited. Oysters with bacon, broiled, on chafing-dish, en coquille, creamed, Creighton, a la Demerara, fricasseed, fried, on ice, a la Maitre d'Hotel with mushrooms, panned, parboiled, pickled, raw, roasted, sauted, scalloped, on the half-shell, smothered! I had no idea there were so many ways to serve them. The waiter had an air of knowing oysters. No one was in that stormy day so I devised ways and means to keep him talking to me while I made way with the most delicious stew ever prepared.

"Pretty good eating—oysters—don't you think?"

The king of fish. Best of all the sea food." Then he continued, "The oyster is the greatest of all fish—and at the same time the most misunderstood. The ordinary person holds the opinion that it grows in refuse and feeds on offal of the ocean; but nothing could be farther from the truth. Oysters, in fact, thrive only in the cleanest of water, they cannot live in water too fresh, and they get too salty themselves if they grow far out at sea. The really choice oysters are grown just beyond the fresh water line, where line, where the salt is not so strong that they become rank in taste, and where there is sufficient ebb and flow of tide to feed them.

"The ebb and flow is absolutely essential, as it is in this way the oyster feeds. As anyone may observe, there is little digestive activity in the bodies; so the nutriment is extracted from the sea water as it flows in and out of the partly-opened shell."

"Where are the best oyster grounds?"

"On the shores of Delaware Bay," he replied. "That's where the Lynnhavens, the very best, come from. The Chincoteague are a close second. The best fishing ground in Delaware Bay is at Marsh River, on the Jersey shore, about seventy miles below Philadelphia. It is just inside the breakwaters, and there the mullusks thrive naturally and and without difficulty. In June and July the spawning season is at its height and soon afterwards the oystermen make their catches and take the young farther down the bay to private beds. There they are allowed to grow at least two years. They are best, however, after three years, being then known as 'primes.' while a few are grown four years and marketed as 'selects,' bringing the highest returns. The average price for primes is eight dollars a thousand, in the shells, with selects bringing as high as fifteen dollars a thousand. These figures prevail on the wharf before any additional labor is done, and the usual method of shipping is in such bulk.

"Fishing on the natural beds is done according to strict government regulations. Every shell under an inch and one-half is thrown back. This is called 'rough culling,' and is enforced in order to give the spawns something on which to fasten. On the natural beds 'wind' power only is used in order that the production will not be exterminated quickly, but on the private beds gasoline or steamboats are permitted. From the boatside two dredges are dropped into the waters, and as these drag along the oysters are scooped. They are then dumped into the boat until a high pile is made. Next comes the run back to the wharf, where the catch is loaded into large, heavy canvas sacks, which are at once carried to trains waiting on the wharf. In this way the catch is under way a few moments after being unloaded from the boat, and is then sent at express rate throughout the country. Special oyster trains are run from the most important points to New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, whence reshipment to smaller centers are made."

I was much interested in what the old man told me, but there were some things he did not mention. This article deals only with edible oysters, not the hammer or pearl oysters. In the true oysters the shells are irregular, the two valves unequal and the hinge without teeth. The animal is attached to some submerged object by the left valve, which becomes hollowed out to receive the body, while the right valve, which is free, is flattened or may be even concave from above. The shells are closed by a muscle, popularly called "heart," which extends from about the center of one valve through the animal to the other.

About seventy species of the true oyster are known, mostly found in the warmer seas. The most important are the common oysters of Europe, those of the eastern American coast and those of Japan. The first are found from Norway and the Baltic to England and the Mediterranean, then another species is found in the Eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

At one time the American oyster ranged along the whole eastern coast, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and was used extensively by the Indians, but growth of civilization there it has dissappeared from the whole coast between Nova Scotia and Cape Cod. There still remain beds in the Bay of Choleur and around Prince Edward Island. It has been introduced at points on the Pacific coast. Two notive Pacific coast oysters are eaten, but they have a brassy taste.

Like all mollusks, they reproduce entirely by eggs, the Eastern oyster laying from 10,000,000 to 60,000,000 eggs a year, but there are many, many things to destroy them and a comparatively small number ever mature.

"For a few weeks previous to marketing many oyster farmers transfer a portion of their crop from the beds in deeper waters to warm shallows, where the greater abundance of food causes them to fatten and improve in flavor. Such oysters are highly esteemed and have an enhanced value. This process must not be confused with 'plumping,' which, though also known as fattening, consists simply in changing the oysters to waters of a lower density for a few days. As a result they absorb water and become bloated. They gain nothing in nutrient value and deteriorate in flavor, but, appearing plump and full, they are eagerly sought and find a ready sale at a higher price."

Two methods of catching them are in vogue. The dredge, of which the oyster house man spoke, is used in deep water, say from fifteen to twenty fathoms. "This is a rectangular iron framework, about four feet across with sharp edges, or with long teeth upon one side, while attached to the other is a large open-work bag of cord or iron. This dredge is dragged over the bottom, the teeth or sharp edges tearing the

oysters loose, when they are caught in the bag and are brought to the surface." But in shallow water they are "taken by means of oyster tongs, which are like two long-tined rakes, hinged so as to open and close like shears."

Poor Little Rich Boys.

Twenty guards at the gates of a Massachusettes country place and at points of vantage or the boundries watch over the sons of the late Alfred G. Vanderbilt. Surrounded by nurses and other attendants, the children play upon the lawn, which nobody is allowed to approach without a permit. The boys are heirs to a fortune that they might be kidnapped and held for ransom if suitable precautions were not taken.

Poor little rich boys, prisoners, surrounded, guarded, hampered even while at play within a stone's throw of the manor house. Few healthy youngsters will envy tnem. Liberty is never the actuality to men that it is to boys. Responsibilities, financial, social, domestic, binds men to a wheel of their fortunes which turns in a rut towards the journey's end. But the boy---at least the boy whose parents are sufficiently well to do, and sufficiently wise and humane to recognize the rights of boy-hood and let youth have its flings---tastes liberty as a sparkling draught which cheers and stimulates, which may be drunk deeply without incuring a headache.

Wealth is a consolation, conductive to happiness at least, if not creative of contentment. It is scoffed at by the envious oftener than by the philosopher. But what has wealth to offer grown men that equals the boy's freedom to roam over the countryside; to know the depths of the swimin' hole, the orchards which produce June apples, the watermelon patches which may be raided, the creeks where fish may be caught, the silent forests paths, the comradship formed without regard to social caste? Who would not rather have the liberty of a Huckleberry Finn or a Tom Sawyer than be a gilded child playing ring-around-the-rosey with a half dozen nurse-maids upon a shaven lawn of a guarded estate, the line fences military outposts and the meadows and the woodlands presided over by the secret service?

Famously fortunate are the sons of multimillionaires, of course. But they must miss the glorious holiday of boy-hood which lies between the restrictions of the nusery and the responsibilities of life, a period in which every day brings its great adventure and every night its happy dreams and interlude in which the skies that bend above the meadows are bluer and the meadows that lie beneath the sun are greener than they will ever be when the serious business of life has been undertaken.

The lad who said he wished he were the son of a Vanderbilt because he then would be sure to have ice cream at every Sunday's dinner was a thoughtless fellow who did not consider the fetters and the fardels borne by youthful heirs to great estates.---Courier Journal.

Things That Do Not Change.

Far up an untraveled New Hampshire road there is an old cellar. Not a trace of timber remains, but about the forgotten doorstep beautiful roses and lilacs bear faithful witness to the home that once stood there, although thick-crowding young forest trees lift their green tops far above the foundation. Probably no one now living can remember the great-natured, great-souled woman who lived there, but her story, as another has told it in "A Kingdom of Two," ought not be forgotten. "Aunt Head" her neighbors called her. One by one she had seen the bodies of husband and sons carried across the threshold, past the lilacs. She was beyond middle age when she was left alone. But what seemed the end of her own life, also was only the beginning of a larger living, the power of which was felt for miles round.

Her first act was eccentric. She tore down the walls of her house and rested the sloping roof on the stone foundation. Her one fear was of the wild winter storms. But secure in her low shelter she was not uncomfortable; there was living spring in tne corner of the cellar, and a bulkhead that opened to the south gave her light and air. In the slender shaft of light she wove and spun and earned enough to give something to others.

Sometimes the need was material. An old wayfarer came to her door one day helpless and forlorn; she took him in, and cared for him until he died. Oftener the need was spiritual. There was no church nearby; so she gathered the neighbors for miles about and since many of them came long distances, she began her service on Saturday hy baking bread and cooking a great kettleful of soup for the next day. Then on Sunday, her mighty voice—it could be heard half a mile away, they said, proclaimed the way to rightousness and exhorted sinners to repentance. In sickness or trouble she was always present. In one of the winter storms that she dreaded, when the doctor would not risk his life, she went alone on foot over the mountain to bring a new life in, three times in that terrible night even her great strength gave out, and three times she "laid hold upon the Lord," and went on her way.

The men and women she knew are long dead. Steam and electricity have changed the face of the world she lived in; but beneath changes the great truths on which she built her life—love, faith, prayer, service—are unchanged and unchanging. Science has no substitute for them. They, and they only, are eternal.

Be a Good Forgetter.

Life is too short to remember the things that would prevent one's doing one's best.

"Forgetting the things that are behind I press forward," said a brave old man in the first century.

Usually old men live largely in the past, but this old man lived in the future. He was a mighty good forgetter.

Many of us fail because we do not forget. We remember our failures and they hamper us. We remember our victories and they make us vain. We remember our enemies and fritter away valuable time trying to get even with them. But—

The successful man forgets.

He knows the past is irrevocable. He lets the death past bury its dead. He is in too much of a hurry to attend the funeral of his hopes. He is running a race. He cannot afford to look behind. His eyes is on the winning post.

The magnanimous man forgets.

He is too big to let littles disturb him. He forgets quickly and forgets easily. If any one does him a wrong he "considers the sources" and keeps sweet. It is only your small man who cherishes a low revenge. Or an Indian. The Indian never forgets and because he is ever wanting to pay somebody back he never gets on.

Be a forgetter.
Bigness dictates it and—
Success demands it.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.---1 Corinthians, xiii: 13.

Let the People Think!
—John A. Bleicher, Leslies'

The Black Rope.

In the region about his own home Jay Hazelton had earned the name of being a "driver." In the busiest season of the farm year work never crowded Jay. Instead he crowded his work with all the relentlessness of which his sturdy frame and square chin showed him capable. Strangely enough during the summer of 1898 this very trait of forehandedness came near to wrecking the young farmer's fortunes.

Jay's "hired man" was a scrawney youth of about eighteen years, the farmer's opposite in physical and mental characteristics. Jay had hired him partly in pity of the boy's widowed mother, who rented the farm a mile southeast of his own, and partly it must be confessed, because such help came cheap, and Jay believed a few allopathic doses of "hustle" might induce the dawdling Watson to do almost the work of a man.

On the hottest afternoon the summer had known Jay was sorting eggs down in the basement of the barn. The little eggs were good enough for the farmer and his assistant, and the others would bring a fancy price from town customers. He was in even more of a hurry than usual, for this particular Tuesday was an important day for the old Hazelton farm and its master; from the place was going the first herd of Hereford cattle that he had ever sold to a certain dealer. A dozen two-year-old and Daisy and Lass, two of Jay's star mothers, had been purchased by the Worthington Stock Farm. The man who was to take them to their new home was probably in town at this very moment. He and his car were to have arrived during the morning, and as Jay remembered this, he called to Watson.

"Hey, boy," he shouted' "its time you were getting started with the cows! I don't want you to have to hurry them. You'd better get the team out and be going.

There was a moment's pause, as if the young fellow at work in the tool-shed was trying to think of an excuse for procrastination; then, "I don't like to start just now, boss," he sang, in his nasal tone. "There's going to be a storm before an hour's past—I can feel it, and the stock is plumb nervous. Better let me wait awhile."

"Wait at the other end, Watson!" commanded the farmer. "If there's going to be a storm, all the more reason for getting the herd down town—barn might be struck you know. And, come to think of it, I'll let you take the young stock instead of Daisy and Lass. The herd would be harder to handle in a storm, and I can't start just yet."

Jay laughed to himself at the pause which followed this announcement. He had purposely shifted to the boy's shoulders the harder part of the work, in payment for what he considered his attempt to dwaddle.

"All right, boss!" Watson agreed, after another pause.

The sound of the grindstone's buzz ceased abruptly, and a few minutes later Jay heard the collie barking and heard the hinges of the gate give out a resonant squeak. He knew that he was alone; and instantly he began to doubt the wisdom of sending this inexperienced young fellow to town with four thousand dollars' worth of factious cattle. Only twelve of them there were, but they were the finest in the state—and to Jay they meant success or failure in the business of raising fancy stock. With the money he would obtain from them he could buy a couple of imported animals and put up a small stable. If they should be damaged in any way, —and the man broke the egg he was transferring to the case as the thought struck him,—he must begin again at the beginning. He threw in the last dozen eggs, and hurried to the door of the basement.

Down the road, beyond a series of little hills, a cloud of dust was rising. It might be floating above his cattle, and it might be simply a dust halo above a wagon. At any rate, for better, or for worse, it was beyond recall, To the west some strange orange and black clouds were peeping above the prairie. The farmer stared at them for a moment, then turned, caught up the filled egg-case, and hurried with it into the farmyard. In the back of the wagon he shoved the egg-crate. He noticed that the team was restless, but as it had been hitched and waiting for an hour this did not surprise him. When he went to the stock barn for the two cows, he found that they, too, were nervous and irritable.

"Guess they're feeling the heat," he mumbled. "Its time I was on the move. I made the boy start out in the teeth of this storm, so I guess I ought to risk it myself."

He tied Daisy and Lass to the back of the wagon, and drove slowly into the road. It was terribly hot, this July weather. The dust rose so thickly about him that at times he could hardly see the fields he was passing. He had to drive slowly because of the cows, and this poking gait irritated the team, so that they jerked at the lines and shied nervously every time a weed stirred beside the fence or a stone turned under their wheels. A light breeze was blowing down the road, going in the same direction as the wagon, and bringing a fog of dust along with it. Suddenly Jay noticed that even this breeze had died out; and as he turned his head to catch any sign of wind in the distance the sound of a continuous, humming roar came to him. He whirled in his seat and stared back in the road.

The highway upon which the Hazelton farm lay was the old state road, running straight as a plumb-line for nearly two hundred and fifty miles. Between the farm and the town lay a few insignificant hills, but for several miles on the other side there is neither rise nor depression. For this reason when Jay turned in his seat he could see nearly to the old creamery, two miles away—not quite so far, because coming down the middle of the road and hiding all that lay behind, dragged what appeared to be the frayed end of a great black rope. Into the air towered this strand, bulging as it ascended, until it had reached its summit, two hundred feet above the prairie, and had widened into a funnel several hundred yards across.

As Jay sat clamped to his seat, the sultriness of the day had disappeared, as far as he was concerned. He seemed to be freezing, and the sweat that ran down his face was cold sweat. The cloud was advancing with the speed of the wind—the swiftest of winds, for that matter, for the young man knew that he was directly in the path of a cyclone.

The act of forming the word in his mind seemed to release him from the terror that had bound him helpless in his seat, and he turned to whip up his team. A little way ahead a lane opened from the highway and led toward the distant house of one of Jay's neighbors. Straight for this lane he urged his team, shouting to the cows behind to step up. After he had turned into the lane he looked back, and saw that the storm had gained so rapidly that he still was in jeopardy. He could see, too, that the cloud was broader at the base than it had looked farther away, so that anything within a wide radius was sure to be caught. Then he turned back to his team, and let them out to a greater speed.

He was going as fast as he could without dragging the cows from their feet, and with stubborn resolution he refused to look round or to heed the swift advance of the cloud. He could hear trees snapping in its path, and by this sign, and by the terrible roar that seemed to come from the very heavens above him, he could tell something of how near the storm was. Certainy he did not expect to escape. When the noise of the tornado sounded behind him, and found that he and his horses were on the ground, he was surprised rather than relieved. He was not out of danger, however for as he looked down the road after the dragging rope of the cyclone, a terrific crash of thunder sounded, and as he saw the mass of clouds before him torn open by a ragged seam of fire.

In the quivering, rosy light of the flash, he had a last glimpse of the storm-cloud sweeping past the lines of the fence, rising occasionally and leaving spots unharmed, then dropping to tear up trees, and even posts, with its whirling tail, and to fill the air with a mass of rubbish. Afterward the darkness of night covered him. Crash after crash of thunder shook the ground over which he was driving, and with dazed faculties he strove to control his maddened team.

Fortunately his neighbors barn was directly in line with the lane. Sill more fortunately, the double doors were open. Jay guided his neighbor's team through the dark arch of the doorway, and brought up against a row of stanchions. That was all that kept him from going through the barn and out the back way he afterwards declared. With the shaking knees of one who has been through the valley of death, he crawled from his wagon and tied the team to the stanchions.

Half-heartedly he examined the two muddy cows. They were puffing and wild-eyed, but apparently uninjured by their run. Then he went to door, waited for a flash of lightning to show him the house, and started toward it on a run. He had stood the strain as long as he could without human companionship and even at the risk of being struck by the darting ligntning, he was determined to reach the house.

He did reach it, and was received by the two old people within by gestures of welcome, but without a word that was distinguished. After half an hour the storm began to ahate, and Jay was able to tell of his race with the tornado, and of his misfortune that had overwhelmed him—for in the loss of his cattle the young man thought he had been more stricken than he would have been by death itself.

"And the boy!" he groaned. "His mother a widow, and me sending him to his destruction—when he didn't want to go! I though it was his shiftlessness. He was always making excuses for putting things off."

"You're not to blame, Jay," the woman of the house comforted him. "No one will blame you. And you've lost all that fine stock. It's terrible.

"You did the best you could," the husband agreed.

After the storm had gone, leaving behind it the odor of wet dirt and fragrant meadows, the three went to the door to see what was left. Limbs of trees were scattered even in the farmyard, where the cyclone had not come. The straight wind that followed it had sufficed to tear them from the trees and to strew them from rods in every direction.

And across the fields the watchers could see a straw stack burning, where the lightning had struck it. As they stood on the porch, the telephone bell rang. It was a party line, and the old woman kept count.

"One, two, three and a short!" she mumbled. Then, "Why, that's your ring, isn't it Jay?"

"Yes," said Jay, while the white line about his mouth widened and the fear in his eyes grew more intense. "I'd rather be shot down than answer it—but I've got to do it."

Shakily he walked to the telephone and took down the receiver.

"That you, boss?" a nasal voice reached him. "Glory be!" I was afraid you had started for town and got caught in that tornado. I'm glad to hear your voice!"

Jay's hand shook so that he had to press the receiver hard to his ear to keep from dropping it. His eyes had grown bright, and joy sounded from his voice when he answered his hired man.

"Where are you, Watson?" he demanded. "How did you miss the storm? Did it kill all the cattle?"

To this three-barreled question Watson replied with his usual deliberation. "I'm at mother's, and I missed the storm by reason of going half a mile south of it. The cattle is all right—little bit skittish, but I guess we'll beat you into town yet.

The boy explained afterward that, feeling sure a bad storm was coming, he had taken the road to his mother's place, instead of keeping on toward town. And for once Jay did not scold him for disobeying orders.

—The American Boy.

To the Young Man.

Young man, I notice that you are not in school any more. What's the matter? Think you have received enough education to carry you through the world? Or do you stay out just because you do not like to go? Didn't like the teacher, eh! Well let me tell you that you will find the meanest teacher on earth now a dream of love beside some of the bosses you will work under in the cold unfeeling years you will plow into when you have to hustle for yourself. Education is the most valuable thing in the world to a man, but to a boy it comes the cheapest. It cost nothing now to get that for which many a man in town would give all he has to possess. You have the winning number in the lottery of education if you play it now. Loaf around a few years and you will draw a blank. It is true that any man can make a living, but you will notice that the fellows who do with their brains have an easier time of it than those who are compelled to use their muscles. At the present stage of the game the choice of jobs are not held by physical strength. Education will not crawl into your head while you sleep. The thing for you to do is to hike off to school tomorrow and stay there. Your holidays will come later when you need them.

—Rocky Mountain Educator.

A joke was played on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle by a French taxicab driver, if a story in the Ganlois is to be credited, says the London Mail. The man had driven Sir Arthur from the station to a hotel, and when he received his fare he said, "Merci, M. Conan Doyle!"

"Why, how do you know my name?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Well, sir, I have seen in the papers that you were coming from the south of France to Paris; your general apperance told me that you were English; your hair had been clearly last cut by a barber of the south of France. I put these indications together, and guessed at once that it was you.

"That is very remarkable. You have no other evidence to go upon?"

"Well," said the man, "there was also the fact that your name was on your luggage."

When The Little Fellow Grins.

By William D. Nesbit.

They ain't much to a baby,
Till it gets to know yer face
An' pesters till you take it
An' hug it 'round the place.
An' grapples at yer whiskers
With gudy-wudgy hands,
An' sez a lot o' gurgles
Its mother understands
An' the time a gran'dad's gladness begins
Is when the little feller
Looks up at him an grins.

His grin shows that he knows ye,
And trusts ye as a friend---
A baby isn't grown up
An' never can pretend---
His eyes has honest twinkles
An' somehow you know they start
From 'way down in th' goodness
That's beatin' in his heart.
It's confidence he gives you
Without no outs an' ins.
When he begins to dimpie
An' looks at you an' grins.

They ain't much to a baby;
But in its grin you know
You're seein' lots o' sunshine
You lost long, long ago,
It makes you feel religious---
A baby's heart is clean,
An' when it gives it favors
Its purpose isn't mean—
You think th' Lord's forgiven
A hul lots o' your sins
When that fat little fellow
Looks up at you an' grins.

Cost of High Living.

Eighty-eight million gallons of whiskey were made in the United States last year. Who drank it all?

Fifteen billion cigarettes were manufactured in the Uuited States last year. Who smoked them all?

Thirty-two million pounds of snuff were manufactured in the United States last year. Who did all the sneezing?

Two hundred twenty million pounds of smoking tobacco were made in the United States last year. Who had all the pipe dreams?

Eight and a half billion cigars were made in the United States last year. Who made all the smoke?

Half a billion packages of chewing gum were manufactured last year in the United States. Who worked their jaws?

Twenty thousand moving picture theatres paid $25,000,000 for films last year and 11,000,000 persons saw the moving pictures. Where did they get all the dimes and nickles?

Ten billion copies of newspapers were printed in this country last year. Who took time to read them?

One hundred and seventy thousand clergymen preached in 220,000 churches last year, and the congregations, of all denominations, numbered 40,000,000. Who went to church?

It is interesting to know what is going on in this country---the things that people are doing and who are doing them---and why.

When Tempted to Play the Coward.

We all have days of discouragement and a moment when we would be glad to run away from our troubles and responsibilities. In these times of depression and discouragement, when we feel that we amount to but little and doubt whether, after all, life is worth while, there is always danger of playing the coward; of doing something we will be ashamed of later. It is better never to take an important step or make a radical change when discouraged.

When everything seems dark ahead and you can not see another step, then sav to yourself: "I guess it is up to me to play the part of a man," grit your teeth and push on, knowing that the gloomy condition will pass; that no matter how black or threatening the clouds, there is a sun behind them which will ultimately burst through. You will be surprised to find what power and courage are developed by this holding on as best you can.

After becoming better acquainted with the mighty reserve which is in you, you will learn that you can depend upon it that it will come to your rescue in the hour of need.

—Exchange.

What "One" Will Do.

One false alarm will create a panic.

One broken wheel will ditch a train.

One match will cause a conflagragation.

One lie will destroy a woman's character.

One hasty word will lead to divorce.

One mischievous boy will break up a school.

One false step will cost a life or ruin a character.

One wayward daughter will break mother's heart.

One false witness will send an innocent man to jail.

One demagogue will turn factories into souphouses.

One hasty act of legislation will entail untold hardships.

One quarrelsome worker will create a strike of 10,000 men.

One undiplomatic word will provoke a war involving thousands of lives and the destruction of millions of property.

It is in refinement and elegance that the civilized man differs from the savage.---Johnson.

Some Stories About Beethoven.

By Clarence E. Flynn in Young Folks.

The world of art remembers two figures which are especially pathetic, and for similar reasons. One is that of Homer, the bard, living in a world the beauties of which he loved but could not see. The other is that of Beethoven, the musician, living in the midst of harmonies which he loved but which were denied to his unhearing ears. A great soul may be better able than others to fortify itself against the terrors of misfortune, but it is at the same time more keenly sensitive to them. Blindness is more of a tragedy to one who would more especially love and appreciate beauty, could he see it. Deafness is more of a toageds to one whose ears feel a special hunger for the harmonies of sound.

Ludwig van Bethoven was not only the greatest master of the classical school in music- He was also one of the strong and unique personalities of his day. He was not a puppet who fell a slave to usage and custom. The outlines of his nature were clear and bold. He acted with no uncertain meaning and spoke with no uncertain sound. That he was wholly original and self-reliant is shown in many incidents, the record of which has been preserved from among his busy and eventful years.

For him mere conventionalities had no terrors. When the law of established custom seemed just and sufficient he observed it. When it did not he became a law unto himself. He placed the claims of life, right and truth, in a place of supremacy over all other claims. One of his pupils, Ferdinand Ries, once attempted to convince him of the impropriety of certain use he had made of consecutive fifths in one of his compositions. During the discussion Ries called attention to a number of composers who had forbidden their use in the manner under discussion. When Ries had finished Beethoven replied with spirit, "And they have forbidden them! Well, I allow them."

As has been said, self-reliance was one of the strongest elemrents in his nature. At one time Moscheles, the Austrian composer, prepared a piano arrangement of Beethoven's "Fidelio" and sent it to him with the inscription, "With God's help" written upon it. When it came back to the hand of Moscheles he found what the master had written upon it the reply, "O man, help thyself."

He possessed of a genial nature and a happy sense of humor. When d music student in Vienna he had three teachers at the same time, each one of whom was a great name in music. Under one of them, Schuppanzigh, he studied violin. His relations with this instructor were especially pleasant---more so tean taose which prevailed between him ano at least one of the others. As time passes the teacher revealed an increasing tendency to corpulence, whereupon Beethoven took up the habit of addressing him as "My Lord Falstaff."

A high appreciation of purely personal qualities was a part of Beethoven's makeup. To him these constituted the only true fortune. He had a brother, Johann, who had become wealthy, and whose worldly success had acted so unfortunately upon his nature that his pride and arrogance had become somewhat unduly swollen. One day this brother called on the composor and did not find him at home. He left a card bearing this inscription, "Johann van Beethoven, Land Proprietor." Upon returning home and receiving the card the musician promptly returned it to his brother with the added words, "Ludwig van Beethoven, Brain Proprietor."

On another occassion a stranger mistook the word Van in his name for the common sign of nobility. When addressed as a nobleman he revealed his true spirit of democracy by laying his hand first upon his head and then upon his heart and replying that whatever claim to nobility he had lay at those two points.

His temper was strong but not unjust. When his heart was touched rightly it rose in great pity and devotion. When touched wrongly it flamed up like a meteor of wrath. On one occasion, at least, he threw aside all restraint for the moment. One evening at a rehearsal, Beethoven's patron, Prince Lobkowitz, ventured an assertion which grated very severely upon the composer's sensibilities. At the end of the performance Beethoven is said to have run into the yard of his patron's palace and to have shouted insult and ridicule at the man who, in his opinion, had committed so great an impropriety.

He was not only a great composer and conductor, but a great pianist as well. He was also keenly sensitive as to his art and highly exacting in regard to the attitude of others toward it. Once when, in a private home, he was playing a duet with his pupil, Ferdinand Ries, two persons disturbed the performance by conversation. He immediately ceased playing and would neither play nor allow Ries to do so again during the evening.

His music was to him an absorbing passion. No matter in what capacity ge might be ministering at its shrine, he always did so with entire devotion. About 1813 an incident occured in which his entire selfforgetfulness in his work caused him to play a ludicrous part. He was playing one of his own compositions in a public concert when he so far forgot himself as to ttink he conducting instead of playing Leaving his seat he began violently directing. He knocked the lights from the piano. Two boys were directed to hold the lights while the managers and audience waited for the seemingly mad man to become quiet. One of the boys, light and all, was soon floored bv a blow in the mouth from the swinging arm of the musician. The other boy dodged and ducked in his efforts to escape a like fate, while the audience roared with mirth.

Beethoven had a certain admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte as a soldier and statesman. The symphony now known as "Froica" was written in Napoleon,s honor and was to bear his name. About the time of the completion of the first score which was to be sent to the Corsican, the word came that its subject had proclaimed itself emperor. Beethoven at once tore the tltle from the score and changed the name of the composition to "Eroica". Upon Naboleon's death he remarked that the symphonycontasned the funeral maach of the conqueror.

During most of the active yeaas of his lifd Beeth had been planning a musical setting for Schiller's "Ode to Joy". In the evening of his life it wos at last compleced. In 1824, just about two years before his death Beethoven directed a rendering of this music in Vienna. During this performauce a pathetic scene was enacted. At tee close the applause became so deafening and was so prolonged that a serious public disturbance was fearod and the police were called in. Beeethoven, who could hear no soune of all that was transpiring, stood with his back to the audience, wholly unconscious of the situation. At length someone

touched him and caused him to turn around. When the people saw the look of surprise that spread over his face and realized the pathos of the situation they broke out in a fresh demonstration, during which many faces were wet with tears.

By the time he was thirty years of age Beethoven had begun to be a victim of failing hearing. The dawn of this realization, which would have broken the spirit of many a man and which was a deep grief to him, did not daunt him nor greatly interfere with the completion of a great musical career. He did not dwell unduly upon his misfortune and for a time he even kept it a secret. Through the remaining years of his life he patiently endured the difficulty, hindrance and poverty of musical enjoyment which it brought him. That it had been to him a constant source of mental anguish, however, is indicated in the closing hour of his life. That hour came at the close of an illness which had been brought on by an undue exposure. It was while a severe thunderstorm was in progress outside that the great master lay,surrounded by a group of friends who had been very faithful to him during his last illness, and some of whom were themselves eminent men. He indicated to them his knowledge that the end was near and then, after a silence, he said, "I shall hear in heaven," and in a little time he was gone.

This was the ending of an unselfish life. Nothing but real devotion can leave the record that is his self-sacrifice. For the reckless and undeserving son of a dead brother he denied himself real necessities for years, a sacrifice which met with neither appreciation nor effort to be worthy. The uncle remained true, however, and after his death, when he was found to have held some unsuspected wealth in the form of bonds, it was supposed that he had kept it intact through his own days of severe personal need in order that it might go to his unworthy charge.

Beethoven was deeply religious. His ideas of religion were not weak and sentimental, but were characterized by the same strength which pervaded his life in general. He had a keen sense of the Divine Power, but he did not allow it to destroy his companion sense of human responsibility. His pastor was a trusted friend. It was with that friend that he first shared the secret of his growing deafness and who helped him for a time to keep that secret from the ears of the world. Interesting and often illuminating correspondence between the two is still preserved. It is doubtful wheather a mastery so great of an art so heavenly could have been possible to a man who did not have a strong sense of the Divine. The majesty of his music came from a majesty within which probably knew better than it could tell the sweetness of that music which was breaking on his newly-opend ears in the moment of his assurence that he should "hear in heaven."

The Blessings of a Hard Beginning.

There is a story of a tender hearted woman who seeing within a cocoon the struggle that the butterfly was making to free itself, thought to help by breaking the meshes and letting the silked-winged creature loose; but the butterfly, thus released was too week to lift itself, too undeveloped to care for itself, and died before its rescuer,s eyes. It needed the battle.

Beginnings ought to be hard; the people whose beginnings are made easy for them are the handicapped. Attainment, achievement, fullfillment cannot be made easy---and beginnings should not be. Patience, determination, thoroughness come hard to those who have never known hard beginnings. The bright pupil who learns his lessons without special effort usually receives a poorer preparation for life than any other boy in the class.

It is the virtues assential to success that are to be associated with hard beginnings; family affection flourishes best when there is need of family effort to get the younger members started right. That does not mean freeing them from burdens, but taking pains to adjust the load properly upon their shoulders. Family affections is likely to be impaired when no burden has been imposed. To be companions in hardship is to be companions always. There is a peculiar sacredness about love that grows under difficulties.

Many rich men are perplexed by the problem how to keep their children from growing up inefficient through being accustomed to easy conditions of life. Many wives of rich men are saddened because they seem not so necessary to their children, not so intimate with them as those mothers who, in the eyes of the world are less fortunately placed.---Ex.

Turning a Tree Into a Newspaper.

At a woodpulp and paper manufactory at a small town in Austria the question Was asked. "In how short a time can you turn a tree into a newspaper?"

The answer was given in actual trial. A notary public and other witnesses were called, and at exactly seven thirty-five o'clock in the morning opperations were begun in a forest near the factory by felling three trees. These were stripped, cut into pieces, and reduced to pulp by mechanical means. The pulp was thrown into a tub and mixed with the ingredients required to turn it into paper- The paste thus formed was passed through the rolling machine, and at nine thirty o'clock---one hour and fifty-nine minutes after the felling of the trees---the first sheet of paper issued from the machine.

The paper was hurried to a printing house more than two miles away where the type had already been set, and at ten o'clock, two hours and twenty-five minutes from the beginning of the experiment in the forest, a printed newspaper was turned out from the press. The owners of the fretary claim that they can repeat the feat in twenty minutes less.

-- Sunday Magazine.

Clear Talking.

Much of our talking makes other people do thinking that we ought to have done for them. Some times, of course, it is well to say things in such a way that others are obliged to "think it through;" but if it is our carelessness that makes them think, then we are laying upon them an unfair burden. It is the mark of a trained mind to think ahead enough to save other people from making mistakes. A highschool professor used to say to his class of boys: "The mark of an educated man is to say what he means, clearly and destinctly, not so that he may be understood, but so that he cannot possibly be misunderstood." The words of some people are so lucidly clear that it is a delight to listen to them. Writing ten word telegrams, not so they may be nuderstood, but so they cannot he misunderstood, is good practice if we would acquire this "mark of an educated man." It is a real bearing of others' burdens to see that they shall be in no confusion of mind because of our careless speech.---S. S. Times.

They say best men are moulded out of faults, and, for the most, become much more the better for being a little bad.---Shakespeare.

Take-It-Back Day.

In accordance with our American custom of doing everything in concert at a set time we have been accumulating "days" until it seemed that even Leap Year would not suffice to contain them all. The Pilgrims, who had conscientious scruples against any kind of set holidays, started us ofi on the downward path with their Thanksgiving Day, on which we have to think up something to be thankful for. The Fathers foliowed with Independence Day, when we listen to an address on corruption in politics instead of to the Declaration. And now we have Columbus Day, when we remember who found us out; Arbor Day, when we plant a tree that doesn't grow; Dandelion Day, when we remove the suffragette badges f om the lawn; Mothers' Day, when we wear a white carnation, Father's Day, when we wear a rose and everpbody asks why; Swat-the-Fly Day, when we slay a few thousand without perceptibly reducing the muscatory population; Labor Day, when we all khock off work; Moving Day, when we exchange addresses; Old Home Day, when we write why we can't come; Good Road's Day, when the Governor takes a shovel and puts in an honest day's work; Go-to-Church Day, when we send the family; Tag Day, when we submit to holdups from amateur bandits for some unknown cause; Flag Day, when we celebrate some British victory; Self-Denial Day, when we take tea without sugar, thank you; Tin Can Day, when we clean up the back yard if we live in region of the iron ration; New Year's Day when wetmake good resolutions; Valentine's Day when we aeceive snsults in bad pictures and worse verse; All Fool's Day, when we recognize the fect--and there are others which we have momentarily forgotten but which we shall be reminded of when the time comes.

It would seem that there is no need for another, but there is The Student Council of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, have invent-it and we call npon Congress to make it compulsory throughout the country. It is Take-It-Back Day and on that date all borrowed articles are to be returned to their owners. If it goes into effect we shall have to expand our expansible bookcases, and how we shall rejoice to see our old friends once more, especially the Encyclopedia Brittannica, limsy slimsy edition, which vanished from our office in one night. We shall have to buy a new umbrella-stand and start a deposit in another savings bank. But would we have to take back everything we have ever said that wasn't so or other people didn't like? Better get a ruling from the courts on that point before the Take-It-Back Day goes to far.—The Independent.

The Magnate.

The magnates, in these modern days, is but a timid, nervous wretch; he trembling goes his destined ways, as though pursued hy old Jack Ketch. The legislatures of the West have robbed him of his cherished goat, and in the East he has no rest---reformers have him by the throat. If you would rise in politics, the way is easy, smooth and broad; just slug the magnate with some bricks, and all the Peepul will applaud. Investigate him every day, and harry him by methods row, and make him fool his wealth away, with foolish suits in courts of law. Appoint a dozen crazy "boards" to hamper and restrict his biz; no sympathy the world offords to him or anything of his. It's safe the magnate to abuse, to vallify and bullyrag, and then the Peepul will enthuse, and say you've saved Your Country's Flag. And so the magnate slinks along, with none to cheer him or defend, the man who's always in the wrong, who seeks in vain to find a friend, You ask what is the magnate's crime, that every crungel on him breaks? He made this nation great, sublime, and so we hate him worse than snakes.---Walt Mason.

Hand to Mouth.

So many blow in every penny, and when the rainy day is here they're needing coin; but haven't any, and so they shed the scalding tear. "Big business grinds the poor men's faces." I've heard them murmur, once or twice; "our goverment is a rank disgrace, when worthy men can't raise the price. The rich men, by their chauffeurs driven, regard the poor with naughty glance; the poor may have a show in heaven—on earth they surely have no chance." The poor man has his chance however; its better now than e'er before, unless the fruits of his endeavor he blows in wildly at the store; unless he burns his hard earned wages the quickest way that he knows how, he never had, in all the ages, a better chance than he has now. When luck is good and skies are sunny, and well paid jobs are running loose, a man should salt away his money where it will keep for winter use. However small the sum he pickles, 'twill cheer him when he's unemployed; I'd rather have a dozen nickels than nothing but an aching void.

—Walt Mason.

His Mistake.

He moved up to the city,
When he'd made his little pile;
Built a house and had a garden,
Dressed his girls in city style;
He read the city papers,
And he ate the city food,
His wife joined half a dozen clubs,
His boy became a dude;
But he left his religion in the country.

He took a dab in politics,
The city kind of course;
He bought a high-powered auto,
It was faster than a horse.
He had a box at opera,
And a lot of gilt-edged stock;
Built the bank right in the center
Of the city's finest block;
But he left his religion in the country.

The church just around the corner
Was of other brand than his;
So he visited the movies
Or spent Sunday at his "bis."
He knocked the city preachers,
And he laughed at Sunday laws,
While his boy went to the mischief
And his girls were lost---because
He had left his religion in the country.

And when he took his journey
To the place where all men stand
He walked up to the Golden Gate
As though he owned the land.
"I know you're from the city,"
Said St. Peter, with a sigh:
"And I'm sorry I must tell you
This is once you can't get by,
For you've left your religion in the country."

---Rev. George S. Fulcher.

Training.

In the world of today the first ten rungs of the ladder of success are labeled training and many of the rungs above are like unto the first ten.

Employers are seeking for the man that knows how and when and why; for the man that will go ahead and do his work promptly and corretly and thoroughly without having to be told every fifteen minutes how to proceed.

One good way to get ahead is to use a head. But your head must be trained. You must know. No matter how willing you may be or how greatly you may desire to do the thing at hand, you cannot do it and do it right unless you know how. Knowing how comes from training.

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Identified as it is with the Southeastern Section of the United States, it is the purpose of the management of the Southern Railway Company to make its policies as helpful as may be practicable to the people of that Section.

Through its Land and Industrial Department and its Department of Farm Improvement Work it co-operates with the communities along its lines for the location of industries and of desirable classes of Farm Settlers and employs expert agents to co-operate with farmers seeking their advice as to improved farm methods, including diversification of crops, the building up of soil productivity, live stock raising and dairying. It has awarded scholarships in the State Agricultural Colleges of the States traversed by its lines to young men who would otherwise have been unable to avail themselves of an agricultural education. Realizing that the farmer who takes up the growing of new crops or the raising of live stock may be discouraged in his first season by the failure to market his products satisfactorily the Company has appointed market agents to give such information relative to markets, methods of packing, shipping, etc., as may be helpful to producers seeking their co-operation.

All of the co-operative development work of the Southern Railway Company is free to all persons in the territory traversed by its lines who may wish to avail themselves of it.

On matters relating to Southern development, or farm and factory openings, call on or address.

M. V. RICHARDS

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt

King's Daughters
and Sons Special.

THE UPLIFT

October, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

King's Daughters' Chapel, Memorial of Margaret Burgwyn, Dedicated October 28th, 1915.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT.

Aol. VII. Concord, N. C., October, 1915 No. 8

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THIS NUMBER.

Not an apology, but an explanation, if you please. This issue of The Uplift is edited by the women and the guests of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters. It's the best number in all the history of The Uplift.

Any man, any woman, any child, who reads the heautifal things and the tender acts that each article and report reveals, will afterwards be a better person. To read the several addresses in this issue will prove an inspiration to every one.

The work that The King's Daughters do is simply after all THE CHURCH IN ACTION, for are not all the deeds done In His Name?

These reports and addresses and the account of the several sessions are not published in this manner so as to secure a wide reading because of satisfying any vanity or heralding their glory abroad, but with the abiding hope that they may be suggestive and that numerous other circles may spring into existence in other towns to bless them as each circle now in existence has blessed its home town. There is a need for a King's Daughters circle in every city, town and village in North Carolina.

God grant that they may multiply in the land!

The 26th Annual Convention

Of The North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters, October 27th and 28th.

The Twenty-Sixth Annual Convention of the North Carolina Branch of the International Order of The King's Daughters & Sons was held in the Central Methodist Church, Concord, N. C., Oct. 27-28, 1915.

Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn, State President, presided and all other state officers were present. The Credential and Executive Committees met in the church parlor on the previous evening.

The opening religious exercises were conducted by Rev. M. F. Moores, pastor of the church, and the audience joined heartily in singing the spirited hymn "The King's Business."

Greetings from the Stonewall Jackson Circle were presented in a most delightful manner by Mrs. J. F. Cannon.

Mr. Morrison Caldwell, in behalf of Mayor Isenhour welcomed the Convention to the growing city of Concord. He assured the King's Daughters of a warm reception because they always brought a gift in their hands, three years ago it was the K. D. Cottage at the Jackson Training School and now it is a Chapel. He reminded us of the historic ground on which we stood, but hoped that Concord's crowning glory would be the Training School.

The response to this cordial welcome was given by Mrs. M. H. Russell. Thirty-nine delegates responded to roll call.

The following Committees were announced by the president:

Auditing Committee, Miss Mary E. Cline and Miss Margie McEachern.

Committee on Resolutions and Invitations: Mesdames M. H. Russell, C. J. Kelloway, R. S. McCoin, L. W. Williams, A. A. Kiutz.

The guest of honor, Mrs. R. D. Johnston, of Ala., was introduced to the Convention, which rose to welcome her. Also Mrs. A. L. Coble, of Statesville, a member of the Board of Trustees of the Training School, was received into the Convention and into our Order. Both these distinguished ladies responded with well-chosen words.

A most touching scene was presented when Mrs. Annette Harris, the mother of Wade H. Harris, Editor of the Charlotte Observer, read her son's noble editorial of Oct. 26. "The Chapel on the Rock," with the delicate modesty of a southern woman of the old school.

Reports from the chairman of the Credential and Auditing Committees were read and approved.

Reports from State Secretary and State Treasurer read and approved, both reports were received with a rising vote of thanks to these officers who have served so efficiently.

State Organizer of new Circles reported three new circles, Belhaven, Charlotte, Concord, Jr.

A telegram was read from Mrs. Chas. E. Platt, Vice-Pres. U. D. C. of Charlotte, regretting her inability to meet with us.

Mr. J. P. Cook presented the Convention with a handsome ballot-box of black walnut made by boys of the Training School. This was put to immediate use by the Informal Ballot for State Officers, which resulted in the overwhelming re-election of each officer. By a special vote this Informal Ballot was allowed to take the place of the Formal Ballot, and the state Officers were declared duly elected.

Miss Jenn Coltrane of Concord was re-elected State Organizer of Circles, with privilege of choosing other helpers, besides the Exec. Committee. Mrs. Frank Robbins of Salisbury was elected Secretary of both "The Silver Cross" and "The Uplift."

According to Amendment to Section 1 and 2 of Article of State Constitution on Nominations and Elections two members of the Executive Committee were dropped and two elected in their places. The new members being Mrs. J. P. Cook, of Concord, and Miss Mary Steele, of Rockingham.

Mr. J. J. Blair, of the Public Schools of Wilmington and Trustee of the Training School, was introduced to the Convention and brought a cordial greeting from the Board of Trustees. He was followed Mr. D. B. Coltrane who needed no introduction. Both gentlemen spoke warm words of approval and appreciation of our work in the state and also of the further needs at the school, viz: A car for more rapid transportation, a dairy barn, a laundry, also more cottages, for there are 134 boys now on the waiting list.

Reports from State Circles were then in order and after several were read the Convention adjourned for luncheon.

The afternoon session was convened at 2:30. Mrs. Burgwyn presiding. After devotional exercises by Rev. T. W. Smith the minutes of previous session were read and ap-

proved. Reports from Circles continued, finished and approved. During this session the Convention enjoyed some very fine organ solos by Miss Lucy Lore, organist of the Presbyterian church.

A communication from the Central Council was read by Mrs. C. J. Kelloway, urging further efforts towards the organization of new Circles. Comments upon this letter resulted in a motion made by Mrs. Cooper that the Executive Committee be appointed to co-operate with Miss Coltrane in this work.

Letters of greeting from the General Recording Secretary and several State Conventions were read by the Secretary, Mrs. Richard Williams.

Mrs. George Rose made a motion that our State President be made a Delegate to the next International Convention in Burlington, Iowa, with all expenses paid. This motion was unanimously carried.

A letter was read by Mrs. J. P. Cook from E. R. Preston, grand-son-in-law of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, regretting his inability to attend the dedication of the Chapel.

Motion was made and carried that: "we recommend to each Circle in the state that a fund be set aside to pay the expenses of one delegate to the State Convention from each Circle, in order that each Convention may be full and every Circle quickened into new life by meeting together once a year."

The President requested the delegates to assemble at church next morning at 8:30 to drive out to Training School for the dedicatory exercises.

Convention adjourned.

The devotional exercises on Wed. evening were led by Rev. W. B. Werner. A beautiful anthem "O Send Out Thy Light" was rendered by the choir, and a solo with Flute Obligate "O Divine Bedeemer" by Miss Janie Patterson and Mr. S. Kay Patterson. Mrs. J. P. Cook, President of the Stonewall Jackson Circle, presided at this session of the convention.

Mrs. Burgwyn read her annual address as State President, a paper replete with good thought and fine feeling expressed in strong and graceful language.

An excellent paper on "Field for Service for Junior Circles" was read by Miss Elizabeth Black, a member of the Junior Circle, of Concord.

One of the finest features of the Convention has been the service as Pages of the lovely young girls who compose the Junior Circle and added the beauty of youth to the counsels of maturer minds.

Mrs. R. D. Johnston of Ala. gave an interesting and vivid account of the establishment and conduct of "The Alabama Industrial School." Mrs. Johnston's silver tongue proves her descent from a long line of statesmen who have wrought well for the betterment of state and country and there was no relaxation in the eager interest of her audience.

Short, pointed addresses were made by Mrs. C. J. Kelloway, Mrs. J. B. Cherry, Mrs. Geo. A. Rose and other members of the Convention.

The audience was much disappointed that Mrs. Thos. W. Lingle, Pres. State Federation of Clubs, could not be with us.

As the business of the Convention was the dedication at the Training School of the King's Daughters Chapel, a Memorial to Margaret C. Dunlop Burgwyn, the Thursday morning session was convened at the school at 9:30, Oct. 28th.

The visitors were received by the 95 boys in military formation and each cottage opened freely for inspection.

Opening exercises in the chapel were conducted by Rev. Chas. P. Mac Laughlin, D. D., of the Lutheran Church. A beautiful feature was the spirited singing of our noble hymns by the boys who had been trained by Miss Janie Patterson and were directed by Prof. S. A. Wolff who presided at the organ. The address of Welcome by Supt. Chas. E. Boger, so cordial and open-hearted, made each hearer feel entirely at home.

Minutes of previous session read and approved.

Mrs. E. R. Overman, of Salisbury, gave Greetings to the Boys from the Convention in a most graceful and appropriate manner. Mrs. A. L. Coble also spoke to them for a few moments in a way that bespoke the interest of her heart.

After the morning session the entire Convention and visitors were entertained at an elegant luncheon in Administration Building given by Mr. and Mrs. Boger and served by the Junior Circle and the boys of the school, which was most enjoyable and refreshing.

Thursday, 2:30 p. m.

The King's Daughters Chapel is a building of Rowan County granite, put together in the manner of a true artist, its architecture is simple but striking, and it seems a noble outgrowth of the massive boulder on which it stands. Its capacity was fully tested that afternoon by the brilliant assembly that gathered to take part in the dedicatory exercises.

A few announcements were made by Mr. J. P. Cook, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and the audience adjourned to the outside of the building to witness the laying of the corner stone. The articles to be placed in it were assembled by Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, Mrs. J. P. Cook and Miss Jenn Coltrane, and consisted of a Bible, a Prayer-book, a list of The King's Daughters in N. C., a silver cross, badge of our Order, a handkerchief from Mrs. R. D. Johnston, and the photo of little Sarah Estelle Boger, our youngest K. D. Supt. Boger placed the tablet on which is inscribed "The King's Daughters Chapel, a Memorial to Margaret Burgwyn," and prayer was offered by Dr. L. A. Bikle and all returned to the chapel for the conclusion of the the impressive exercises. Mr. Cook made a concise and most interesting review of the establishment and work of the Stonewall Jackson Training School and then introduced Miss Easdale Shaw, of Rockingham, who in the most felicitous manner, presented the chapel to the Trustees, in behalf of The King's Daughters. Mr. D.B. Coltrane accepted the chapel as Treasurer of the Board of Trustees and emphasized the idea that farm-life, industrial training, work-shops etc., will fail in training youth to the highest ideal of citizen-ship without that spiritual teaching and guidance which this chapel typifies. "Except the Lord build the house the workmen labor in vain." Following upon his words Mr. J. P. Cook presented the Chapel with a desk Bible, which had been given to W. H. S. Burgwyn, husband of our State President in his early manhood by his mother. Led by the boys the audience then joined in singing the hymn "To Thy Temple I Repair."

Mr. Archibald Johnson, who has made a great newspaper out of the official organ of the Thomasville Orphanage "Charity & Children" needed no introduction to a N. C. audience, tho' Mr. Cook spoke of him as the orator of this occasion." He received an enthusiastic welcome, tho' he said he had come to speak to us "as man to man and not to hand us the somewhat faded bouquets" usually deemed the proper thing for ladies. His theme was: "The Part Played by Women in Uplift Work;" his words were strong and stirring as he spoke of the change in woman's condition wrought by Jesus Christ. He found her a slave, He set her free, and throughout the ages she serves Him through gratitude and this is

MRS. MARGARET CARLISLE DUNLOP BURGWYN.

She is serving her fifteenth consecutive term as President of The King's Daughters, and for whom the N. C. Branch named the newly dedicated chapel at the Jackson Training School.

why our Sunday Schools, our prayer-meetings and churches are filled with women. He dwelt on the great work undertaken here, that of redeeming waste souls, a work worthy The King's Daughters and the Lord whom they serve.

After the prayer of dedication by Rev J. M. Grier, D. D. the boys sang: "The Church's one Foundation" and the benediction was pronounced.

The visitors to the school were much pleased with an exhibition of military drills and tactics displayed by the boys and the fine, manly appearance they presented.

Thursday, 7:30 p. m.

The devotional exercises of the last evening were led by Rev. George V. Tilley, of the Baptist church. The music was especially sweet being: "Gloria" from Mozart's "12th Mass" by the choir, a duet "At Evening Time" by twin sisters, Misses Mary and Adeline Morrison, and a second duet "Hark, Hark, My Soul," by Mrs. C. P. MacLaughlin and Mr. S. Kay Patterson, Prof. S. A. Wolff, organist. Mrs. R. D. Johntson continued her account of her remarkable success in dealing with young criminals and turning them from wrong to right; this end never accomplished without the grace of God in the heart.

Following her address came five minute talks by Mr. D. B. Coltrane, Rev. W. B. Werner, Dr. J. M. Grier, Dr. C. P. MacLaughlin, Rev. Geo. V. Tilley and Rev. M. F. Moores. Mr. Walter Thompson, former Supt. of Training School, now of Winston-Salem, Mr. C. E. Boger present Supt. were called upon for short talks and responded most happily.

The Com. upon Invitations reported that three cities contended for the pleasure of the next Convention, Durham, Raleigh and Henderson and that Durham had been chosen.

Resolutions of thanks for the many courtesies rerceived from the good people of Concord were read by Mrs. M. H. Russell.

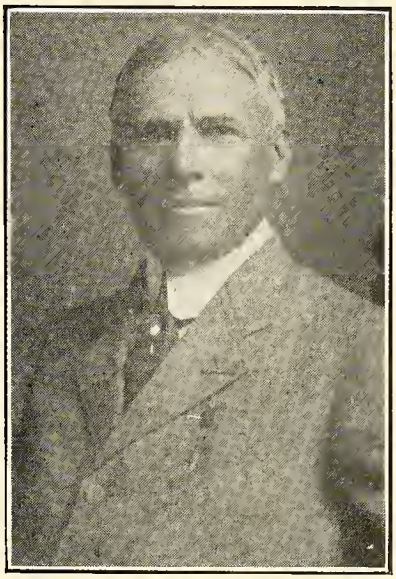
The Annual Silver Offering was then taken, it amounted to $88.61.

The benediction was pronounced by Dr. C. P. MacLaughlin, and the Twenty-Sixth Annual Convention was closed by the President, Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn.

Mrs. Richard Williams, Rec. Sec.

Silver Offering by Circles

Wilmington, Hospital Circle	$5.00
Oxford	1.00
Weldon	5.00
Greenville, Patient	5.00
Chapel Hill, Burden Bearers	10.00
Salisbury, Relief	5.00
Raleigh, St. Luke	1.00
Wilmington, Whatsoever	5.00
Concord, Stonewall Jackson	5.00
Henderson, Helping Hand	3.00
Hillsboro, Willing Helpers	3.25
Henderson, Whatsoever	10.00
Rockingham, Silver Cross	5.00
Unknown Circle	1.00
	$64.25
General Collection	24.36
	$88.61



Prof. John J. Blair, of Wilmington, who participated in the Convention.

Addresses and Greetings at Convention.

Welcome Address From Stonewall Jackson Circle, the Host, by Mrs. Joseph F. Cannon.

Madam President, Members of the Convention, Ladies and Gentlemen:

History tells a certain story. It has not been much heralded abroad, and the beneficiaries of that courageous and glorious accomplishment do not flaunt it into the faces of folks without at least a provocation, serious or pleasing. It is fit and proper here to speak of it, for all polite and unselfish people meet us half way in sharing a joy, which, after all, belongs to the entire state—in fact to the nation.

Cabarrus county, this county, ladies, has not always been Cabarrus. It was something else once. Just then the patriotic people of this section, made up of descendants of various European countries seeking freedom of life, freedom of speech and the opportunity to worship God after their own hearts, had brilliantly and materially aided in firmly pronouncing and making sure for all time to come the distinctive glory of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, by furnishing themselves much nerve, courage, brain, patriotism, and contributing no little part in the framing of that immortal document which thrills the patriotic heart wherever true patriotism dwells.

This much accomplished, the people of this section, of which this very spot (Concord) is the geographical center, began things to convince all doubting Thomases and other Tories by the preparation of defences and by the inventing and executing of plans and strategies to make sure that Declaration and to cause the King and his subjects to become sick unto despair and even unto death. One of the many turning points in the great Revolutionary struggle was one that originated in the hearts and brain of the people of this section. When the strategy and courage of those times spectacularly destroyed that great train of wagons loaded with gunpowder, which was enroute from Charleston to Hillsboro for the use of the King's subjects in the murder of the advocates of liberty and the patriots fighting for independence, the earth shook, and the King was brought to a sickening realization that this country truly did offer itself upon the alter of "give me liberty or give me death."

The Gunpowder Plot, which afterwards historically came to be known as the galiant and heroic deed of the Cabarrus Black Boys, whose glory is forever preserved by the existence of a D. A. R. Chapter in our midst, is a brilliant star in the galaxy of stars that belong to North Carolina and her history.

When the Mecklenburg Independence spirit had been caught up throughout this new world; when the King had been convinced that these people meant serious business and Tories had taken to their hiding; when Washington dismissed his army after rescuing this country from the insulting condition of taxation without representation by a country that has always gloried in gain and profit by conquests and might—then it was that the people of this section, seven-eights of which were yet covered by original forests and the original animal and bird kingdom scarcely disturbed, began to devise a better local self-government, one more in touch with neccessities of the times. Though small in territory and sparcely settled, a new county was sought. From a part of Mecklenburg county, by an act of the General Assembly of 1793, a new county was erected. The measure met a legislative tie. The speaker, Stephen Cabarrus, cast the deciding vote in favor of the proposition; and thus this patriotic section, out of appreciation and love for the patriot, whose bones have long since returned to dust at a spot on a governmental reservation near by Edention, was named Cabarrus.

All things must have a head, a center. The new county needed a seat of government. The patriots of the East had a selection; the patriots of the West had another selection --- there was no agreement. Stephen Cabarrus came to the rescue, he composed their differences and he gave to the place the name "Concord"—harmony, unity, one-mindness---and he said: "Let it be concord and be forever just what concord is.

This is Concord, Ladies; our Concord, your Concord. It is Concord that meets Concord. The Stonewall Jackson Circle of The King's Daughters, of Concord, whose greetings I extend, bid you welcome, all. We know the deeds you have done; we know the deeds you have yet to do; we have heard the calls and cries you have heard; we know the selfforgetfulness that your deeds of mercy and acts of relief and love have imposed upon you; we have seen that glass of cold water that has been given to thristing humanity; we know that it is not for the lime-light, but for In His Name. Your handing out unheralded, with gentle hands and a supreme love, those things that dry a tear, that relieve suffering, that hush a sorrow, that quiet a pain that bring hope, make you our sister; and as sisters, working for the King, my circle, the Stonewall Jackson Circle, is proud to be your host, and in concord we belong to you for a happy season of mingling and conference.

These be the women, laboring In His Name, that each and severally seems to say: "I expect to pass through this life but once. If therefore there is any kindness I can show, or any good I can do to any fellow-being, let me do it now; let me not defer or neglect it for I shall not pass this way again."

Response by Mrs. M. H. Russell.

The gracious words which our friend has spoken make me feel like a little boy in Phila. recently; he looked up from his breakfast suddenly and asked, "Mama, where was I born?" "Right here in our own home." "Where was you born?" "At grandpa's house on the Kennebec river in Maine." "Where was papa born?" "Way out in Sacramento, Cal." "Gee! but ain't we glad we all got together?" Truly it is good for us to be here, good to look into each other's faces, good to feel how true and warm beats the heart of N. C. friends, good for you to offer and for us to receive the generous hospitality for which your charming city is noted. You have extended to us a "cordial welcome" but do you fully realize what a beautiful thing you have done? No one ever welcomes anything that is ugly, or tiresome or disagreeable, therefore you have placed us in a class with whatsoever is true, or lovely, or of good report---with sunshine after storm, health after weakness, rain upon the parched earth, and we thank you for the compliment. "Welcome" comes to us from our Anglo Saxon forefathers with many another strong, sturdy word like "Home," "hearth," "love," "light" and "friend" and the King's Daughters will hear no more royal word when we stand before our Father's throne and receive a welcome from His outstretched arms.

Report of State Recording Secretary.

It is indeed a great joy and privilege, after three years of loving ser-

vice I. H. N., to be with you today, you, who have been so zealous in good works,—our hearts are filled with gratitude and we should return thanks to "The King" for his great and many blessings during the past year upon our noble order,—especially do we return heart-felt thanks and ever glorify "His Holy Name" that he has seen fit to use us, his humble servants, as His instruments, to assist in building the Stonewall Jackson Training School for the boys of North Carolina. Let us thank him for this supreme joy in the completion and dedication of the Chapel In His Name, to be a lasting memorial of our work of love. May every youthful heart that worships here, be the recipient of His "Divine Peace." May each boy, who enters here, go forth in the world as a noble, christian man, doing good in his generation and bringing forth much fruit by giving to others the blessings he has received.

Again, I wish to thank each of you for your courtesy and assistance rendered me in my work during the past year,—especially am I indebted to our President, who has always been so thoughtful and willing to help me in every way possible.

Since my last report there has been but little change in the Circles, —one Circle, the Royal, Salisbury,— has disbanded; two new Circles have been added. The Junior Circle, Concord, 21 members; Margarite, Belhaven, 12 members, making the number of Circles in the State 24, with a membership of 793,—an increase over last year of 71. Two of these are Junior Circles. The largest Circle reported is the Stonewall Jackson, Concord, with a membership of 84; the second largest, Whatsoever, Wilmington, 80; and the third, Henderson, 75 members. There are also 12 King's Sons in the State, few in number but great in quality.

The usual four Executive Committee Meetings have been held,—one in Rockingham immediately after the Convention; one in Henderson and one in Greenville and the last in Concord, yesterday.

In February, letters, enclosing Membership Blanks, were sent to the President of each Circle, asking for a list of the Officers and members of their Circles. This request has been complied with by all except two.

One hundred and fifty copies of the Journal were printed and distributed among the Circles of the State. I have sent 24 Convention calls, besides extra calls to State Officers, members of the Executive Committee and a few other interested friends. Letters and postals written by me during the year, 157.

Perhaps the Convention would like to know something of the money disbursed by the Circles during the three years I have had the privilege of serving you as Recording State Secretary. I find from the reports in the Journal the total amount to be $21,618.71, which makes an average of $7,206.23 annually. This does not include the Silver Offering at each Convention; the total amount of the Silver Offering for the past three years, has been $439.35

Let us be encouraged by these figures to realize what can be accomplished by united effort, and by renewed zeal endeavor to increase this sum to $1,000.00 to report at our Convention, October, 1916.

So during the coming year, let us continue in our glorious work with ever increasing zeal and patience of labor and may it ever be our blessed privilege to carry "Tidings of Peace" and render service to all people In His Name, remembering that the present, only, is ours and that as in the words of our much lamented and loved Mrs. Dickinson,—

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we but had a day,
We should drink alone at the purest springs,
In our upward way,
We should love with a lifetime love in an hour—
If the hours were few,
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power,
To be and to do.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. Richard Williams,
State Rec. Sec.

Report of Treasurer, Mrs. D. Y. Cooper.

Annual report of Mrs. D. Y. Cooper, State Treasurer, North Carolina branch of Kings Daughters And Sons. Henderson, N, C, 10-21-15

Oct. 21, 1915. Total collections to date		$285.75
Oct. 21, 1915. Interest credited to date		5.00
Balance on hand June 15th '14		116.84
Total		$407.59
Oct. 21, 1915. Disbursements to date		285.75
Oct. 21, 1915. Balance in bank		128.58
Total		$407.59
Oct. 21, 1915. Balance in bank		$213.36
Checks outstanding	81.97	
	2.81	84.78
Balance on hand		$128.58

Annual Message From President, by Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn.

Madam Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, When the ploughman poet compared pleasures to poppies shedding their bloom when seized, to the fleeting borealis on the vanishing rainbow, he had evidently never enjoyed the hospitality of friends living in an atmosphere of so great refinement, culture and brotherly love, as we find in Concord.

With The King's Daughters, the happy remembrance of a former visit to you has spanned the years which have sped by since that time, and this memory only gives place now to the greater joy of being with you again. During those years we have welcomed new members into our family Circle, and we rejoice that some of them are present at this Convention to hear and talk of work done for The King, our Father. I am not going to make a statement of how many letters I have written during the year, but I will confess that a friend suggested to me, that I would break the State Treasurer if I did not lessen the number of my correspondents. A letter, to my mind, is a direct reflection of the writer. Dr. Alexander Bell predicts, that, at no distant day, thoughts will be conveyed from mind to mind along the etheric vibrations. Amongst the miracles of Science, he tells us that he looks forward to our seeing without eyes, hearing without ears, and talking without tongues. This sounds to me like an approach to the joys of Paradise; for may we not, with the grand inventions and discoveries of man be so impressed, that we will live a higher life, and catch on etheric vibrations sounds from a better world? Until that happy day comes, I shall cling to the old method of communication with my friends, and I thank them now for their kind responses to my frequent letters. The many Conferences and Conventions held in this day in the interest of Social Service, should bring to The King's Daughters and Sons, the pleasing reflection that, under another name, they have been rendering this service since the organization of the Order, which was social in its origin and aim.

Ten women resolved to prove by experiment that their union and cooperation in good works, would be far more efficacious, and reach many

more persons than could be touched by their best individual efforts. The success of their endeavor is too well known for me to add a word about it. I only wish to emphasize the beauty of the old, old story of service, as old as The Cross on Calvary. This story never wearies us, tho' we listen to its lessons under a new title. The intimate association social, diplomatic and commercial, between countries far apart geographically; travel from one to the other, so much easier and more general than in former years, make us realize that men of all nations are made of one blood, and that it is our bounden duty to render help to our brother, whenever and wherever he needs it. Great men all over the country are bestowing thought upon this subject, and teaching us to be kind, helpful, and instructive in a more systematic and wiser manner, than was ever known to us before. This is a part of the progress of the world, and we should be ready as an organization to lend aid to this forward movement for the good of mankind. Let us remember that in this life of service, the doing of a good deed is not all---personal influence plays an important part in the act, and that all of us exercise some influence. Like the prismatic hues, of many colors, form a ray of light, there are various forces combined to produce this power of personal influence. In my opinion the greatest of them is an enthusiastic love for the accomplishment of something beneficial to humanity. A beautiful piece of music rendered by an artist whose soul is aglow with its interpretation, moves an audience in proportion to the emotion of the musician;but the same composition rendered by one who is cold, however intellectual he maybe, fails to make an impression. An actor putting himself in the place of the character which he portrays, presents to us creatures of the imagination, as if they were flesh and blood; but one who does not forget his own identity, places before us figures of "gilded loam and painted clay." A wise Statesman like our own President Woodrow Wilson, by his love of humanity, and desire to protect his own people, and promote universal peace, has endeared himself to Americans and won the admiration of all nations. He is unconsciously exerting great influence, for those who render homage to his fortitude and virtue, are moulding their own characters. Goldsmith's description of the village preacher, passing rich with forty pounds a year, is a true representation to-day of the influence of a beloved pastor over his flock, tho' the modest stipend of olden times would not suit this age of automobiles and other luxuries. Today, as of old,

"At Church with meek and unaffected grace
His looks adorn the venerable place,
Truth from his lips prevails with double sway,
And fools who come to scoff remain to pray."

I am sure that this picture brings to us all the face of some Godly man who has helped us in life's welfare. But we can not allow the men to illustrate all the good gifts of nature. The man or woman who impersonates what is true and noble, is our benefactor. Those who are not before the public eye, like stones under-ground holding up an edifice, are the foundation stones of the edifice of human progress. The first attempt at English colonization in America, was made by Sir Humphrey Gilbert. The patent to explore and settle any part of the new world, not in possession of a Christian Power, and to possess the same for himself and his heirs, was granted to him by Queen Elizabeth not only from royal generosity, but from transference to him of a feeling of loyalty, and affection, entertained for his Aunt Catharine Ashley, to whose care Elizabeth was committed as an infant, when her mother Anne Boleyn, was beheaded by her Royal Blue Beard husband, Henry the eighth. These two women, important factors in the settlement and civilization of our country, are types of womanhood to be followed. The Queen of England helped to make the age in which she lived, one of the most brilliant periods of History, by her encouragement of literature and her Patriotism. Catharine Ashley, in the retirement of home, helped to form the mind and character of this Queen. They stand before us, hand-in-hand to-day, memorable for the performance of duty, each one in her own sphere of life. We sometimes hear the excuse given, that age is a sufficient reason for no longer feeling responsible for the actions of others. This is a mistake in spite of Dr. Oslers' opinion that we should be chloroformed. The experience of age with unabated interest in the young and attention to personal attractiveness, still furnishes us occasions for doing great good.

"For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day."

And youth clothed in strength and beauty, possesses great responsibility. Unbounded is the influence of the young man or womam, who not with reluctant feet near the quicksands and snares of social existence, finds happiness in life with a purpose. With the boys of The Stonewall Jackson School rests a responsibility peculiarly their own. Upon the use which they make of the advantages moral, mental and physical offered them at this Institution, will depend in a large measure the future patronage which it will receive. When the Legislature is asked for an appropriation for it, no more eloquent or powerful plea can be urged, than the good which has been done to the boys trained and instructed there. So, when these doors close upon them as scholars, by taking their places in the world as honorable boys and gentlemen, they will reflect credit upon their Alma Mater, and help the boys who will come to fill their vacant places. May they not dissappoint the friends who are expecting great and good things of them.

"For more o'er them are watching
Than human-eyes can know."

For those who can not engage in active service, there is still something to accomplish, by the example of patient endurance.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait." When the ill-fated Lusitania was consigned to the bottom of the sea, with her priceless treasure of human beings, one of her noble passengers gave his life-preserver to a woman, surrendering his life to save hers. While his feet were on the brink of eternity, he gave utterance to a sentiment, echoed by his valet, which will never be forgotten,---"Let-us save the kiddies."

There are men in this State who realize that, lives may be wrecked upon land as well as at sea. They would save the kiddies who are exposed to storms, and clinging to the driftwood of moral wreck and disaster, the sport of wind and tide, before it is to late too rescue them. The Stonewall Jackson School, a veritable Haven of Refuge from such storms, embodies the sentimeht of these men, "Let us save the kiddies." This thought, too, will be ever memorable, and the lives thus saved from the waves that break.

(Continued on Page 13.)

North Carolina's Organ Factory.

"Ladies: Listen to me for a moment. I have just run across a piece of information that not only pleases me but astounds me. I have just heard that North Carolina has a factory where they make organs—real organs that produce music. And I am further astounded at this information because I am told that that factory is at High Point, which I visit a dozen times or more every year."

Thus spoke a charming and influential lady of Winston-Salem, who was attending the recent convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Waynesville in October. This Winston lady asked a Concord lady about the Jackson Training School and more particularly the chapel. "Yes," said the Concord lady, "the chapel is done and the pews are at hand and ready to be placed; and all we lack having the beautiful chapel ready for the meeting of the King's Daughters, who will dedicate it on the 28th, is an organ, but that I expect to get next week in High Point." "Why in High Point, pray?" asked the Winston lady. The Concord lady replied "I am going there to the factory and pick out the kind that will best suit &c."

Being convinced beyond the shadow of a doubt that there was an organ factory at High Point, the Winston lady arose, asked pardon of the convention for stopping the discussion of some matters that took place in the eighteenth century, and made the unique announcement carried in the opening paragraph of this article. (By way of corroborative information, The Uplift desires to say right here that the Concord lady did go to the Organ Factory at High Point, and did secure an organ for the Chapel at the Jackson Training School, and that the organ was in the chapel at the first service held in the beautiful building, and the instrument is so satisfactory and pleasing that it makes the heart of every boy and all others in the institution genuinely glad.)

There is an organ factory at High Point—the Shipman Organ Company—and among the large factories in the world given over to the building of organs it stands third. The Company was organized in the winter of 1905 and hence is just ten years old. The moving spirit in the concern is Mr. W. G. Shipman, a native of Salem, Virginia. He is the Secretary and Treasury and the General Manager of the corporation; Mr. E. A. Snow, a prominent business man and long connected with the making of High Point, is the president, and among the stockholders are some of the strongest and wisest business men of High Point.

Mr. Shipman married Miss Hazel Fisher, of Chicago, whose father was a North Carolinian and a Confederate Veteran, and it is perfectly natural that this happy couple should find themselves planting their vine and fig tree in a soil and a climate so compatible with their splendid natures and hopes. With their four children, they are happy in their association with the good people who have the best interest of High Point, socially and otherwise, at heart.

The planting of a factory for the making of musical instruments in North Carolina was an innovation, and the fact of its existence in the state is not widely known. No time or expense has been expended in advertising it, but in a quiet and business-like manner its products have been steadily finding willing purchasers not only in North Carolina but in every state in the Union.

Mr. W. G. Shipman, General Manager.

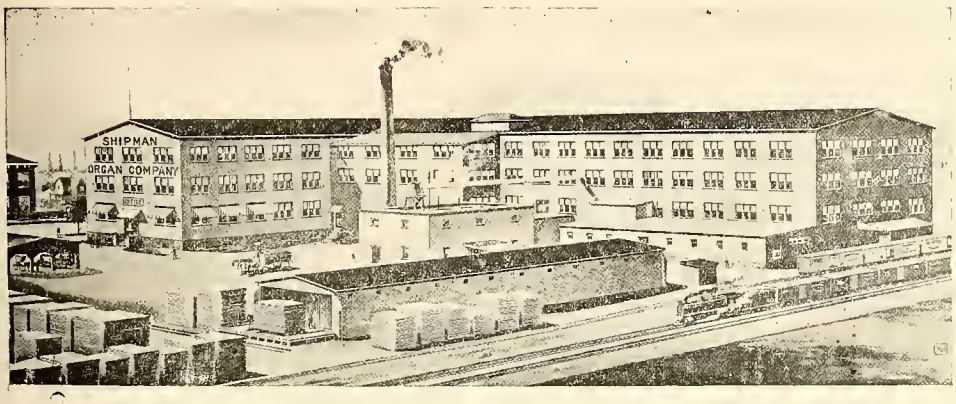
As may be readily seen from the picture which we are proud to produce in this issue, the factory is not only large but is substantial and presents an attractive appearance. The capacity of the plant, since its enlargement in size and capital in 1911, is 500 Reed organs per month.

The Shipman Organ Company make just six styles, and in every department a master workman is at the head. Competent musicians declare that no organ has better quality than has the Shipman organ and the casing is in a class with the best of cabinet work.

The Company enjoys a large foreign trade and up to the beginning of the European war the shipments to Holland alone amounted on an average to one hundred organs per month, or twelve hundred per year.

The fact that North Carolina has an organ factory, and a large one, putting out six thousand organs annually and organs whose merit and superiority are recognized the world over will be pleasant news to our thousands of readers, and the state is to be congratulated that a Virginian allowed the judgment of the state's granddaughter to lead him to select a North Carolina point, at which to erect his great business, which rightfully enjoys a bright future. A factory with a floor-space of over fifty thousand feet devoted to

(Continued on Page 13.)



Plant of Shipman Organ Company, Floor Space 50,000 Square Feet,

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director, Printing Department.

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DEDICATION EXERCISES.

Thursday, October 28th, 1915, is a very glad day in the life of the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It was glad for on that day the newly completed chapel, the gift of the noble women of the King's Daughters of North Carolina, was formerly presented to the trustees of the institution and dedicated to the worship and glory of God. The weather was perfect, a more ideal day could not be imagined. In addition to the members of the state convention of The King's Daughters, there was a splendid representation of the best people from various quarters of the state—a more pleasing crowd of orderly, sympathetic and genuinely good people can not be assembled anywhere. Glad day—everything conspired, united, to make it such.

At 2:30 the corner-stone exercises began. The splendid assemblage of interested friends gathered around the front of the chapel, and Mr. J. P. Cook, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, at the request of the officials of The King's Daughters, and assisted by Mesdames D. Y. Cooper, J. P. Cook and Miss Jennie Coltrane, Superintendent Boger and Mr. Kiser, directed the exercises attendant upon the laying of the corner-stone. Mr. Cook said at the opening: "Kind friends, This chapel, in its completion, stands:

For the increase of loving kindness, which is the soul of all religion;

For glorifying and magnifying truth and justice, which, sown in whatever barren and rocky soil, spring up and yield a hundredfold for use and blessings;

For inculcating and teaching the dominion of God and faith in human nature;

For creating and inspiring hope, the chief blessing bestowed by Providence on man; and

For exhibiting in a practical way that true charity, the divinest of all virtues, this chapel has been erected."

"What shall be placed in the stone" was asked. Then it was that Mesdames Cook and Cooper and Miss Coltrane tendered the several articles collected for deposit. They were: A Prayer Book, a birth-day gift to Mrs. W. H. S. Burgwyn when yet a young unmarried lady; a Bible, on the fly-leaf of which bore the name and death of Mrs. D. B. Coltrane; a copy of The Uplift of June 1914, carrying an illustrated story of the officers and work of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters; a silver cross, bearing the letters I H. N.; Wade Harris' editorial, "The Chapel on the Rock," form the Charlotte Observer of October 26th; a copy of the Concord Tribune of October 27th; a list of the King's Daughters of North Carolina; and a complete list and accounts of donations to the institution, in part as follows: the gift of three hundred acres of land by the people of Cabarrus county, for a site at the institution; one hundred and fifty dollars by General R. F. Hoke and son, Van Wych Hoke, same expended for the first well and water tank; furniture for officer's room by Mrs. Jno. K. Patterson and her boys' prayer meeting class; the furnishing of the kitchen by Mrs. D. L. Bost through the Study Club, of Concord; the complete furnishing of the dining room, including tables, chairs, table ware, crockery, table linen, and furnishings of the assembly room and officer's rooms in The King's Daughters Cottage, through solicitations of friends in High Point, Thomasville, Salisbury, and Charlotte, by Mrs. J. P. Cook; and an account of a linen shower given by friends from all over the state, January 12th, 1909, which enabled the institution to open for the reception of boys; the financial help of Mr. Ceasar Cone; the gift of the Industrial Building by Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Roth, of Elkin, N. C.; the donation of one thousand dollars by Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Reynolds, of Winston, as a starter for a modern barn; the gift of one thousand dollars by the Daughters of the Confederacy towards the building fund of the first cottage; and other accounts of other donations and gifts. And the picure of little Sarah Estelle, the daughter of Supt and Mrs. Boger. Just at this moment, a touching little act, not on the programme, concluded the deposits in the box for the corner-stone. Mrs. R. D. Johnston, of Birmingham, Ala., responding to the spirit of the occasion and with a motherly sympathy for the great cause for which all this effort was, is and will be for years making, dropped her tear-stained handkerchief into the box, and the lid was closed. Supt. Boger placed the box into the vault, and assisted by Mr. Kizer unveiled the granite slab and placed it over the corner-stone, and Mr. Cook, saying:

I. H. N.
THE KING'S DAUGHTERS
CHAPEL A. D. 1915
A MEMORIAL OF
MARGARET BURGWYN

announced prayer by Rev. L. A. Bikle, D. D., who said:

Almighty God, our Lord and our King and our watchful Guardian, wo lift up our hearts unto Thee in humble and devout recognition and acknowledgment of Thy supremacy and dominion and protection. We thank Thee for this day and pray Thy richest benediction on the cause here represented,

Send down upon us the healthful spirit of Thy grace and direct us with Thy favor that our thoughts and feelings may be properly attuned for participation in the great and worthy purpose for which we are assembled on this notable occasion.

With grateful hearts we thank Thee for this beautiful and appropriate structure of stone founded and built upon the rock-ribbed and enduring principles of love and sympathy and helpfulness, and its erection made possible by the thoughtfulness and efforts of Thy Daughters and Sons.

Grant that this edifice, to be dedicated at this hour to Thy service and glory and to the cause of hu-

(Concluded on Page 10.)

Representatives of The King's Daughters and Sons at Convention Oct. 28, 1915.

DEDICATION EXERCISES.

(Concluded From Page 9.)

manity, may enjoy Thy constant presence and blessing, and that from its sacred desk, as from a divine fountain, shall issue and flow refreshing streams of knowledge, virtue and uplifting that shall make glad both Church and State, and to Thy great name, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, shall be ascribed all honor and praise, world without end,

Amen.

The corner-stone exercises having been concluded, the audience was requested to enter the Chapel, where the programme of transfer of Chapel and its dedication was to be carried through.

The splendid and state representative audience, having comfortably filled every seat in the chapel, lent an interested and deeply sympathetic attention to the programme which involved singing, speech-making and prayer. Mr. Cook, chairman of the Board of Trustees, presided over the meeting. He gave a short review of the history and the incidents in the conception of the institution, more than twenty-five years ago, and the deep, earnest compaign made until the school became a reality. That no institution had ever made a greater progress and grew more rapidly into the hearts of the people and enjoyed a warmer support from all who learned of its great work, and that the management had received the unqualified endorsement of the Board of Trustees and that the affairs of the institution were in a most healthful condition, and that the immediate future promised an enlargement at no distant day when all the demands of the state can be provided for, were among the statements which Mr. Cook was justified by facts in making.

At this juncture Miss Easdale Shaw, vice-president of the North Carolina Branch of The King's Daughters, was recognized and she feelingly and most beautifully spoke as follows:

"This building, erected in His name and dedicated to His service, has been laid with the King's Daughters' homage at the Master's feet with the hope that high on this hillside, catching the earliest rays of morning light, and the last radiance from the sunset glow, it may stand as a beacon in the land and help His wandering children to find the way.

Members of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Chairman and Superintendant, The King's Daughters of North Carolina wish to present this Chapel, a Memomorial to their faithful president, Mrs. Margaret Burgwyn, to the Stonewall Jackson Training School to belong to it forever.

It is given with confidence into your keeping to be held in sacred trust for the boys of the school and for all who dwell in this place, believing that in your care it will be safe, and that in the "Shadow of the Rock" all will be well."

Following this Mr. D. B. Coltrane, treasurer of the Board and acting for same, accepted the magnificent gift in a pleasing and impressive manner. Mr. Coltrane gave emphasis to the fact that the Board had resolved that this institution regarded the proper use of this Chapel as the most important work of the institution, and it was happy in the possession of a building specially set apart for religious services.

In a few words a beautiful and appropriate act was revealed by Mr. Cook as follows: "This book---a Holy Bible---which you see here on this pulpit desk, was a birthday gift in 1868 to the late Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn by his mother. It shows use and service. The widow of Col. Burgwyn, whose beautiful life is a benediction to all who know her, and whose devotion to the interest and cause of the Jackson Trainig School, is an inspiration to every official connected with it, desires that this Bible shall spend itself in service in this chapel so long as it will last. This beautiful act touches the hearts of us all, and we are proud to accept it and to carry out the wishes of this noble woman."

Rev. J. M. Grier, D. D., then read appropriate passages from the scriptures.

After a short introduction, the speaker of the occasion, Mr. Archibald Johnson, Editor of Charity ty and Chiidren, the official organ of the Thomasville Orphanage, delivered an address on "Woman's Place in Uplift Work." It is a source of regret that THE UPLIFT can not publish this admirable address in full. That is impossible because Mr. Johnson had not reduced it to writing but spoke off-hand out of the fullness of his heart and with his usual profound thinking. No notes or extracts can do it justice. The audience caught every word, and manifested a hearty sympathy for the truths he most earnestly and uniquely uttered; and many there were that publicly pronounced it the most sensible and inspiring address they had ever heard. The address could not have been more appropiate for such an occasion; and the proper man and the proper occasion met when Mr. Archibald Johnson delivered that address of great wisdom at the dedication of the chapel.

The Dedicatory Prayer was then offered by Rev. J. M. Grier, D. D., as follows:

O! Thou who art the God of nature and the God of grace, Creator, Preserver and Redeemer of Mankind, to Thee we come now, and as at all times we pray for the forgiveness of our sins, and for Thy Holy Spirit's presence and help, that we may feel that we are Thy children and that our persons, our work and worship are accepted through riches of grace in Jesus Christ our Lord.

As we come in this formal way to present this house to Thee and to dedicate it to Thy service, we thank Thee for Thy grace given to Thy servants by whose self denial and efforts we are enabled to dedicate this beautiful building to Thee. May Thy rich blessing continue to rest on the donors—the "Daughters and Sons of the King." Give to them the comforts of Thy gospel, increase of grace and usefulness and all joy in Thy service. Own and accept this building as a place where Thou dost in Thy love meet with Thy people. Ever bless and comfort those who come within these walls,

Blessed Master, manifest Thyself to them as Thou dost not to the world. We know that the heaven of the heavens cannot contain Thee much less this house yet Thou has promised Lord Jesus that where two or three are met together in Thy name that Thou art in their midst and for this reason where Thy people on earth shall agree concerning any thing they shall ask, it shall be done for them of the Father in Heaven. So use this building O! Master of men. So meet with all who gather here, may it indeed be thy House of Prayer and may every prayer be heard and answered. As those who control this Institution and all who work in it, come here wearied and cast down, meet with them and refresh them by thy grace and send them forth to take up their work in Thy Spirit, and with renewed strength and joy. As the inmates meet here, grant that Thy word may so be heard and understood that they may look up to Thee as to a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. If any is discouraged grant unto him such an understanding of Thy love that with Thy servant he may say, "Though my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."

May they so seek and find Thee O God of love, that they may go forth in Thy strength from this Institution to fight valiantly against sin and to a loving and successful life.

So use this building and so meet with workers and inmates that this may be the very heart of this Institution, and religion acquired or strengthened here may be its controlling power.

Thou hast exalted Thy word above all Thy great name. Grant that Thy word may be spoken not only in the name but in the very Spirit of Jesus.

Grant that Thy Holy Spirit may enable all to hear it with such preparation that what Thou dost command may be ever floating before mind heart as the things to be supremely desired. May all learn the unlimited power and resources of infinite mercy are open to us. May we hear Thy word, "Ye have not because ye ask not. Ye ask and receive not because ye ask amiss that ye may answer it on your pleasures." We confess O Lord with shame that we have not. Help us by Thy Holy Spirit to ask and to use to Thy glory and to the good of men Thy gifts.

Grant to all who come within this building to know the way of life and grant that none may go unprepared to the judgment Seat of Christ. May Thy grace be ever present here in its saving power.

Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us Kings and priests unto His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen.

During these exercises, the music was rendered by the institution, with Prof. S. A. Wolfe at the organ. The singing of the boys won many compliments from the visitors, and many of them declared to this writer that the day, with its perfection, its order, its exercises, its evidences of love, great love, was in their lives their sweetest day.

ENTERTAINING REPORTS FROM LOCAL CIRCLES.

Silver Cross, Rockingham.

To give you details of each individual case that has claimed the time and attention of the Silver Cross Circle during the past 18 months would occupy too much time and space upon the programme. Allow me to condense and assure you of the continued growth and activity of the Circle and devotion to the work we have undertaken to do In His Name. We have given two summer treats of icecream, lemonade and cake, one Thanksgiving dinner and one Christmas.

Treat of confectionary and gifts to the immates of our County Home and jail, 42 persons, and five families in all and a beginning was made of the fast-growing idea of a Community Xmas tree. Satisfactory progress has been observed in the lives of two of our young protege's Mattie and Joe Yates, Mattie is nearing her graduation as a trained nurse in Dr Stokes Hospital in Salishury. Joe is doing well at the Indus. School at Arden, N. C., a third member of the family is at Thompson Orphanage. We help these young folks as they need---sometimes clothing, or shoes, or a hat, or bed clothing, sometimes their rail road fare to and from school, or their expenses during vacation. To these we have added another bright girl whom we are helping thro' Mr. Atkinson's School at Salisbury and also are keeping paid up for her a small life insurance that she may have a sum at her disposal when she is ready to face life on her own account.

Last October we asked the Christians of our village to join us in a special prayer service for the peace of the world, this was well attended and a very interesting meeting. We have sent twelve women and two children to Hospitals, who were in need of surgery, each case has been commended to us by the attending doctors and personally visited, some very destitute cases were supplied with clothing, in every case we urged the family to raise as much as they could towards the expense, then we supplied what was lacking. One young man whom we helped is deserving of mention, never of robust physique he became so ill that he looked like a dark yellow skeleton, aided generously by other friends we sent him to a Hospital in Richmond---they said it was a hopeless case and sent him home to die, we kept him at Jackson Springs and he grew worse and worse, he was carried on a stretcher to Dr. Stokes who said he didn't know what we sent him that thing for that he could not be cured, operated on him and then he sent him home to die---all the same he is hard at work every day and so fat his eyes look like slits in his face.

A small pension of $2.00 is given every month to two widows.

A box about the size of a piano was packed with clothing, books, shoes, hats, and toys, and sent to Dr. Mary Martin Sloop for the great work she is doing in mountains of North Carolina. A handsome contribution of shirts (outing) and of goods from our mills were sent to the Belgian relief Com. Groceries, milk, fuel and medicine have been supplied to various cases of sickness and destitution. We held our usual Xmas Bazaar, also have had two plays by the Misses Burkheimer and one by the U. Dramatic Club, in order to raise funds and we have acknowledged a gift of $50.00 from "one of our sons."

The little girl, Virginia Jernigan, whom we have kept with Dr. Stokes for nearly two years is doing very well now, the dreadful burn has passed the need of skin grafting and is slowly healing of itself.

Stonewall Jackson, Concord

The Stonewall Jackson Circle of The King's Daughters was organized December 1910 with ten members. Since that time we have grown steadily until we now number sixty-five active members.

In looking over our year's work we are made to feel that our efforts have not been in vain. We have had many urgent calls for assistance, and many places have been found where a helping hand was needed "In His Name."

One hundred and fourteen (114) homes have been visited hy our committees, and clothes, food, fuel, medacine and money have been given as the needs required.

Two families having the misfortune of losing their homes by fire were provided for with furniture and bed-clothing in addition to other necessities.

Two nurses have been secured for homes in which there was extreme illness. Six patients were sent to hospitals. Tickets for four unfortunate persons were purchased to help them to reach their homes and relatives, and admission to Orphanages was secured for three children.

In the Fall of 1914 when a severe cyclone visited a section of the city, a Committee made investigation and followed this up in prevailing upon the authorities in a relief from taxes on all persons materially damaged in property.

At Christmas time, nine dozen pairs of socks with ninety bags filled with Christmas cheer were given to the boys of The Jackson Training School. This was followed in the Spring by a beef treat, about which the boys yet talk and from which they date other interesting events.

In January a circle within our cir-

cle was organized to visit the "Shut-ins." Since that time six shut-ins have been regularly visited, and flowers, literature and delicacies have been sent to cheer them in their loneliness.

To provide a nest-egg for an unforeseen crisis or public distress or to enable the local circle, if wisdom so suggests, to provide its own vine and fig-tree, from which the spirit of the circle's activities may radiate, we are maintaining ten shares of Building & Loan stock, which when matured is worth one thousand dollars; or should necessity require its value can be realized upon on short notice.

Our treasury has bee supplied from time to time with working funds by selling lunches and candies, by White-sales, by a Society Vaudeville and by a Tag Day. A Cook Book has been also compiled by the members of Stonewall Jackson Circle, which is now on sale, and it has financially and otherwise justified the wisdom of the undertaking.

Our pledge of $100.00 to the Chapel Fund has been paid;

B. & L.	$210.00
Balance last Annual report	87.17
Receipts	915.13
Disbursements	829.26
Balance on hand	173.40

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. R. M. King, Secretary;
Mrs. Zeb Moore, Delegate.
Concord, N. C., October, 27th, 1915.

Ministering Circle, Oxford.

The object of this circle is to minister to the needy and suffering regardless of race or color. We have not refused a single call during the past year. I make this statement because the Treasuser's report which is enclosed shows the receipts to have been smaller than any previous year, but we could not value the food furnished and did not attempt a valuation of the clothing. We made a number of garments for the War sufferers in France, also for the Belgians and contributed to the Red Cross society fund. We complied with resolution of last convention and contributed the proceeds of an entertainment to the Stonewall Jackson Training School fund amounting to about eleven dollars. We supplied clothing to a family of six children, four boys and two girls age from four to thirteen years whose father was dead and mother an invalid. They were entirely without clothes for the cold weather. We provided food and nourishment for a colored woman who was ill and is now well. Two colored women who in a hopeless condition with tuberculosis were given such things as they needed until death relieved them of their sufferings. We are grateful to be able to state that the young girl whose expenses at a sanitorium we have shared is recovering from tuberculosis so she can work and does not require our aid.

Respectfully submitted,
and with best wishes, regretting we could not be represented,
Jeannette T. Elliott, Leader.
Oct. 1915.

Oxford, N. C.

Account of Ministering Circle of King's Daughters, for 1914-1915.

Brought forward	$10.46
Received	28.00
Expended	36.70
On hand	1.76

Treas., N. E. Salls.

Burden Bearers, Chapel Hill.

The Burden Bearers Circle of Chapel Hill are much pleased to report a very good year's work.

We have a membership of fifty-four (54), several new names being added to our list during the year.

The officers of our circle are: President, Mrs. Marvin Stacy; Vice-President, Mrs. Joseph Archer; Secretary, Miss Willie Ames; Treasurer, Mrs. T. E. Best.

During the year our Treasurer has handled about $350. From our annual bazaar in December we realized nearly $140, and to this was added a good many personal contributions and a nice little sum from serving refreshments for two different occasions besides a small amount from the Charity Boxes which we have placed in the Drug Stores.

We subscribed for five copies of the Silver Cross, which are circulated among our members.

This year we have sent $37.22 to the Stonewall Jackson Training School, contributed $10.00 to the Margaret Battome Memorial in New York City, paid all of our dues, and are sending $10.00 as our silver offering.

During the year many opportunities have come to our Circle to lend a helping hand, and in nearly every case we have helped in some way.

From time to time we had committees to visit the sick and needy, taking them food, clothes or whatever was found necessary, and giving them words of cheer and encouragement. Besides our visiting committes several of our members voluntarily visit the unfortunate in our midst, taking them personal gifts.

Our circle was much pleased this past year to have the privilege to assist in getting an unfortunate little girl in the Streeter Home in Greensboro, who in a short while was formally adopted by a most excellent lady in Durham.

To a poor maiden lady we have given $2.00 a month, as we have done for several years.

We paid in part the expenses of a man in Watts Hospital for two weeks.

We sent a young lady to the Hospital for a serious operation, paying her expenses for six weeks, also paying for part of her medicine before going.

The Thanksgiving offering made by the school children was distributed among the poor through our Circle.

At Christmas we gave one lady $2.00 and to another a pair of blankets and heavy vests, to two families $2.50 each.

Our usual number of baskets were not sent from the Circle at Christmas as there was a Community Christmas Tree on the University Campus and every one who went was asked to carry a package of something to place in the "Manger." In this way a large quantity of clothes, groceries, etc. were collected, and a committee from the King's Daughters distributed these things with bags of candy and fruit from the tree among the poor. Besides this several people gave money for some poor families, and three kind friends asked the Circle to give them a family each to act as Santa Clause to.

Our committee which has charge of the town fund for the Cemetery reports a good year's work.

Trusting we may be able to accomplish much more during the coming year, and with heartiest greetings to the Convention.

Respectfully snbmitted,
Miss Mary Prichard, Pres.
Mrs. W. D. Patterson, Sec.

What-So-Ever, Wilmington.

From June 9th, 1914, to October 26th, 1915.

The "Whatsoever Circle" has a membership of sixty-five, five of this number being gentlemen, twenty-two members being added since the last convention and eleven lost by death or removal from the City.

There have been thirty-six meetings since the last convention with an average attendance of twenty.

Mrs. Geo. A. Rose was leader for

(Continued on Page 1.)

five months of this time and Mrs. R. S. McCoin for the remaining thirteen. With these leaders, the circle has been more active and therefore more successful than in any previous year.

On October 13th, 1914, a free will offering was taken which amounted to $7.65.

On October 22nd, 1914 an old residence in the business section of the City was rented, and nearly every day for four months dinners were served by the members. Three constituted a committee to be in charge each day. After each member had served once, the circle gave $3.50 to each committee daily for their expenses. The total cleared from these dinners was $351.70.

The agency for Greensboro's Floral Co. was obtained for the Circle. In six months $56,69 was received from these orders. On account of the poor train connections it was discontinued.

The Anchor Stores Co., of Henderson, offered a set of china to anyone who would purchase $50.00 worth during a certain time. The Circle won one of the sets for its use in serving dinners.

Mr. Allen, a friend of the Circle, sent cloth enough to make four dozen gowns for the Belgians. The members made and shipped them. We hope the Belgians may find them useful. The day of prayer for peace, appointed by the President, was in charge of the King's Daughters and Sons. Our collection was among the largest in the State.

The Circle, together with the other clubs in the City, was active in selling the Red Cross seals.

Two amateur plays were given last winter. From Snow Ball $92.-50 was cleared. From Sylvia at one performance $25.00, and at another $11.05.

The Circle served a banquet for the Gentleman's Club of the City. Many of the members gave much of the food, while others lent silver, linen, etc An orchestra made up of home talent rendered excellent pieces. The Circle received $2.00 a plate for their work.

Mr. Whitmore, our City Baker, offered the members ten per cent off for all bread bought directly from the Bakery. This would amount to a great deal to the circle if all the members would take advantage of this offer.

Ten baskets from the Circle made the hearts of the poor and needy lighter Christmas Day.

Seventy people have been visited by committees, some received as many as five calls, each one being materially benefited. Provisions, clothing, and fuel have been distributed largely. Nurses have been employed in four cases and seven people have been kept in the hospital at different times. Although it is against the rules of the Circle to bury anyone, it has been instrumental in collecting enough to have two persons buried.

One case may be mentioned. A young girl came to Henderson from Durham to her step mother's and gave birth to twin boys. She was desperately ill with convulsions and her physicians said she must be taken to the hospital as she was treated very unkindly and not getting the proper attention. Many of the members gave the girl the most careful attention and advice. After corresponding with numerous places we were able to find a home for her and her boys in the Florence Crittendon Home in Charlotte. We feel that if the girl is benefited by the kindly advice and attention given her by the Circle, that our time and money will not have been spent in vain, but that on the other hand it will amount to the greater good.

At the last meeting of the Circle a new plan was undertaken with the hope that it might increase the interest as well as the treasury of the Circle. The members were divided into six parts with a competent leader for each. The sections will be expected to raise money in any way they may devise. If a wholesome rivalry arises from this it may be of great benefit to the Circle.

Nearly $900.00 has been made by the Circle during the past eighteen months. all of which has been given to the poor and needy. May it bear much fruit. "To pity distress is but human, to relieve it is Godlike." We are born to do benefits. Oh! what a precious comfort 'tis to have so many like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes.

We have contributed $100.00 to our training school in Concord. We are always glad to contribute to this cause which is near and dear to every King's Daughter's heart.

Respectively submitted I. H. N.,
Miss Bell Hicks, Secretary.

St. Luke's, Raleigh.

St. Lukes' Circle of Raleigh, N. C. sends greetings and best wishes to the Convention of King's Daughters and Sons to be held at Concord, N. C.

We are glad to report a very successful and prosperous year.

St. Lukes' Circle has twenty-four active members, and twenty-four contributing members, with Mrs. John E. Ray, President.

We had the misfortune to lose one of our most faithful and conscientious members, Mrs. J. W. Foy, who left Raleigh to make her home in Scott's Hill, N. C.

We hold two meetings each month. Our business meeting is held on the first Friday at the He andom our social meeting on the third Friday at the home of a member.

Our work is the maintenance of a home for old and homeless women. There are at present eleven inmates in the home who are cared for by a very capable matron and nurse. It is with regret that we report our matron seriously ill at the present writing.

There have been four old ladies to answer the call of the master during the past year.

The various Churches of the City

Annual Message From President.

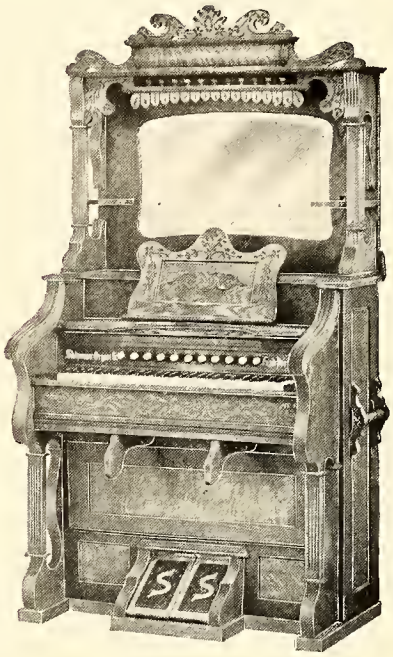
(Concluded from Page 6.)

"Adown the shores, and along the years" of Time will find a Haven of Rest, on the calm and beautiful shore of Eternity.

Margaret C. D. Burgwyn,
State President.

North Carolina's Organ Factory.

(Concluded from Page 7.)



the making of organs, and enjoying the sale of its capacity, is not only a striking innovation in the activities of North Carolina but is a business pride in the life of the state.

take it by turns in holding services at the Home on Sunday afternoons.

We have sent $35.00 to the Stonewall Jackson Training School during the year.

We have as yet been unable to carry out our cherished plans in building a larger and up-to-date Home, but we are looking forward to the day when our finances will enable us to undertake the building of a new Home and we are gradually adding to our reserve fund for this purpose.

We ask the prayers of the Circles upon our work and we hope to accomplish more in the coming year in His Name.

Respectively Submitted,
Mrs. William T. Ueltschi, Sec.

Treasurer's Report

Balance from last year	$302.74
Total receipts for year	2831.51
Total	$3134.25
Disbursements	2812.10
Balance on hand	$ 322.15

Mrs. H. G. Harrington, Treas.

Helping Hand, Henderson.

The Helping Hand Circle of King's Daughters Henderson, N. C. send greetings to the Leader and King's Daughters in convention assembled, at Concord, N. C., and regret that a represenative could not be present. We beg to submit the following report of our year's work.

Our regular meetings are held twice a month. Visiting committees, composed of two ladies, are appointed regularly. They make from one to ten, or more, visits, attend to the sick and suffering, buy all medicine and provisions, and attend to all matters of importance for two weeks. We will mention some of the good accomplished by them.

One child was placed in the Oxford Orphanage, and papers have been fillled out and signed for three others. On several occasions nurses have been employed for weeks at a time for typhoid and other patients.

The jail is frequently visited and magazines, books and papers left for the inmates. On one occasion the Committee visited a very ill mother whose infant had died several days previous, and was still in the bed with its mother. A Committee of ladies, together with the undertaker, took the little body to the cemetery, where they held a simple service. We then took care of the mother until her death a week later.

For several years we have been much interested in three destitute maiden ladies. Recently the King's Daughters were notified that one had died suddenly. Arrangements were immediately made for the burial, all necessary clothes, etc. were provided. The King's Daughters attended in a body and furnished the music.

A Committee is appointed to visit the County Home on Thanksgiving and Christmas. They take confectionaries, tobacco, snuff and a present for each one. The inmates look forward to these visits each year. Special interest as taken and clothes provided for a fallen girl whose baby was born at the Poor House.

We realize that our time is limited, and we will not attempt to go into further details as to the enormous good accomplished by these Committees, but will tell something of the ways by which we raise funds, to accomplish this work. Several dinners were given; and sales of aprons, caps and bonnets; and free-will offerings. A cotton ball proved an attractive way of making money, and a good sum realized. An in-doors fair was held by which ninety dollars ($90 00) was added to the Treasury. Committees sold pies and sandwiches on the street corners, on Vance County Commencement Day. During the recent Chatauqua held here, our Circle won $5.00 in gold for the best decorated automoble in the parade.

Our largest fund was realized from coin books, each holding $2.00 in dimes, sent out to our friends. The result was $200.00. From this fund 250 stockings were filled with fruit, candy and toys, and distributed to the poor children at Christmas time. The rest was placed in the Savings Department for some definite purpose and the possibility of a Day Nursery at the Cotton Mill, or a District Nurse has been discussed.

Fifty garments were made and sent to the Belgians. Ten dollars (10.00) was given to the Stonewall Jackson Training School. We cooperated with the Civic League in selling Red Cross Seals for Christmas, and part of this money has helped us in taking care of Tuberculosis patients. We also co-operated with the ministers and other circles of King's Daughters in holding a Peace Service

The guarantors of the Chatauqua kindly gave us ten complimentary tickets to the entertainments, which we distributed to people unahle to go otherwise. Hot Cross Bunns were donated to us to be distributed among the poor at Easter time.

Our members became interested in collecting cash sale tickets for the benefit of the circle. Three sets of china and several dozen pieces o plated flat silver were gotten an premiums.

A Community Building is bein planned for Henderson. If this i accomplished by the good women o our town, the Helping Hand Circl of King's Daughters pledge fiv hundred dollars ($500.00).

Respectively submitted,
Mary J. Cooper, Leader.

Burden Bearers, Weldon.

It gives us great pleasure to sen Greetings to the Twenty Sixth an nual Convention of the North Car olina King's Daughters and Son now assembled in Concord, N. C.

The past year's work with us ha been one of varying experiences an pleasant ones. We, as a band o Christain workers have tried to re lieve suffering and give a word o cheer as we have passed along th way.

We are glad to send a report o our work. We have on roll Twent Eight active members and One hon orary memher. We have had sev eral to drop out of our ranks sinc last report but the faithful few ar still giving their time and contribu tions to help carry on this grea work of the Master. We continu to visit the sick and the needy an to send trays, flowers, groceries wood, milk, ice, clothing and othe necessities to those in need in ou community. At Christmas we sen forteen (14) stockings and four (4 baskets. We distributed clothing and groceries amounting to elever and seventy-five one hundredth ($11.75) dollars. We meet regularly once every month. At these meetings we have short programes rendered and attend to genera business of the circle. Last summer we had a committee composed of eight membes to look after the needs in the community. This Committee, during the summer sent trays, groceries, milk, ice, clothing and other things which amounted to twenty six ($26.00) dollars. We ccoperate with the Travelers Aid and have furnished tickets and aid amounting to six and ninety one hundredths ($6.90) dollars. We have recently had an election of officers which began work in September, and we feel sure that they are going to put their best efforts in the work. The following are the officers elected: President, Mrs. N S. Barnes; Vice-President, Mrs. A S. Allen; Secretary, Miss Eunice Clark; Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Capbell.

It is impossible to list the exact a

mount of work we have done. We only wish to extend to you Sister Circles our best wishes in your work and assure you that we are trying to be loyal and car y on the work in our community with hearty cooperation.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. Wm. L. Knight, Ex-Pres't.

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts during year	$68.92
Disbursements.	
Chapel	25.00
Silver Offering	5.00
State and International dues	5.60
Convention fee	1.00
Red Cross	5.00
Traveler's Aid	6.90
Other expenditures	20.42
Total	$68.92

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. A. M. Inge, Treas.

Treasurer's report of the Helping Hand Circle of the King's Daughters.

Balance on hand last year	$ 33.10
Receipts during the year	442.19
Total	$475.00
Disbursements	240 00
Balance on hand	$234.61

Respectively submitted,
Mrs. E. G. Landis, Treasurer.

Relief, Salisbury.

Madam President and Kings Daughters:

While the work of the Relief Circle of Salisbury continues the same, we have turned our efforts to more general charities, and as God has called us to His work, He has given us the strength to do it. Since the last Convention, eighteen months ago, we began our year's work with very little in our Treasury, and practically everything we have given has been through self denial and contributions from a day's work.

God has, is and will be with us if we are where He can use us for the good of others and to His glory. We have sent our usual amount of books and flowers to the sick and d'stressed, and have visited the Sanatorium regularly, and have dispensed as much cheer and sympathy as possible to the unfortunate ones in our midst.

Besides clothing two young orphans at Barium Springs, we have sent a committee to visit the Institution to get a definite idea of the best course to pursue in our work there. To a frail young girl we have given a bed with bed clothing, and have contributed $15.00 to the support fund. Two or more of our members generously gave $10.00 of the amount. We have been assuming the entire expenses of two promising young girls. To one, at the Statesville Female College, we have sent $21.00, and to the other in Mrs. Sloop's School at Banner Elk, we have given $56.00, which pays for a year's tuition. We have decided to carry on this work for another year.

We have endeavored to assist Mrs. Sloop in her splendid work by presenting her with a new Royal typewriter, and have also sent two large boxes, and one trunk of clothing with other useful articles to her.

To Mr. Lufts we have sent $60.00 to be used in his work on the new Orphans' Home that he has opened in connection with the Lees-McRae Institute, which is called "The Grandfathers' Home." We have aided the Salvation Army to the extent of $15.00—$10.00 for rescue work, and $5.00 for general charities.

We have sent a check of $5.00 to the Montrose Sanatorium of this State. A check of $5.00 besides clothing and fuel, to two destitute families of the mill section. The sum of $5.00 with clothing and furniture to a poor woman who lost everything by fire; a contribution of $5.00 to the Red Cross Society. We have given $25.00 to an unfortunate woman who was struggling to give her husband treatment in one of our State Institutions, and also assisted in securing a position for the husband. We have paid $16.60 for the service of a servant who has been caring for an afflicted child, and have given $20.00 to an aged woman who is sick and alone. The members of the Circle have cared for her untiringly; have visited her with food and flowers and have given personal service in making her comfortable. We have also sent checks of $5.00 each to two infirm and aged ladies. To our three oldest citizens, it has always been our custom to send loving messages and a check of $2.00 each to them during the holiday.

It was our pleasure to furnish the reception room of the Maxwell Chambers School of our city.

We contributed $25.00 to Mr. Hoffman, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., who is doing a great work for the uplift of our boys; and several of our members have aided Mrs. Hoffman by sending books to the Library at Chestnut Hill.

In co-operation with one of our earnest workers, we have donated one dozen chairs to the Sunday School of the Second Presbyterian Church.

The work that lies to the heart of every King's Daughter is our State work—the Stonewall Jackson Training School. It is with genuine gratitude we tell you the $100.00 we have given has been raised largely through self denial, and the work of one day by each member. One of our most faithful co-workers has sold flowers on commission, through a Greensboro florist, and has appropriated the entire profit towards liquidating our debt on the Stonewall Jackson Training School chapel.

We have watched daily our protege, little Virginia, at the Sanatorium and we feel the entire convention and her friends over the State, will rejoice with us in the good news that she is recovering rapidly from her burns. She has suffered patiently and uncomplainingly for months and her sweet simple faith is an inspiration to all who come near her. Our prayer is that she may be raised up to be a power in her Master's service.

At our last meeting, our President, Mrs. Cannon, read the following lines from the Silver Cross. Feeling the spirit of this poem, I would like to take this opportunity of passing it on;

"God has his Highest things in life
For the few who dare to stand the test;
God has his second choice
For those who will not have his Best;
And some there are who ever make the highest choice,
But when by trials pressed
They shrink, they yield, they shun the cross
And so they lose the best.
I want in this short life ofmine
Just as much as may be pressed
Of service, true to God and man,
So help me, Lord, to be my best."

Respectfully submitted
Mrs. Frank L. Robbins, Sec.

Receipts for year	$629.61
Disbursement	613.54
Bal. on hand	16.07

Mrs. W. B. Strachen, Treas.

Sheltering Arms, Durham.

The Sheltering Arms Circle of King's Daughters of Durham, N.C., send greetings and best wishes to the sons and daughters of the Convention now in session at Concord, and present their Twelth Annual Report with pleasure, feeling in many respects this has been our very best year, as our finances are in a most gratifying

condition and our Old Ladies' Home doing well. True in the past eighteen months we had some sickness, and three removed by death, leaving the number of ladies in the home thirteen, besides the matron and two servants. We appoint a visiting committee at each business meeting to visit the Home during the month, and make it pleasant for the inmates by giving them an outing of some kind. We also hold our social meetings there and they look forward to our coming. We usually have music and games and refreshments, all of which are immensely enjoyed and leave a feeling of good cheer. We gave them a real Christmas tree last December, and it was a real joy to see their dear old faces light up as their stockings full of goodies and other servicable articles were given them. We celebrated our Fifth Anniversary last April by giving a reception to the town. Many called and brought useful contributions. The lawyers and doctors of Durham played a game of ball for us last year and turned in the sum of $58.50, although the weather was bad and the attendance not so large as it would have been. We have served the Alumni Dinner at Trinity College; run a cafe for two days, from which we realized the small sum of $30.00 for Chapel at Jackson Training School. Had charge of the fountain during both our County Fairs from which we realized a neat little sum. We are planning for a bazaar about the 16th of December.

While our home is our one grand achievement and aim, we have not been idle in other ways. At the beginning of the year committees were appointed to visit hospitals, jail, County Home, etc., and we do know of a great deal of pleasure it has given the inmates.

Last, but by no means least, we claim the honor of sending the first petition for a reformatory for women and girls to the Legislature two years ago, and labored again this year for the same great need, and while unavailing, we do not feel our efforts were in vain for the sentiment is growing and eventually the Legislators will be compelled to see the need and grant our request.

During the year we have rescued five girls and one little boy. Sent two to the Rev. W. R Cox Home, of Greensboro, two to Rev. Compton's Home of Asheville, N. C., and one to Salvation Army Home, at Greenville, S. C., and the little boy was placed in Greensboro by Mr. W. T. Wright, of The N. C. Childrens Home Society of Greensboro.

We have taken in to date during the year	$3,825.56
Disbursed	3,455.56
Leaving a bal. in Treasury	370.00

We are also laboring for our endowment fund and have two thousand dollars in bonds. One thousand of this amount was given by the late and lamented Mrs. Closs and the other we have made ourselves in various ways. We also have a note of $500.-10 given us by our loved Mrs. H. N. Snow, which will materialize in a year or so. And we do feel thankful to the bountiful giver of all good gifts that He has so richly blessed us.

Mrs. J. B. White, Secretary.

The last check of the lamented Mrs. George W. Watts was a gift of $25.00 to the Old Ladies' Home. She loved the work and was an annual contributor.

Stonewall Junior, Concord.

Our birthday is the 9th of December, 1914, so you can readily see that we are not quite one year old.

By previous arrangements eight of the high school girls met Mrs. Jas. P. Cook at the home of Mrs. M. L. Marsh, and it was there and then that we were organized with ten names enrolled.

The naming of the new born was a difficult task, for each girl had what she thought was a beautiful name. It was finally decided, however, to call ourselves The Junior Circle because of the fact that so many of us had mothers in the Stonewall Circle,—and it really did seem to fit us.

Our membership is now twenty-three, and all are interested in the work and it has been our blessed privilege to visit forty unfortunate homes and lend aid in our small way.

The work adopted by the Junior Circle is to distribute clothes where it is necessary and to furnish books to the school children where children are unable to buy them.

We have visited the Jackson Training School and given the boys a treat of ice cream and cake. We have paid, since organizing, $15.00 towards expense of a young fellow at Montrose, $5.00 State, National, and Convention dues, and our pledge of $25.00 on the chapel.

We have used this year the following ways of replenishing our Treasury: Valentine Party, doubling dimes, drama and tag-day. From each we realized a nice little sum.

We have been fortunate in having such helpful co-workers as Mrs. R. M. King, Mrs. J. L. Brown and Mrs. E. T. Cannon, members of the Stonewall Circle, to meet with us alternately.

The following is the Treasurer's report from the time of organization up to the present time:

Amount realized	$97.90
Disbursements	51.57
Amount on hand	46.33

Respectfully submitted
Annis Smoot, Secretary.

Patient, Greenville.

Sends its loving greeting to the members of the order in the Convention assembled.

We have done comparatively little during the past eighteen months, simply because fewer calls have been made upon us for assistance in any way. The different church Societies, Women's Clubs and Fraternal Societies are much more active in all lines of work than ever before. The members of the Circle are church members, also members of the Women's Clubs, and are active in all, with comparatively few excepitions.

The book-case and books promised the Training School were sent, and the entertainment given which we promised at the Rockingham Convention, the proceeds of which were $18.00.

The pledge of $50.00 has been paid ond $5.00 sent to a dear old lady in St. Luke's Home.

Our fees have all been paid.

Six dollars was sent to the Red Cross Society.

The Federated Clubs of Greenville are raising a fund to educate two Pitt County girls in the Teachers' Training School, at Greenville. We do not belong to the federation, but we contribute to the fund. Have sent $5.00.

At Christmas, stockings were filled for poor children and nine baskets of provisions sent to needy families.

Two dollars was sent for the Rest Room at the San Francisco Exposition.

No call has been made upon us that has not been promptly met. This is the material activity of the Circle. The purpose for which the order was organized, was for the deepening of spiritual life. The King alone knows what that aspect of our Circle is in His sight. May His spirit so dwell within us that we may be faithful in all things, and by our lives bring others to Him.

Cordially in His name,
Mrs. J. B. Cherry.

Willing Helpers.

North Carolina Branch of the In-

ternational Order of The King's Daughters and Sons.

The "Willing Helpers" desire to report that they have carried on their usual work through the past year. The meetings have been regular; and we have studied either the Bible or some book bearing on its teachings.

We have given our annual Thanksgiving dinner at our County Home and done such other work as came to us.

We have not settled all International, State and Convention fees.

There has been delay in collecting we will send to Mrs. Cooper later.

Yours, I. H. N.
M. H. Bragg, Leader.

Hospital, Wilmington.

The work of the Hospital Circle of the King's Daughters and Sons, as the name indicates, is with and for the James Walker Memorial Hospital of Wilmington.

The monthly meetings have been held regulary with good attendance and enthusiastic interest. The President, Miss Annie Kidder, presiding.

One of the most important features undertaken is the weekly visits to the Hospital wards by the appointed committees. The patients seem truly grateful for the fruit, flowers and literature presented to them, also, for the kindly words of cheer and sympathy and warm hand clasps.

During the year four patients have been cared for at the Hospital, their expense having been paid by the Circle.

At the Rockingham Convention last year Mrs. C. C. Covenington, then President of this Circle, made a personal contribution to the Jackson Training School, of One Hundred Dollars, and some sectional bookcases. Later in the year the Circle gave to the School about one hundred dollars worth of books to fill these cases. At the Convention twenty five dollars was pledged and has since been sent to the State Treasurer for the Chapel fund and five dollars was given for the "Silver Offering".

Sixteen dim lights, Electric Bulbs, were donated to the hospital wards by three members of the Circle. A great blessing to the sick when it is necessary to burn the lights all night.

One entertainment was enterprised, "The Dudley Impersonation", which netted the neat sum of seventy-seven dollars and seventy-six cents. The specified purpose for which this money was raised. a contribution to the fund (as the President understood the proposition) to be raised by the U. D. C's. Societies of the State for erecting a "Cottage" at the Jackson Training School, to be called, "The Veterans Cottage" in honor of Mrs. Stonewall Jackson. This money being held by the Circle until the aforementioned enterprise is started.

A tea to the Nurses in training at the James Walker Memorial Hospital was given by the President at her residence and proved a most pleasant occasion for all and an agreeable change for the young ladies.

A reception to the delegates attending the "Nurses Convention" held in this City in the month of June was undertaken by the Circle and twenty-five dollars expended.

A "Memorial Fund" proposed and started by Mrs. Walter Parsley, is growing steadily. Contributions to this fund are made in memory of loved ones gone before, on their birthday, or of other events in their lives, or of any sacred occasion any member wishes to commemorate. The fund is to accumulate and only the interest to be used for necessary equipment of the Hospital

In consequence and in response to a recent and especial call from the State President another contribution of twenty-five dollars was sent to the State Treasurer for the "Chapel Fund," making fifty dollars given this fund during the year.

The patients in the wards and all the nurses were remembered Christmas with suitable gifts and attentions, also, Thanksgiving and Easter were made happy occasions in the wards.

The work of the Hospital Circle during the year has required an expenditure of one hundred and ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents ---($199.25)---

Respectfully submitted,
Luciana Cutlar Poisson, Delegate.
Cor. Sec., Hospital Circle.

Silver Cross, Rockingham.

Mrs. W. N. Everett, Treasurer of the Silver Cross Circle of the King's Daughters of Rockingham, being a Condensed Report of the Money Received and Paid Out from June 18, 1914, to October 18, 1915.

Received:

Bal. on hand from last year	$364.38
Cotton Mills	338.00
Private Contributions	150.50
Entertainments	324.95
Patients, self-help	61.55
Dues	95.80
Total	1335.18

Paid Out

Mrs. Burgwyn	$264.50
Mrs. Cooper	12.00
Mrs. Cook	3.50
Silver Cross.	7.50
Dr. Stokes	349.35
Sundry persons for medicine, food, and other help	582.34
	1219.19
Cash on hand	115.99
	1335.18

In His Name, Salisbury.

The "In His Name Circle" of Salisbury send greetings to the Convention now in session at Concord, N. C., and send the following report, from June 1914 to October 1915.

During the summer months of 1914, our Circle disbanded until September. The Secretary kept account of the meetings missed during the summer, and at our first fall meeting each member paid for the six meetings.

Instead of having our regular Bazaar with the Relief Circle, we decided to join the Woman's Exchange. The Circle paid $1.00 to join, and three members a week sent in cake, candy, bread, or anything in that line. Each member was asked to put in some fancy work before Christmas. Those who did not put anything in the Exchange gave in $1.00 to the Circle.

At Christmas we sent $1.50 to the Salvation Army for a basket to be sent to some poor family. We sent $5.00 to the Salisbury Industrial Club to be divided among the most worthy famlies. A book was sent to the orphan we clothe at Barium Springs. We also sent a nice present to Virginia Jernigan who is still at the Whitehead-Stokes Sanatorium.

After Christmas we continued through the month of March to give money every week to the poor of the city.

We clothe a little boy at the Orphanage, sending him a nice box twice a year.

Easter we sold eggs at the woman's Exchange, each member sending one dozen dyed eggs, where they sold at 40 cents per dozen.

Instead of disbanding during the last summer months we met once a month, but we paid our dues for the entire month. In July we gave a lawn party and made $15.00.

We take 5 copies of the Silver Cross Magazine They are circulated through the Circle.

Since the Second Presbyterian

Church has been completed, we have given them $15.00 to help have the Church screened and to buy a carpet.

We sent $5.00 to Mrs. D. Y. Cooper for the fund which was sent from the North Carolina Branch to the Red Cross Society. During Mr. W. T. Walker's illness we sent $10.00 to the Barium Springs Orphanage.

Wishing you a most successful meeting and trusting we will accomplish greater things in the future.

Respecfully submitted,
Miss Mildred Brown, Sec.
T. E. Witherspoon, Tres.
C. E. Stevenson, Pres.

Receipts for year	$125.02
Disbursements	118.88
Balance on hand	7.14

Helping Hand, Burlington.

From June 1914 to Sept. 1915, we have paid out $192.51 to the unfortunate in our midst.

Out of this amount we gave 5.00 towards building the chapel at Stonewall Jackson Training School.

We also sent a large box, of canned goods and warm clothing last Feb. to the Belgium sufferers. The express on this box was $6.00

Six generous baskets were provided for the needy of our town, to bring them Xmas cheer.

We have almost entirely supported an old lady, who is blind by buying for her milk, different members of our circle have also sent her provisions that we feel she could use.

The balance of this amount has been expended for wood, coal, groceries, medicine and trained nurse here.

We have thirty members and two honorary ones.

We paid $2.95 State and International dues and $1.00 Convention Fee.

Several of our new members have joined since our State and International dues were paid.

We have expended a great deal more than our regular dues of ten cents per month would have made it possible, this was provided by checks our leader has been given by our generous townsmen.

Sincerely, I. H. N.
Mrs. R. O. Browning, Sec.

Whatsoever Heneerson.

Assets:

Proceeds from dinners	$351.70
Proceeds from flowers	226.75
Proceeds from plays	128.55
Proceeds from cream	13.25
Proceeds from rents	17.50
Bal. June 1914	64.69
Dues collected	37.10
Donation and reimbursements	76.40
Total	$915.94

Resources:

Real Estate (2 lots)	$5000.00
Personal property	350.00
Cash	140.56
	$5490.56

Disbusements:

General Expenses	$325.42
Provisions, fuel and etc.	127.61
Hospital bills	106.85
Drug bills	24.25
Nurse hire	38.00
R. R. Tickets and lunch	13.25
Stonewall Jackson T. S.	100.00
Expense rest room	1.00
State and Int. dues	18.00
Ambulance and burial	21.00
Cash saving department	135.00
Cash on hand	5.56
	$915.94

What-So-Ever, Wilmington.

Again it is my pleasure to present to you our report from June 1914 to October 1915. Our motto is, "what-so-ever our hands findeth to do, do it with our might, and so fulfill the laws of Christ," has been the underlying thought in the work planned the last 15 months. The average attendance has been good, and the character of the work done substancial, and indeed gratifying. Mention of this may be of enterest to those who have rendered their kind assistance and hearty co-operation. Fourteen new members have been added in the past year. We have finished paying for the coping around our Cemetery Plot, and feel justly proud of it. Two have been buried there in the past year a little child and old lady. Last June we had the pleasure of having Mr. J. P. Cook of Concord visit us, and gave us a very interesting talk about the S. J. T. School. In Nov. we had a play at the Boys Brigade Entitled "Little Miss Fearless" given by Miss Sallie Oldham, which added greatly to our treasury. In Dec. we had a "Parcel Post Sale" at the home of of Mrs Robert Scott which proved a success. We have had many opportunities for ministering to the needy, in clothing, providing food, visiting the sick and the sorrowing, giving money where it was advisable, and in many ways helping to bear each others burdens. Our Christmas work has been greatly incrased, in sending bags, boxes, making the day brighter and happier for many needy children and shut-ins and our thoughts are constantly for those whom we may help. Several of our members sent Christmas dinners. In Jan. we had a memorial service to Mrs. Mary Lou Dickenson. In March we had a silver tea at the home of Mrs. H. Longely. We take six subscriptions of the Silver Cross Maganzine and three of the Uplift. We still keep our mite box, the contents go for our Christmas work. This year we have seven on our "cradle roll" and we are very proud of our little ones. One of our members gives soup and bread to poor children several days out of each week. We gave two sections of the sectional bookcase for the Stonewall Jackson Training School and sent a box containing 90 books. This has been our work for the past 15 months, and while it has been gratifying, yet we feel that our deeds are but little in our eyes and to some it may appear of small avail, but we feel that The King approves our work, and it cheers our hearts to be humble instrument in His hand and so we want to continue to follow the the Motto of our beloved order, to;

"Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a hand in His name."

Disbursements for year	$541.35
Balance on hand	38.00

Flowers sent to 64 persons, visits made—691, helped in various ways—420, 85 pieces of clothing given away, six subscriptions of the Silver Cross Magazine, 3 subscription of the Uplift Magazine

Chapel at Stonewall Jackson Training School	$50.00
Margarette Bethome Memorial	2.00
State & International dues & Convention fee	17.50
Silver offering to State Convention 1915	5.00
Coping around Cemetery Plot	10.00
Travelers aid	40.00
Rest Room—California Exposition	2.00
Associated Charities	5.00
Baby Hospital	5.00
Y. W. C. A. Finance campaign	5.00
Division work for Y. M. C. A.	5.00
Two sections for boook case for S. J. T. School	7.00
Groceries and rent	28.25
Miscellaneous	11.50
Mary Lou Dickenson association	1.00
By individuals to relieve distress in various ways	347.10
Total	$541.35

The Circles of North Carolina

PLACE	NAME	PRESIDENT
Burlington,	Helping Hand,	Mrs. Joseph Fix.
Belhaven,	Margarite,	Mrs. Alice R. Jarvis.
Chapel Hill,	Burden Bearers,	Mrs. M. H. Stacey.
Concord,	Stonewall Jackson,	Mrs. J. P. Cook.
Concord,	The Concord Jr.,	Miss Margaret Bell.
Charlotte,	Julia Jackson Circle,	Mrs. T. C. Guthrie.
Durham,	Sheltering House,	Mrs. J. R. Patton.
Gastonia,	Nora C. Dixon,	Mrs. B. F. Dixon.
Greenville,	Patient,	Mrs. A. L. Blow.
Henderson,	Whatsoever,	Mrs. R. S. McCoin.
Henderson,	Helping Hand,	Mrs. S. P. Cooper.
Hillsboro,	Willing Helpers,	Mrs. M. H. Bragg.
Oxford,	Ministering,	Mrs. C, Elliott.
Raleigh,	St. Lukes,	Mrs. John E. Ray.
Rockingham,	Silver Cross,	Miss Easdale Shaw.
Salisbury,	Relief,	Mrs. D. F. Cannon.
Salisbury,	In-His-Name,	Mrs. C. E. Stevenson.
Southern Pines,	Lend-a-Hand,	Mrs. F. V. Weed.
Southport,	Endeavor,	Mrs. W. M. St. George.
Wilmington,	Hospital,	Mrs. A. P. Kidder.
Wilmington,	Whatsoever,	Mrs. James Howard.
Weldon,	Burden Bearers,	Mrs. N. L. Barnes.
Weldon,	Childern's Charity,	Mrs. R. L. Trairs.
Winston-Salem,	Whatsoever,	Mrs. R. D Moselig.

Balance on hand..... $38.00

At Christmas we filled and distributed 151 fancy bags containing, fruit, candy, nuts and toys. 35 boxes containing fruit, candy and nuts and some clothing. Christmas work valued at $45,00.

Respectfully submitted, I. H. N.

Mrs. C. J. M. Kelloway, Treas.

Convention Resolutions.

As read by the Chairman Mrs. M. H. Russell:

The North Carolina Branch of the International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons in Annual Convention assembled at Concord, N. C. October, 27-28, 1915. presents the followiug resolutions:

1. To the ministers of the various denominations who have invoked God's blessing on our meeting and cooperated with us by their presence and eloquence to make it a success; To the officers of the Methodist church for the use of their beautiful building and to the lovely young girls who have served as pages; To the choir of the Methodist church and the expert musicians who by their sweet strains have lifted our thoughts to that day when we shall all stand before the Lamb singing "Worthy is he that was slain."

2. To Mrs. J. F. Cannon for the address of welcome from the Stonewall Circle, reminding us of the histhoric events of Cabarrus County and presented with such cordial grace that we were glad for her to be glad:

3. To Mr. Morrison Caldwell for eloquent welcome to the city of Concord, in behalf of its Mayor:

4. To Mrs. M. H. Russell for the sweet and gracious manner in which she responded to the address of welcome:

5. To Mrs. R. D. Johnston of Alabama for her inspiring account of the Boy's Training School established in that state by her untiring efforts:

6. To Mr. J. P. Cook for the gift of the handsome walnut ballot box made at our Training School, with the promise that it shall be enlarged at need:

7. To Mr. Blair for his message of encouragement from the Trustees of the Training School and their appreciation of the work accomplished and undertaken by the King's Daughters:

8. To the boys of the school for their music and exhibition of military tactics and for the promise they give of becoming useful citizens of our state. To Mrs. Ada Cherry of Greenville for her inimitable dialect recitations for the boys and their guests. To Miss Janie Patterson for the patient skill she has shown in training this choir of singing boys. To Mr. Wolff for presiding at the organ. Also to the Stonewall Circle for obtaining this organ for the chapel from the organ factory in North Carolina,—the Shipman Factory at High Point:

9. To Mr. C. E. Boger for his words of welcome to the Training School, that made us feel as if we were at home with our family around us:

10. To Mrs. E. R. Overman for her charming address to the boys, and to Mrs. A. L. Coble for the informal talk that spoke so eloquently of her heart's interest in the boys; also to Mrs. Rose for her interesting account of visiting those in prison, a work now undertaken specially by the Episcopal church, in which our cooperation is asked:

11. To Mrs. W. N. Reynolds for first installment on her annual gift of $25.00 to the Training School which she has pledged with her accustomed generosity:

12. To Mr. and Mrs. Boger for the wide open hospitality offered us at the school and for the elegant luncheon wherewith our wearied bodies were refreshed:

13. To the Concord Daily Tribune for its report of our daily proceeding:

14. To Mr. J. P. Cook and Mr. D. B. Coltrane for their earnest and tender speeches at the dedication of King's Daughters Chapel and to Miss Easdale Shaw for her words "fitly chosen like apples of gold in pictures of silver" and the womanly dignity in which she presented the chapel to the Board of Trustees. Also to Mr. Archibald Johnson for his strong and witty tribute to woman as the natural uplifter of the race. To Mrs. Burgwyn for the gift of a Bible to the Chapel, presented to her beloved husband by his sainted mother and now passed on to council and guide those who may have missed a mother's love.

15. To our hostesses who have made us welcome to their homes, their hearts and their handsome cars, who have entertained us in the royal way North Carolina women know and now send us home to wish that we might come again in the spring:

We offer our heartiest thanks and appreciation of all the good things so bountifully spread before us.

We would feel our work unfinished did we not mention with tenderest emotion the picture presented by the aged mother of the Editor of the Charlotte Observer, as, with the delicate modesty of a southern woman of the old school, she read her son's editorial of Oct. 26 "The Chapel on the Rock." She needs no silver cross upon her breast to proclaim her the King's Daughter, for in her heart there is written "holiness unto the Lord" and upon her brow rests "the peace of God that passeth all understanding."

Respectfully submitted,

Com. on Resolutions.

Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt

THE UPLIFT

November, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

Bread Cast Upon the Waters.

You must give if you expect to receive —give happiness, friendship, love, joy, and you will find them floating back to you. Sometimes you will give more than you receive. We all do that in some of our relations, but it is as true a pleasure often to give without return as life can afford us. We must not make bargains with the heart, as we would with the butcher for his meat. Our business is to give---what we can get to give. The return we have nothing to do with. It will all come in due time---in this world or another.

Samuel Bowles.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VII. CONCORD, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1915 No. 9

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The White House will no longer be lonesome.

Whatever may be the views entertained for Mr. Bryan as a politician and a statesman, his great speech on the gospel of peace can not be answered by ridicule.

It would be a joke on the many in this country if Peace should suddenly appear out of the war-darkness that covers Europe, while the vainglorious Ford and party are somewhere near the scene of action. It would take some tall argument to convince a large number of the people that Ford didn't do it.

The institutional editor had his items crowded out of the last number; but in this number he has full swing. The notes of life and activity about the institution which are observed and offered us by Master Elisha Neathery go a long way in giving entertainment to our readers and furnishing information about this busy and active place.

Do you catch the spirit that runs through the institutional notes? Read that item regarding the reorganization of the Cone Society. Could you conceive of a more orderly meeting, in which every right of each individual was recognized and with a dignity and a courtesy that sounds like old men's acts? To remember just what these boys were supposed to have been before they came here—see and watch them and their acts now—well to fail to feel a sense of appreciation and delight over the exhibit is to indicate a brain of sawdust and a heart of stone.

Lawyer C. C. Daniels, brother of the secretary of the Navy, who is connected with the office of the Attorney-general of the United States, specially charged with matters connected with the Indians in the North West, is under a fire---at least he is being considerably advertised by the newspapers. Daniels is not a great lawyer, but he is plenty big for a job like that. Possibly it is nothing but jealousy, or perhaps he is twisting the tails of some wrong doers too tightly and this is the way they have of getting rid of him. Fooling with Indian matters is just as dangerous as fooling with liquor---it's hard to get away with the job without a scandal.

EXPLANATION.

There is published in this number some matter that properly belonged to the October number of THE UPLIFT. But the issue being delayed by waiting on the proceedings of the annual meeting of The King's Daughters could not wait longer on some manuscripts that were unavoidably more delayed.

But there are some things that never grow old—they are good any time. Words of welcome to one's own home and words of greeting when once you are comfortably situated in that home, are always appropriate and never grow old. We are proud, therefore, having been deprived of the privilege in the October number, to be able to give to our readers two very interesting and delightful addresses delivered at the recent meeting of the King's Daughters, which was held in Concord on the last days of October. We refer to the address of welcome by Morrison H. Caldwell, Esq., City Attorney of Concord, who represented the Mayor of the city; and the address of greeting to the boys of the Jackson Training School which was made by Mrs. Edwin R. Overman, of Salisbury. Both addresses were eloquent and enthusiastically received. They will be found elsewhere in this number; and they will prove delightful reading.

BOOKER WASHINGTON.

In the death of Booker T. Washington, who has played a conspicuous part in the educational development among the negroes of the South, the colored folks have lost heavily. Incidentally, the death of Washington, because of his good judgment and fine attitude towards the whites, is a distinct loss to all the people.

But how soon men, who play important parts in things worth while and in the lime-light of the world, are forgotten. Washington had a white father---that helped him. Thirty years ago, for a colored man to become conspicuous and have his real merits recognized and enjoy the unstinted confidence and appreciation of the whites, was an accomplishment much harder than to do it in the times in which Washington operated.

How soon has the country forgotten Rev. J. C. Price, of Salisbury, a full-blooded negro! In intellectuality, Washington's equal; in forcefulness and effectiveness before an audience, Washington's superior---in fact a most splendid orator. In personal worth, the "negro orator Price" occupied no second place to Washington; and what he did then, his time, was much more, bigger and better than the accomplishments of Washington for his time. The times have changed; and the world soon forgets.

WONDERFUL FAIRBROTHER.

Like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, without the slightest warning or suspicion that anything was wrong, Col. Al Eairbrother, editor of Everything, was suddenly stricken. While in Charlotte, he had a hemorrhage of the lung. We found him on the street afterwards, unwhipped and talking business. He returned to his home in Greensboro, and the doctor put him to bed. Deprived of the privilege of talking or

seeing his friends, handicapped in his greatest pleasure---writing, writing and writing---he stole time and opportunity to pay his respects to the "Doodle Bugs," the name he gave to the most awful disease to which man is heir. Not one time has he shown signs of surrendering.

Fairbrother is a wonderful fellow. His nerve in the midst of this affliction, which is a peril, remains steady.

He sees a bright side in his enforced absence from his loved ones and away from his work. Way down, or way out, in Arizona he is spending months in hopes of out-running the "doodle bugs," and from this point, he keeps an editorial eye over Everything. He takes his medicine without a murmur, and if there be in all the world a more cheerful fellow, brave and courageous, his name has never been printed.

Here's hoping that Fairbrother may get all the reinforcements and munitions he needs, and that he may soon be restored to his friends a Well Man.

TAKING STOCK.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Jackson Training School was held on the evening of the 26th of October. Nearly all of the members were present—those unable to attend this important meeting were nevertheless present in spirit.

The annual report of Supt. Chas. E. Boger afforded all members the greatest pleasure and satisfaction. It was full, frank, clear and revealed in unmistakable terms a prosperous condition of the institution, which carried great gladness to the authorities. Supt. Boger has won the absolute confidence of every member of the Board in his ability, of mind and soul, and not the least in his executive ability to guide safely and successfully the affairs of the institution.

There is not a detail in connection with the affairs of the institution, whether material or financial, that he is not conversant with—"he works his job," said one of the members, "instead of letting the job work him." And the spitit among the boys and the officers and helpers make a community interest that is both pleasing and effective.

The report, which is published in this number, makes good reading for all the friends of the institution in particular and will be a source of information to any who feel like knowing something of the inside of the workings of the institution. There is but one matter overlooked by the Superintendent. That was easy to do for the fact there is not enough of it to impress itself upon the mind of the Superintendent--he failed to speak of the doctor's bills. During the past year, there has been no sickness among the boys other than those little indispositions that can be handled by the laymen with ordinary measures such as are found on the medicine shelf in every home. This fact of health speaks volumes; it is but the reflection of wise eating, wise treatment, early to bed and early to rise, and cleanliness and system.

It was reported to the Board that the Chapel, which engaged the efforts of the boys during their working periods for the past six months, in addition to their work on the farm, in the work-shop and at other duties, was completed and ready for use.

Gratification was expressed over the great showing made by the farm, which by intelligence and modern handling is becoming of great value. The crops were most splendid returns for the efforts made during the year, and the land shows marked improvement.

The Board authorized Superintendent Boger to begin as early in the year as the weather will permit the erection of another cottage, which will be the home for thirty more boys. It is a source of regret that the capacity of the institution could not be increased to that point where three hundred could be cared for, because there are now over one hundred and twenty-five applications on file for entrance, but the Board has very wisely and firmly refused to take any steps that were not justified by funds in sight. The institution lives within its income, refuses to go ioto debt and the authorities adhere firmly to this principle.

This new building will probably be completed by early fall and at that time accommodations may be had for thirty more boys. When this is done, it is hoped that the man will have been located who is willing to give the institution a school building, in which the school may be conducted rather than using improvised quarters as we now do. In this building it is hoped to have an assembly hall for athletics, lectures and entertainments, such as are helpful in the scheme but not at home to be held in our chapel, which has been set apart alone for the worship of God.

And the man who will do this great work for the Jackson Training School is a North Carolinian; he is a prosperous, patriotic man; he sees a work to do beyond the needs and wants of his own family; he is unselfish---in due time, The Uplift may be authorized to call his real name.

Laggard in School is Laggard in Life.

"Almost 90 per cent of the pupils who came out of the third or forth grade at the foot of their classes came out of the high school at the foot of their classes," says a veteran teacher. "If they enter college they continue to be tail enders, and after they pass into business life, it is assumed, must go on as tail enders."

Being among the last in one's class tends to become a habit. The laggard at school and in college is the laggrrd in life. He is among the alsorans in what ever realm of life he enters: at least, that is what this teach- believes. And no doubt she has ample experience and observation to to back her opinion.

But almost any rule falls down if applied too strictly. There are certainly plenty of examples of successful business and professional men who never shone in scholarship at school.

Nevertheless, it is good doctrine to urge that mental habits acquired or practiced in school are almost certain to stick to one through life; that the boy who hasn't pride and energy enough to get his lessons is not libely to be more than a mediocre success in after life. And, in general, it is true.--T. H. Roth, Cleveland, Ohio.

Human Interest Story.

Mr. J. M. Williams, of Liberty, N. C., Furnishes the Progressive Farmer an Agricultural Article That Reads Like a Novel---It's Worth Passing Along.

Much money has been sunk in livestock ventures by those who have had plenty of capital and little experience, but few successes have been made except by building up gradually from small beginnings.

After the hubbub that started in 1861 was over I "started out" by going in debt for the Old Kirkman tract, 180 acres, adjacent to Sandy Creek a tributary to Deep River, and near historic Sandy Creek Meeting House. It was no small task for me to crawl past the knockers and wailers, but I took the bit in my teeth and launched into a section where bad news had existed so long that my advent well-nigh created a stampede among the natives. They crowded about me and pointed out the fields covered with briers and broomsedge, overrun with gullies and barren waste places -- monuments to the generations of farming failures. "You'll starve to death," they told me. "There isn't a place between Deep River and Guilford Courthouse that's worth a tinker's dam."

How did I manage it all? Just worked—with my muscles during the day and my brain during that part of each night I happened to not be found asleep. I had a grudge against every weed that grew, and consequently set about to give the gullied hillsides and thickety bottom lands a decent cleanup---burning no trash or refuse matter, but using it to shield the barren soil from sun-scald. The rolling land was terraced so as to protect the bare spots from our copious rainfalls, which many times closely approach a second edition of Noah's flood. The fields, if such they might be termed, were planted to corn and other forage crops, and with the native grasses converted into feed. Then it was I got the beef idea and purchased each fall the cream of the "penny-ryal" stock in my vicinity to the extent of what I could safely winter. Many times have I purchased at this season for the sum of $5 or $10 a living stack of bones covered with hide, the hide often covered with ticks. Nevertheless, when ridded of the nuisance and judiciously fed under brush arbors and open sheds during the winter on the forage and grain produced during the preceeding summer, this unlikely animal during the early spring months would often net me $30 to $60, depending upon his latent possibilities.

By this process, at the end of the first 12 months on the farm I was enabled to pay $600 of the purchase price, together with accrued interest on my mortgaged place.

Immediately I commenced with increased determination to surpass if possible my previous performance by returning the remains of my former crop to the hungry land so as to enable it to produce more abundantly forage crops with which to keep through the next winter season a larger number of range cattle. At the end of the second year on the farm I succeeded in lifting the mortgage by paying the remainder of the purchase price and interest, approximately $700, and had enough left to pay for a new-fangled Yankee invention, now to be seen everywhere, a mowing machine.

Approximately, this was my plan of procedure until a minor conflagration broke out, which tried progressive men's souls in this community, but, like the great disturbance of the '60's finally resulted in the "greatest good to the greatest number." I refer to what is commonly spoken of as the stock-law. The effect of this beneficial act was that I was soon unable to buy for a pittance each autumn such feeders as I desired, and therefore it became necessary for me to arrange to grow my own cattle for sale.

Then I put the low-lying land along the creek in permanent pasture first, because it would during the dry seasons furnish more and better grazing for my cattle than the higher ground; second, because of freshets during crop season which often destroys cultivated crops. The uplands have since been worked so as to produce the maximum amount of forage and grain. Next I got together a small herd of scrub cows as near the true beef type as possible and headed the herd with a pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus, arranging so that calves would drop during the interval between January 15 and March 15 of each year. I let the youngsters have all milk during the entire season while running with their mothers on pasture, feeding both the dam and her offspring what dry meal they would readily consume — the ration composed chiefly of corn meal and cottonseed meal, with a generous supply of corn stover and hay clover, cowpea and soy bean hay from the uplands. Thus they were ready for the market by October and November, bringing me $30 to $45 each as baby beef. In this manner I have been enabled to grow 100 bu. corn per acre where only briers and broomsedge once occupied the land, and other crops proportionately, erect a decent dwelling house to perform the functions of the log-cabin into which I took my bride 50 years ago, and which still stands with its hugh rock chimney eight feet square at the base and probably 25 ft. high. Twenty years ago I built what was considered a model barn, but recently have completed one 36x76 ft., being 36 ft. from the base to comb of the gambrel-roof. This usually houses on an averoge 75 head of stock and 100 tons of forage.

In the early days I had hides tanned for the family's winter shoes, wool from the sheep, which I've always kept, was converted by my better half into clothing of various kinds, such as stockings, gloves, fascinators, jeans cloth for men's clothing and linsey-woolsy for women. This takes no account of the mutton, beef, etc. we had for special occasions, such as "when company comes," camp-meetings, barbecues, etc.

Since the first few years we've always managed to produce a surplus of pork, which was either sold or converted into bacon; also wheat enough for bread and then some, the bran and shorts being fed on the place.

My good wife still survives to enjoy with me the comforts of life, and welcome the visits of the children, the children's children, yea, great grandchildren. It affords us much pleasure to have visitors, particularly young people who are interested in farming and raising stock. And of course we are always glad to help them in any way we can to become good citizens.

My boys are farmers, practically all my daughters have married farmers, and if raising 100 bushels of corn per acre on land that formely "niggers" would'nt have for a graveyard doesn't beat law and medicine all hollow, why then give me your mind on it, sir.

J. M. WILLIAMS.

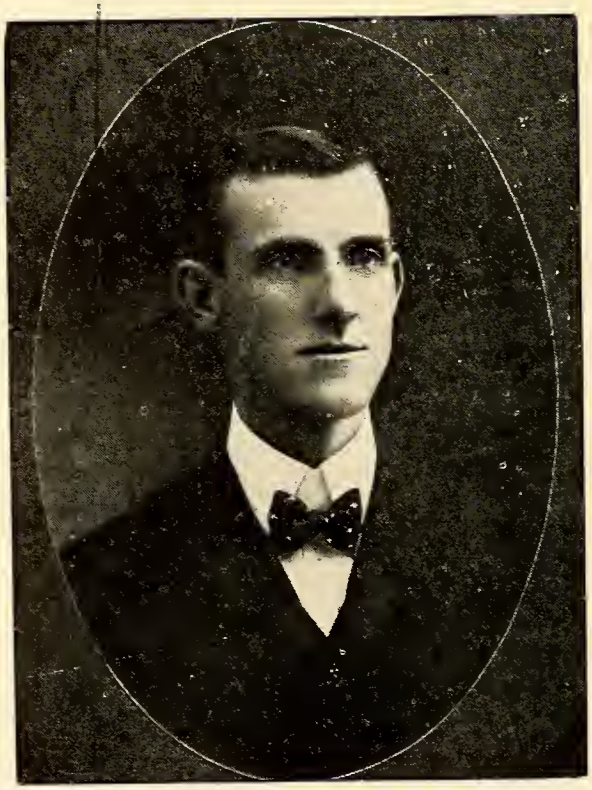
To every individual the history of the world begins and ends with himself. Each man finds it hard, if not impossible, to imagine the world without himself; that is to imagine he has never been born.—Sumner.

Superintendent Boger's Report to The Trustees.

I herewith submit to you and through you to the Board of Trustees a brief statement of the affairs of the school since our last meeting in Rockingham.

I am glad to report that the work of the school has, in the main, been very successful and satisfactory. In saying this, no attempt is made to cover up the fact that there are many things that come up to annoy and vex the spirit of the most even tempered, and to discourage those whose morning sun knows no clouds; but with the aid of faithful efficient, helpers the school has managed to smooth out the rough places, to brighten up the dark days, and to report a success of the work of the school for the year. Permit me to still further add, that whatever success the school has attained during the past year, is due in a large measure to those who have composed the staff of officers of our institution.

We have now on roll at the school 95 boys, all of whom seem to be well satisfied, notwithstanding the fact that quite a few of them are new recruits. The boys are given quite a good deal of privilege and the honor system is quite largely used in our dealings with them. And we find that in comparison with previous years our runaways have decreased considerably over fifty percent. These extensions of privileges does not mean that they are allowed to do as they please, that they do not have certain rules of discipline that must be obeyed; but they are taught that no person can be a real man without doing many things that are contrary to his wishes and desires. And I make bold in saying that the conduct of the boys and the moral atmosphere that surrounds the school is as good or better than in any school in the state of North Carolina. Such conduct is not always obtained because the eye of an officer is upon the pupil. We do not believe that any person can be made a good citizen by reason of the fact that a policeman stands on every corner, but the advantages of good citizenship must be known and instilled into his nature in such a way that he would be a good citizen were there no policeman at all. Hence the boys are oftentimes given opportunities and privileges for the purpose of ascertaining what their conduct would be when they are not under the eye of the school. This develops and builds up in them those qualities that are needed in their lives as men.



CHAS. E. BOGER, Superintendent.

A detailed report of our pupils since November the 30th. 1914 is as follows:

Number of boys in charge November 30th 1914	83
Admitted during the year	18
Total number in charge	101
Deaths	0
Dishonorably discharged	1
Ran away	17
Captured and returned	15
Number on parole	5
Total number removed from the institution	8
Number in charge October 15th, 1915	93
Number to be admitted November 1st, 1915	3

There were 134 applications for admission of boys recieved during the year. Only 18 of this number could be admitted.

The average age of the boys on the current roll was 14.6 years on October 15th 1915.

The average age of the boys when admitted to the institution was 13.1 years.

DEPARTMENTAL WORK.

OUR FARM.

The returns from our farm have been more this year than ever in the history of the school. We have harvested near 25 loads of hay and have about 20 acres of peavines to turn under for soil improvement, which had it been harvested would have made 15 or 20 loads of forage, for the horses during the winter. But considering the character of the soil on which the crop was grown it was thought to be economy to feed the land rather than the horses with its product. Our corn crop will be something between 500 and 600 bushels, and the quanity of our corn stover will tax our barn to store it. We have gathered between 50 and 75 bushels of peas, and cut about 300 bushels of oats. We have garnered between 50 and 75 bushels of peanuts which will be enough to supply our boys with peanuts while sitting around the fire of evening this winter, and will probably leave a surplus to put on the market in the spring.

GARDEN.

Our garden has kept us abundantly supplied with vegetables such as corn, beans, tomatoes, cabbage, squash, peppers, cucumbers, egg plant, okra, and potatoes during the summer months. Of the surplus we have canned 300 one half gallon cans of tomatoes and 100 one-half gallon cans of beans. Our potato crop, both sweet and Irish, will go a long way in reducing our maintenance cost of the early winter months.

(Continued on Next Page.)

CATTLE, HOGS AND POULTRY.

Our hogs are doing fine and give promise of a lot of good country pork, sausage, and ham during the winter. We have sold $207 worth of pigs and have 23 left in our sties either for sale or for domestic purposes.

We have eight horses and all of them are in good condition. The age of one is approximating a limit beyond which his usefulness will be very little. yet for the service he has done we dislike the idea of disposing of him to the back-lot trader to end his last days in suffering and neglect.

Our poultry yard has not been developed as yet. But we managed to give our 95 boys 40 dozen of eggs for Easter from our yard besides keeping a supply for domestic purposes. Our flock of turkeys has furnished Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's dinners for our family and left enough to mother another brood this year. We have the promise of one or two turkey dinners for our family for this year.

WOOD-SHOP.

The wood-shop has been doing some good work during the year. The boys, under Mr. Johnson, have prepared some of the finishing lumber for the Chapel, dressed between 3,000 and 4,000 feet of lumber for the Roberta Cotton Mill, made several cedar chests and oak tables, and done many odd jobs of repair work. You can readily see that the boys get practical experience in the wood-shop and do things worth while for the school.

THE STORE ROOM.

Supplies are bought and paid for out of the maintenance fund and kept in the store room. The cottages order out their supplies as they are needed and a monthly report is sent to each cottage at the end of each month showing how much has been ordered out for the different cottages. Supplies that have been delivered to the cottages each month for the past ten months have been as follows:

This does not include the supplies from the farm, the bedding or wearing apparel.

December, 1914	$273.64
January, 1915	285.18
February	237.02
March	411.06
April	394.72
May	412.98
June	367.90
July	321.45
August	380.09
September	335.54
Average per month	$341.96

We have laid in much of our supplies for the winter and paid for them out of this year's funds.

SCHOOL ROOM.

Our school is the pride of the institution. The boys who make up our school are composed largely of illiterates or boys who have defied the efforts of the teachers in the places where they have resided. It is interesting sometimes to watch the careless and indifferent picking-up interest in school work under the system here. It not infrequently happens that the total illiterate finds that there is something in him and ends his course here standing at the head of his class. Some of these illiterates are able in less than a year's time to write a decent letter home to their parents telling them of their h alth, the condition and affairs of the school. The school's aim is thoroughness, and knowing the nature of a boy to be, to delight in doing anything he can do well and detesting the things to do in which all others excel him, little attention is paid to the grade the boy is in, when he enters our school. We find the place in the course where he can do and there he is placed and is expected to do. We do not often have cause to regret the result. I repeat, the school is the pride of the institution.

Permit me to say while under the head of literary work that the moral and religious training is not neglected. It has been said, and not without cause, as we think, that the Jackson Training School has one of the best Sunday Schools in the county. One night each week from 6:30 to 8:00 o'clock is regularly devoted to the study of the Sunday School lessons and our boys know their lessons. The precepts of the Holy Bible are taught by daily and nightly readings and the doctrines of truth, honesty and righteous living are instilled into the boy's every day life. Church services are attended each Sunday in the month except the fifth when there are no services near us. But thanks to the noble King's Daughters of North Carolina, the school now has a Chapel which will be dedicated on Thursday October 28th as,

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS' CHAPEL.

This building has been generously donated to the school for use in Divine services for the boys. We are proud of the Chapel for it stands as a lasting memorial to the great and good-hearted women of our state who have done so much for the unfortunate boy in helping to place him on his feet again.

PRINTING OFFICE.

The Uplift has been appearing each month, as you, perhaps, are all aware, and the character of the paper that has emenated from the school would reflect credit upon any institution in the state. But it is of such a character as we would expect to come from the pen of the editor it has. The board, the school the cause of the unfortunate boy, can never pay the dept of gratitude they owe to its faithful and capable editor for the many sacrifices he makes in both time and money without the least remuneration for the cause that lies nearest his heart.

The printing office is developing some good printers who would be able to be efficient workers in some of the leading printing offices of the state. This department of the work of the school is deemed one of its most important character builders. The minutia, the exactness and the detail work of a printing office are the lesson that any man must learn before he builds a permanent and lasting success. These lessons being daily taught the boys in the printing office by our Mr. Fisher, make it an important adjunct of the school.

THE WELL.

Water has always been a problem at the Jackson Training School. In an endeavor to relieve the situation the Executive Committee decided to put down a deep well. Work was begun on this well early in January and we now have an 8-inch well 940 feet deep. While we did not get the water that we expected, we got enough to supply us for years to come. Under test it gave 60 gallons per minute for about 40 minutes and then gradually dropped down to about 10 gallons per minute under a three hour test. This is not water sufficient to afford us fire protection but for all domestic purposes it gives us an ample snpply.

ELFCTRIC LIGHTS.

We are proud to report that the school was able to discard the old Kerosene lamp last week. We have built a line from the school to Concord to connect with the Southern Power Company and last week the current was turned on and to the delight and convenience of all, the buildings were lighted by electricity. The installation of this line took a great deal more time and labor than it takes to tell of its blessings and conveniences, but hereafter the

buildings will be lighted and the machinery run by electricity thus reducing the hazard of fire from the careless handling of lamps by the boys.

GENERAL FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The appropriation for maintenance of the institution is now $18,000, annually, or $1,500 for each month. This is the same appropriation as has been received for the last three years. Our expenditures from this fund for the first ten months of the fiscal year have been as follows:

December 1914	$1296.35
January 1915	1452.00
February	1919.51
March	1481.52
April	1356.26
May	1457.46
June	1483.79
July	1515.84
August	1410.64
September	1409.15
Total	$13781.52
Average per month	$1378.15

From this it will be clearly seen that we are staying within the limit of the appropriation. Although the appropriation is the same as it was when there were only 60 boys at the Institution, we are now keeping 90 to 95 boys on the same appropriation.

In the keeping of the monthly expenses within the limit of the appropriation, permit me to say that no small credit is due to our faithful and efficient treasurer, who provides the necessary funds to meet and discount our monthly bills when the state appropriation is not available.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

First:

We would renew our recommendation in regard to the change of the law in the placing of boys into the institution. We think the idea of sentencing a boy to the Jackson Training School is all wrong. It is inclined to make him look upon the School as a prison where he is to "serve out his time" or get away if he can. We believe that the committing officer should be required to suspend judgement upon boys sent to the school and commit them here under this suspended judgement. Were this the law and the boys who got away should find the court ready to inflict on them the punishment for their past offence, we believe it would materially aid in the question of escapes from the school.

Second:

We further recommend that the compensation of the officers of the school be fixed on the basis of service. In other words, that a fixed increase of salary each year be given to the efficient and satisfactory officer of the school.

Third:

That the board have two periods each year, say January and August, on which boys are to be paroled from the Institution. Said parole to be in the nature of a diploma, signed by a committee appointed by the Board, and these paroles be issued only at the times appointed. The basis on which said parole to be issued is, the conduct of the boy in the department in which he works and the completion of the course prescribed by the Institution. One of these days, say the August occasion, might be made a public event to correspond, in a measure, to the commencements that are held at other schools.

OUR NEEDS.

Some of our most pressing needs are, a new cottage each year, a dairy barn, a laundry, a steel water tank a pumping outfit for our new well, a school room and a teacher to teach the primary department of the school (this has always been supplied heretofore by one of the boys,) and some means of transportation to and from Concord.

Only the more important and pressing needs have been mentioned in this report. As to the many other things we are trying to do and hope to do, we can only say come and see for yourself and let us advise together for the good of the school.

Respectfully submitted,
Chas. E. Boger
Superintendent.

The Right To Be Bitter.

"I've a right to be bitter if I want to!" A man dying of tuberculosis was speaking. "My life has been one long mockery of hardship and failure. I've never known a year's perfect health, and all around me I see men who can squander their inheritance of health with impunity. It's been a grim struggle to get enough money to keep soul and body together, and everywhere I see those who have more money than they need or than is good for them. Now, in early manhood, I am dying. If I am bitter, I think I've the right to be!"

Doctor Brown nodded sympathetically. "It isn't your right in the matter I am concerned about," he said, very quietly. "Just why God has allowed your load to be so heavy, when mine has been comparatively so light, I don't know: but I am sure that some time we are both going to understand, and see that all the time He was doing what was best. I suppose the fact that earthly life is so short and eternity so long will mean more to us then than it possibly can now—certainly ten thousand considerations now hidden from us that we shall then see, will make it all appear very different. Some day we shall see conclusively that divine love was all about our suffering here. I am sure of that!

"But just now I am greatly concerned over the needlessness of your voluntarily adding another burden to the others. I wish I could make you see that bitterness only adds another burden to your lot. You don't even get the poor satisfaction of avenging yourself on the world or on anyone. You are the one it stings. It only takes from you every possibility of entering into any of the positive joy that, in spite of their suffering, thousands of sufferers have known. Circumstances have made your life terribly hard, my dear friend: I beg you not to add a hardship greater than the others to your lot!"

It was a changed man who grasped Doctor Brown's hand a day later. In his eyes was a new peace. "The bitterness is gone," he said: "I've left behind me the hardest thing I ever had to bear."

How Far Man Can See Distinctly.

Some interesting experiences have been made in the German army with the object of discovering at what distant the recognition of one soldier by another is reliable. For soldiers with good eyes it was found that a person seen once before could be recognized at a distance of 80 feet while an acquaintance could be recognized at a distance of 300 feet and an intimate friend or relative, at a distance of 500 feet. The various parts of a man's body can be distinguished by any decided movement can be detected by an expert rifleman at a distance of 500 feet. At 1,800 feet a man appears as a spot on a landscape and cannot usually be seen if he keeps still or if his dress does not contrast with the background. Sailors, hunters, and farmers can usually see twice these distances, probably on account of their constant training in making out the nature of distant objects.

– Popular Mechanics.

I repeat, that all power is a trust —that we are accountable for its exercise.

--Benjamin Disreali.

An Addess of Welcome to the King's Daughters at Concord Oct. 27-28.

BY M. H. CALDWELL, ESQ.

Madam President and King's Daughters of North Carolina:

I count myself happy to be the bearer of a message of welcome in behalf of the good city of Concord. After the very cordial welcome extended by Mrs. Cannon in behalf of the local Circle, I feel that it is scarcely necessary that I should assure you that the people of Concord are glad to have you in our city. In behalf of the Mayor—Mr. Isenhour---a name which may suggest a cool reception—I beg to assure you that we extend to you a warm welcome.

Three years since we were honored by having you as our guests. Then you came to dedicate that splendid dormitory building at the Jackson Training School. Again you have come to Concord and tomorrow you will dedicate that beautiful Chapel in stone at the Jackson Training School. The ancients had a saying: "Beware of the Greeks, when they come bearing gifts." You always come to us bearing gifts, but I beg to assure you that we have no fear of you. On the contrary, are grateful for your gifts and know of your presence. We are proud of the success at the Jackson Training School.

The town of Concord, Mass. was noted as the birthplace of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thorean, Louisa Allcott and the eloquent Channing. Emerson boasted that there at North bridge near Concord the "embattled farmers fired the shot that was heard around the world." You have just heard from Mrs. Cannon how our ancestors in 1771 made some-what of a noise, that was not altogether a Concord of sweet sound, by the explosion of the King's powder. I verily believe that the day is not distant when Concord shall be celebrated not as the town where towels are made, not as the home of the composer of the "Mecklenburg March," but as the home of the Jackson Training School.

As I stand here today those pictures rise before my view. The first carries me to the banks of the Nile. I behold that first Kings Daughter as she lifts the weeping Moses from the ark of bulrushes. I see in her face that divine compassion, that can compass both land and sea, and I hear her cry of pity: "This is one of the Hebrew's children."

But I see another picture. The legislature of North Carolina is in session. The King's Danghters of North Carolina are begging for the establishment of the Jackson Training School. The result is in doubt. Before that legislature there comes a woman from her far away Alabama home. She tells her thrilling tale of the school in Alabama for the boys and the tide is turned. It was the voice of a woman that won an asylum for the unfortunate insane of North Carolina, and it was the sweet voice of this fair daughter of North Carolina that gave us the Jackson Training School. I congratulate you, Daughters of the King, that at this convention you are to have as your guest of honor, this queenly woman, with a heart of gold and a tongue of silver, Mrs. R. D. Johnson, wife of our own gallant General R. D. Johnson, and a grand-daughter of our former great Governor, John M. Morehead.

The third picture is that of the typical King's Daughter, such an angel of mercy, as I believe each of you to be. I would that I were a painter, that I might portray my conception of your mission and service. I think I cannot do better than to adopt the words of the Arabian poet:

"Sunshine is she
In wintry weather;
And in midsummer
Coolness and shade."

Such sunshine may each of you be in wintry weather; and in heat and burden of the day—in the toil and strife of life, may each of you be like unto the "shadow of a rock in a wearyland."

In conclusion may I not be permitted to commend to you by way of encouragement, these splendid words of Thomas Carlyle:

"Cast forth thy act, thy deed
Into the ever-working
Ever-living Universe·
It is a seed grain
That cannot die;
Unnoticed to-day
It will be found flourishing
As a banyan grove,
After a thousand years."

THE MOON SOME MORE.

Editor Patton, of the Charlotte News, under editorial head of "The Moon As A Guide," delivers himself earnestly on a question that some men, when they leave the plough handles and get a little uppish in this world's flashlights and effervescing glory, hoot at. Hear Patton. who joins those who decline to permit the functions and influences of the moon belittled:

"No earthly power can ever convince us that hogs will farrow as well or that potatoes will bear as much fruit if the never changing rules of the moon are not properly consulted.

Many's the gardener in this fair land who would no more plant a garden without first consulting the almanac and finding out the status of the moon than he would stand out in a rainstorm in order to dry his clothes. It has always been our impression, an impression, by the way, backed up by the richest and ripest of experience, that potatoes, for instance, if planted under the wrong moon signs will invariably go to tops, where-as if the moon is "right" the strength which might have gone to tops will be turned into luscious fruit. This same unbreakable rule applies to corn, turnips and all such things.

We of this age have become so accustomed to walking upon paved sidewalks and gazing into the fierce glare of artificial lights that we have well nigh lost acquaintanceship with the soil and the moon and all the creatures of God's great firmiament.

It is said the soldiers in the trenches have become interested students of astronomy and if the war helps them in no other manner it will at least replenish their supply of knowledge of this valuable nature.

Now while we know all of these things, while we know that if the moon can influence the ebb and flow of the mighty ocean tide it certainly must wield a masterful influence over the processes of animal birth and vegetable development, still we occasionally stumble upon some one who pretends to be a rank infidel upon the subject.

We have in mind now that most amiable fellow who gives us daily weather reports, and by the way he is the best we ever had in this section. For some strange and unaccountable reason here is a man who absolutely flings defiance into the very face of the moon. He considers its influence upon animal and vegetable life about equal to that of the bull moose in American politics and no amount of preachment will show him the error of his way.

In penning this masterpiece ourselves we were careful to date it at that neutral period falling just between radical changes of the moon. That's the respect we have for that magic orb."

Whosoever keeps an open ear
For tattlers will be sure to hear
The trumpet of contention.
—Cowper.

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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The Board of Trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School. Type-Setting by the Boys. Subscription One Dollar a Year in Advance.

JAMES P. COOK, Editor.
JESSE C. FISHER, Director, Printing Department.

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

The 3rd Cottage has a new matron. Her name is Miss Lela Westmorland. Miss Eagle the former matron has gone home for a rest.

Mr. P. W. Shaw, an officer of the Training School, is visiting in Asheville this week. He left Sunday morning and will return some time next Thursday.

The printing office boys have been very busy since the "King's Daughter's Special" of THE UPLIFT was printed, distributing type, setting type for the next issue and etc.

We have an abundant supply of fresh meat this year. We have about 20 hogs almost ready to kill anytime. We will kill more this year than ever before since the first opening of the institution.

The last additions to our family are Jack Jones of Washington N. C., Horace Love, of Charlotte, N. C.; and Luster O'dear of Whittier, N. C. All the newcomers seem to be real nice fellows, and are welcome to a home among us.

On Nov. 5th the water tank was filled by 6:30 o'clock a. m. This is the first time it has ever been filled so early in the day since the institution was established. The water-works and the printing office are both run by motor-power.

All the crops have been gathered and we are now planning to have an old time corn husking some night real soon. We have between six and seven hundred bushels of corn. We have some fine seed corn this year. We selected our corn in the field and we are sure that not a ear in our seed pile came from a stalk that did not produce at least two ears. If anybody should want any good seed corn of the two and three ear variety they will do well to apply to the Jackson Training School. We will have all we want and some to spare.

On last Friday night something went wrong with our Electric line and out went the lights at the school. The lamps had to be brought into use to get breakfast and etc. on Saturday morning. The pumps were stopped and we had to carry water too. We did not appreciate the conveniences until they were suddenly cut off. Oh! how hard it was to adjust ourselves to our old ways again. Thanks be to the Electrician in Concord everything is working smoothly again. Lightening was the cause of our trouble, but we didn't know.

The boys have been picking cotton for several days for the neighbors and Mr. Frank Teeter, a great cotton raiser who lives near here. Mr. Teeter sends for the boys in the morning and brings them back in the afternoon. A picnic dinner is served by the school in the cotton patch. Sometimes the boys are divided into squads, and a prize is offered the squad that picks the most cotton. The boys have great fun in the friendly rivalry. Those who are left at home can usually tell the winners long before they reach the campus by their songs and cheers. We have picked about thirty bales this season. We want to pick enough to pay for our winter shoes but Mr. Boger tells us that we will have to get considerably more than thirty bales before we can cancel the bill for winter shoes.

Thursday, Oct. 28th will be a day long remembered in the history of the Training School. The King's Daughters of the State met for the purpose of dedicating the beautiful Chapel they had erected on the Training School grounds. The regular meeting of the society was held in the Chapel in the morning; the ladies and visitors were served lunch by the school at noon and the dedicatory exercises were held at 2:30 in the afternoon. The dedicatory address was made by Mr. Archibald Johnson of Charity and Children. It was a unique address and was enjoyed by all who heard it.

The boys' part in the programme for the day was several drills, and singing for the dedication. The boys were all in line where lunch was served too.

Just after lunch the boys and visitors were highly intertained by several comic selections admirably rendered by Mrs. Cherry of Greenville, N. C., who has quite a reputation in reproducing negro dialect.

There were many ladies here from towns which boys came. All the boys were glad to greet them and to receive messages and greetings from their homes.

NEWS OF THE THREE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

CONE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Cone Literary Society of the King's Daughters Cottage of the Jackson Training School has posponed all programmes until after the Christmas holidays. This was done to allow the members to prepare for their Christmas entertainment. The meetings are now mostly ones of business and rehearsals. Our last meeting was one of interest as the election of officers was held. It is the second set of officers to be elected under our new constitution. Mr. E. C. Neathery was reelected President by a four-fifths vote. Mr J. W. Sanderford, Jr. Vice-President; Mr. J. I. Swaney, Corresponding Secretary; Mr. W. L. Suit, Recording Secretary; Mr. H. A. Parker, Treasurer; Mr. H. R. White, Censor; Mr. A. D. Sides; 1st Reporting Critic; Mr. J. T. Seabrooks, 2nd Reporting Critic; Mr. H. R. White and Mr. W. E. Driver Programme Committee; and Mr. R. Q. Webb, Assistant Magazine Librarian.

It was at this meeting that our Christmas entertainment was discussed. Many good recitations were selected to be used and two or three carols to be sung. A collection was taken to buy our Christmas decora-

tions. The members contributed liberally and a sum of $3.57 was collected. Our Society pins have been ordered. They are of a pretty design with our emblem which is the "Star of Truth," shining on top of the pin bearing the date of the organization of our Society.

Stonewall Literary Society.

The last meeting of the Stonewall Literary Society was one of unusual interest. It was probably the greatest meeting ever held in that hall. It was the night of the presentation of the society pins to the members. Mr. and Mrs. Boger were invited to present them to the members. We were very much disappointed when we found that Mrs. Boger could not be out. The meeting was called to order by the President at 7:30 o'clock. Mr. Boger addressed the society and made an excellent talk to the boys. His subject was: "Be a Gentleman." Every one was pleased with the talk. You could tell that by the hearty applause following the address Mr. Boger made known his appreciation for the courtesy in asking him to present the pins to the members of the society.

Mr. Samuel Alexander Phillips, of Wilmington, N. C., had the honor of being the first one to receive a pin. Then Mr. Boger pinned one on Mr. J. C. Fisher, Mr. P. W. Shaw, Mr. J. W. Sides, Miss Sarah Estelle Boger, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boger. As Miss Lula Templeton our matron was not present one was sent to her. Mr. W. A. Elkins and Mr. J. Lewis bought two extra pins.

Our society exercises have been postponed until after Chrismas. We only have business meetings now. That was done to give the members time to get up their Chsistmus entertainment. The December staff of officers were elected. Mr. A. F. Watson, President; Mr. P. E. Lewis, Vice-President; Mr. W. H. Byrd, Secretary; Mr. J. G. Kimball, Critic; Mr. William Garrett, Censor; and Mr. W. A. Elkins, Reporter. The programme committee consists of Messrs. P. E. Lewis, W. M. Newton and Amos Willis. The constitutional committee: Messrs. W. A. Elkins, Pearl Murphy, and W. H. Byrd. The membership committee: Messrs. J. K. Shelton, W. A. Elkins and Amos Willis. The ushers are W. P. Allen and Ralph Sink.

Mr. Amos Willis moved that we elect Capt. A. R. Johnson an honorary member of our society. Capt. Johnson has charge of the woodworking shop here at the institution. The motion was seconded and carried.

COOK LITERARY SOCIFTY.

The Cook Literary Society elected its officers for January. The officers elected are: Mr. R. Klouse, President; Mr, H. L. Baker, Vice-President; Mr. H. McCormick, Recording Secretary. Mr. Fred Costan, Corresponding Secretary. Mr. Frank Hair, Treasurer; Mr. R. Mumpford, Sergeant of Arms; Mr. R. M. Lewis, 1st Reporting Critic; Mr. Wade Wallace, 2nd Reporting Critic; Mr. Sheldon Merritt, Prosecuting Critic; Mr. Odell Gregory, Librarian; Query Committee, F. Hewlett and Dennis Robertson. Ways and Means Committee, H. Baker Chairman, E. A. Brady, L. Grumbles, R. Sawyer.

The Society decided to have an entertainment for Christmas. The Society adjourned until the first of the year.

The King's Daughter's Thought of The Boys.

The love the King's Daughters have for the boys of the Jackson Training School is not a pretense. Substantial evidences of their love are a cottage erected for their home, a chapel provided for their spiritual instruction and many many things are done for their pleasure and enjoyment.

At the conclusion of the dedicatory exercises of the chapel the State Treasurer of the King's Daughters, Mrs. D. Y. Cooper gave a ten dollar check with which to purchase fruit for them.

To say that the boys appreciate these kindly acts is a mild way of expressing their gratitude for the many kindnesses shown them by their thoughtful and resourceful friends.

If the members of the King's Daughters could see the real genuine pleasure and enjoyment that expresses itself in the face of the boys as they partake of the feast provided by their hands they would in reality feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Here's thanks, love and admiration from the boys to the King's Daughters of the State.

The Real Success.

"That is what I call a successful life," John Brown remarked to his father, as he laid down the biography of a man known to the whole civilized world.

"By what do you determine that man's success?" asked his father.

"By the great and enduring things he accomplished," John answered.

"It is not always possible," said Doctor Brown, "to be sure whether a man has really accomplished something worth while, or whether he has only made a certain amount of commotion. Many a man at the time of his death has been regarded as a great contributor to the world's progress, whereas it later became clear that he did no good whatever; perhaps he even did great injury. And the world would have been better off if he had never lived at all."

"On the other hand, many of the world's greatest benefactors, at the end of their lives, have seemed to have accomplished nothing at all. Jesus Christ at His death seemed an egregious failure. Not one man on earth had really understood His message; not one man dared to stand openly by him; He had no organization to which he could point nor a written word to be handed on."

"Do you mean to say," said John, "that we must always wait a thousand years after a man's death before we shall know whether or not he has succeeded?"

"Not at all!" replied Doctor Brown. "Sometimes no man on earth ever sees clearly any results whatever from a successful life. A man who was never noticed on earth, and was forgotten quickly when he died, may yet have led one of the most truly successful lives of the race. Our real success is independent of every apparent result our lives may show. Our real success is determined, not by what we've done, but by what we've been; not by what we seem to have attained, but by how we have tried to attain it; not by what we have won, but by how we have fought. Have we met the great battle of life bravely, even when we were tempted to be cowards? Have we made ourselves do the disagreeable and hard, but necessary, tasks that we all are called upon to do daily? Have we kept our hearts warm and tender in the midst of so much to make us selfish and hard? Those are hard things for any one to do. But anyone who can keep a simple, childlike faith in the goodness and love of our Heavenly Father can achieve them. The progress of the world depends more on patient and gentle goodness in humble lives than on any other human achievement. That kind of life always produces invisible but infinite results."

One shriek of hate will jar all the hymns of heaven.—Tennyson.

MRS. OVERMAN'S GREETINGS.

Madam President of the North Carolina Branch of King's Daughters and Sons,

President Boger of the Stonewall Jackson Training School, Mr. J. P. Cook and the Board of Trustees,

Ladies and Gentlemen, and my Dear Brothers of the Stonewall Jackson Training School:

It is a privilege and honor as a King's Daughter to greet you as King's Sons. The State of North Carolina should be prouder of this institution of hers than any other investment she has made within her borders, because in a concrete form she stands doing the work of our King in Kingdom building in memory of the time our King actually was on earth. She is doing His work for Him now and living out His love. We as the State, and the King's Daughters, are grateful for the ministry of Mr. Boger and his work for the coming Kingdom of God. The manifest joy of his life is in saving and serving and giving his life for many.

When I look in the faces of the dear boys of this Jackson Training School, I see the radiation of good will and good cheer that are testimonies of their friendship with the Peerless and Fearless Leader of men and I know a living presence is among them; that they are learning to work together, play together, live together and are being taught by this servant of God how they can go and help the King as they go together. You are to be congratulated (my dear boys) in having this school to give you christian training and education. You are more fortunate in your christian education than many other boys. Indiscipline is a great enemy of at least conventional virtue. The greatest heroes have endured discipline. Alexander and Cyrus are notable examples. Cyrus learned in his youth such self control that when he was sent to the Court of his royal Grandfather in the Country of Medes, he despised their delicate dishes and gave them to his servants. Literature tells us that it was from the lack of such education of his appetite that Byron lived ruinously and unhappily. His home the capital of indiscipline. If we are not trained to be slaves of good habits we become slaves of bad ones. Boys, you are in training for a life of courage, self sacrifice and discipline. You will earn honor and distinction if you continue your life for wide, free, unsullied things which never fail and never decay. Do you know that during the present great world war that no fewer than 19,648 English boys trained in the Reformatories, Training and Industrial Schools have served in the war since 1914. Three have won Victoria Crosses; twenty-five have won the Distinguished Conduct Medals; twenty mentioned in dispatches and three obtained Commissions. Turn your faces toward the dawn, let its beams bathe away all stains of the night, let your smile wear the promise of confidence and realization. This day is all your own. It can only be saved by spending it and giving to its burden your strength; your patience to its confusion, your comfort to its sorrows; your nobleness to its trials; your heroism to its perils; to its sacrifice give your love. We are, through Him who loved us, more than conquerours. By the will and grace of God we may win a glorious victory.

"Say not thine evil instincts inherited
And that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn,
And calls for punishment that is not merited.
Pry up thy fault with that great lever, will
However deeply beded in propensity
However firmly set, I tell thee firmer yet
Is that great power that comes with truth's immensity
There is no mountain height thou mayst not climb.
"Say, boys, did you ever stop to think
That you are the coming men?
That we've only a few short years to prepare
Ourselves for the work, and then
The fate of the world will rest in the hands
Of those who are boys today?
I tell you it makes a fellow feel that
He wants to be armed for the fray!
We cannot afford to hamper ourselves
With habits that work us harm;
We need to be true of head and heart,
With a steady, strong right arm;
We need to be men---real, honest men,
With a love of life and its joys,
But ever ready to stand for the right;
And in order to do that, boys,
We've got to hegin right now,
And don't let's forget in our work or our play
That we are the coming men!"

"Set Eternity in your heart, let truth be your fadeless day star. Over your life of service, sacrifice, courage, cheerfulness, patience, kindness and love time shall have no power."

"The men of Earth have here the stuff
Of Paradise. You have enouge!
You need no other stones to build
The Temple of the Unfulfilled--
No other ivory for the doors--
No other marble for the floors--
No other cedar for the beam
And dome of Man's immortal dream.
Here on the paths of every day--
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven, to mold and make
New Edens. Yours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

Mrs. Edwin R. Overman,
Salisbury, N. C.

Popularity.

Some boys want to rank high in scholarship, some boys want to be distinguished athletes. but all boys want to be popular. But although effort to win distinction in scholarship or in athletics is worthy, effort that is directed by the achievement of popularity is unworthy. And whereas efforts to win distinction in scholarship or in athletics are pretty sure to meet with some reward, those that are directed at the achievement of popularity are in the long run unsuccessful.

Popularity is rewarded to the fellow who is simple, natural, democratic, good-humored, and of spirits, who harbors uo grudge, and who showes spontaneous kindness, who takes the good will of the world for granted; and bears towards the world good will. Because the fellow with such a make-up is usually healthy and vigorous, the popular fellow is usually an athlete. But athletic prowess does not necessarily imply the possession of the qualities that produce popularity. And because the fellow with those qualities is often too lively to settle down to a studious life, it does not follow that it is impossible to attain scholarship and still be popular. It is foolish to think that the road to popularity is by following athletics and by shunning study. It is even more foolish to think that the way to attain popularity is by courting the friendship and favor of the popular. The quality that makes men popular is not their facuty of endearing themselves to those who are successful, but rather their faculty for winning the confidence and affection of the humble and the unsuccessful.

Magnetism, the charm of personality, the gift of making people like you the moment they look at you or hear you speak---that cannot be acquired; either it is yours, or it is not. No one is more odious than the person who makes you feel that he is consciously trying to appeal to you through the charm of his manner. If you are honest and kind, you will have all the friends you need, and you will not envy the boy on whom the star of popularity shines most brightly.---Ex.

The tongue cunning to excite envy is an evil.—Euripides.

THE MAN WITH THE HOE

By F. M. Van Pelt.

Since God first made the earth and launched it out,
No just to drift by chance and float about.
But with percision that marks all God's laws,
That shows naught comes or goes without a cause;
In tracing down along the tide of time
In every age, 'neath sun of every clime,
Where plenty smiles or pinched by want or woe,
We find the man who "leans upon his hoe."

For aught we know, while leaning there he holds
Communion with his God, who there unfolds
To him what kings and queens would gladly know,
The secret that makes empires come and go,
For if perchance we watch the solid face,
Bright streaks of sunshine we may often trace,
Playing there with his reason and his locks;
Proclaiming rot a "brother to the ox.

Then stop, O man! the pessimistic train,
That's loaded down with ignorance and pain,
And scheduled only to the station there
Called Sorrow, Dissapointment and Despair,
From whence they look through glass that's smoked and stained
And think they see that good is never gained
In holding up God's great organic plan,
By standing for the brotherhood of man.

Go view the world from higher plain than this,
Else in life's great battle you will miss
The mark intended for the son of men,
God doubtless meant they should so stand that when
Their hooks and lines are thrown to help mankind.
'Twill be rewarded sufficient then to find
They've done that which should win immortal crown,
Raised mortals up, but not cragged angels down.

Ill fares the man and scanty his reward
Who sharpens knife to cut the magic cord
That leads to every heartstone, takes all in.
Both rich and poor, and makes the world akin,
Greater the task to bridge the gulf for him,
Than twixt the man with "hoe" and "seraphim."
To pave the way to God's eternal fold,
Stands equal chance, the hoe or crown of gold.

For 'long life's path, where'er we chance to look,
From surging sea to laughing, babbling brook
For millionaire, for tramp with unshod feet
The "reddening rose" has fragrance just as sweet
On just and unjust falls alike the rain,
No class can any great advantag gain.
Then is it fair to bring out "Hells last Gun
To bear on him who has the victory won?

Footprints of millions who have gone before
Lead down to the ferry that carried them o'er,
And little we know by the tracks that show
Which ones were made by the high, or the low.
Both the "aching stoop" and the "slanting brow"
Must have been there then as we find them now.
If so we must know as they trudged along
The weak had help from the arm of the strong.

The away with the talk that drags men too
The brink of despair, then drags them through
And makes them believe there is no such thing
As pleasure beneath the rank of a king.
For as God's great law goes moving along,
King's fall into line and join the great throng
And find after all when duty's well done
With "hoe" or with crown, God's purpose is won.

Little Jean.

A Christmas Story.

Once upon a time, so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date, there was a little boy whose name was Jean. He lived with his aunt in a tall old house in a city whose name is so hard to pronounce that nobody can speak it. He was seven years old, and he could not remember that he had ever seen his father or his mother.

The old aunt who had care of little Jean was very selfish and cross. She gave him dry bread to eat, of which there was never enough; and not more than once in a year did she speak kindly to him.

But the poor boy loved this woman, because he had no one else to love; and there was never a day so dark that he did not think of the sunlight.

Every body knew that Jean's aunt owned a house and had a stocking full of gold under her bed, and so she did not dare to send the little boy to the school for the poor, as she would have liked to do.

But a schoolmaster on the next street agreed to teach him for almost nothing; and whenever there was work he could do, he was kept at home.

The schoolmaster had an unkind feeling for Jean, because he brought him so little money and was dressed so poorly. And so the boy was punished very often; and had to bear the blame for all the wrong that was done in the school.

The little fellow was often very sad; and more than once hid himself where he could not be seen and cried as though his heart would break. But at last Christmas came.

The night before Christmas there was to be singing in the church, and the schoolmaster was to be there with all his boys; and everbody was to have a very happy time looking at the Christmas candles and listening to the sweet music.

The winter had set in, very cold and rough, and there was much snow on the ground; and the boys came to the schoolhouse with fur caps drawn down over their ears, and heavy coats, and warm gloves, and thick high topped boots.

But little Jean had no warm clothes. He came shivering in the thin coat which he wore on Sundays in summer; and there were nothing on his feet but course stockings very full of holes, and a pair of heavy wooden shoes.

The other boys made many jokes about his sad looks and his worn out clothes. But the poor child was so busy blowing his fingers and thumping his toes to keep them warm, that he did not hear what they said. And when the hour came, the whole company of boys with the schoolmaster at the front started to the church.

It was very fine in the church. Hundreds of wax candles were burning in their places, and the air was so warm that Jean soon forgot his aching fingers. The boys sat still for a little while, and then while the singing was going on and the organ was making loud music, they began in low voices to talk to one another; and each told about the fine things that were going to be done on the morrow.

The mayor's son told of a monstrous goose that he had seen in the kitchen before he came away; it was stuffed, and tucked all over with cloves until it was as spotted as a leopard. Another boy whispered of a little fir tree in a wooden box in his mother's parlor; its branches full of fruits and nut and candy and beautiful toys.

And he said he was snre of a fine dinner, for the cook had pinned the two strings of her cap behind her back, as she always did when something wonderfully good was coming.

Then the children talked of what Santa Claus would bring then, and of what he would put in their shoes, which, of course, they would leave by the fireside when they went to bed. And the eyes of the little fellows danced with joy, as they thought of the bags of candy and the wood soldiers, and the grand jumping jacks which they would draw out in the morning.

But little Jean said nothing. He knew that his selfish old aunt would send him to bed without any supper, as she always did. But he felt in his heart that he had been all the year as good and kind as he could be; and so he hoped that kind Santa Claus would not forget him nor fail to see his wooden shoes which he would put in the corner of the fireplace.

At last the singing stopped, the organ was silent, and the Christmas music was ended. The boys rose in order and left the church, two by two, as they had entered it; and the teacher walked in front.

Now, as he passed through the door of the church, little Jean saw a child sitting on one of the stone steps and fast asleep in the midst of the snow. The child was thinly clad, and his feet, cold as it was, were bare.

In the pale light of the moon, the face of the child, with its closed eyes, was full of sweetness which is not of this earth, and his long locks of yellow hair seemed like a golden crown upon his head. But his poor bare feet, blue in the cold of that winter night, were sad to look upon.

The scholars, so warmly clad, passed before the strange child, and did not so much as glance that way. But little Jean, who was the last to come out of the church, stopped, full of pity, before him.

"Ah, the poor child!" he said to himself. "How sad it is that he must go barefoot in such weather as this! And what is still worse, he has not a stocking, nor even a wooden shoe, to lay before him while he sleeps, so that kind Santa Claus can put something in it to make him glad when he wakens."

Little Jean did not stand long to think about it; but in the goodness of his heart, he took off the wooden shoe from his right foot and laid it before the sleeping child. Then, limping along through the snow, and shivering with cold, he went down the street till he came to his cheerless home.

"You worthless fellow!" cried his aunt, "where have you been? What have you done with your shoe?"

Little Jean now trembled with fear as well as cold; but he had no thought of deceiving his aunt. He told her how he had given it to a child poorer than himself. The woman laughed an ugly, wicked laugh.

"And so," she said, "our fine young gentleman takes off his shoes for beggars! He gives his shoe to a barefoot! Well, we shall see. You may put the shoe that is left in the chimney, and, mind what I say! If anything is left in it, it will be a switch to whip you with in the morning. To-morrow, for your Christmas dinner, you shall have nothing but a hard crust of bread to eat and cold water to drink. I will show you how to give away your shoes to the first begger that comes along!"

The wicked woman struck the boy upon the cheek with her hand, and then made him climb up to his bed in the loft. Sobbing with grief and pain little Jean lay on his hard, cold bed, and did not go to sleep till the moon had gone down and the Christmas bells had rung in the glad day of peace and good will.

In the morning when the old wo-

man arose grumbling and went stairs, a wonderful sight met her eyes. The great chimney was full of beautiful toys and bags of candy and all kinds of pretty things; and right in the midst of these was the wooden shoe which Jean had given to the child. and near it was its mate in which the wicked aunt had meant to put a strong swith.

The woman was so amazed that she cried out and stood as if in a fright. Little Jean heard the cry and ran down the steps as quickly as he could to see what was the matter. He too, stopped short when he saw all the beautiful things that were in the chimney. But, as he stood and looked, he heard people laughing in the street. What did it all mean?

By the side of the town pump many of the neighbors were standing. Each was telling what had happened at his home that morning. The boys who had rich parents, and had been looking for beautiful gifts' had found only long switches n their shoes.

But, in the meantime, Jean and his aunt stood still and looked at the wonderful gifts around the two wooden shoes. Who had placed them there? And where now was the kind, good giver?

Then, as they still wandered, they heard the voice of someone reading in the little chapel over the way: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these—" And then, in some strange way, they understood how it all come about; and even the heart of the wicked aunt was softened.

And their eyes were filled with tears and their faces with smiles, as they knelt down and thanked God for what he had done to reward the kindness and love of a little child.

—Adopted from the French of Francois Coppee.

The Ways Of The World.

When an old Southern mammy was asked to tell the secret why the clothes she washed always looked so wonderfully clean, she replied that she didn't know anything about any secret, but that she first let the clothes soak in good soapy water and then rubbed them soft. On being asked to explain what she meant by "rubbing soft", this wise old woman shook her head and said: "Don't you know, honey, that when you rub hard you rub all the dirt in?—and that only helps to wear out your clothes."

How many of us there are who would do well to take home this idea of "rubbing soft" and apply it to other things than laundry work—for other things besides clothing are worn out before they need be by too hard rubbing. When and how to "rub soft" is one of the most important lessons a diplomatist has to learn. Doubtless he has another name for the act, but he knows how to profit by it, just as he knows how advantageous it often is to let matters rest a bit; that is to say to let them "soak in good soapy water."

"Rubbing hard" is probably the equivalent of "rubbing the wrong way," and most of us know by experience what a very unpleasant sensation that is and how far it goes toward wearing out both our patience and good temper. When affairs are at a low ebb, how prone people appear to rub their friends hard. Perhaps they do not mean to do so, and it may be owing to the fact that our nerves are worn to ragged edge that it seems as if we could not bear the drubbing or rubbing we receive, even if it appears to be intended kindly and, as as they would say, "for our own good."

On the other hand how much we appreciate the quiet efforts of the friend who "rubs soft" who is a little more thoughtful of our comfort than before and says little to us, because she knows we will have to find ourselves and get acquainted with the new order of things before we can bear much more. We need a soaking, and we need a lot of soap in the water to make the rubbing easier, for, whether it is hard or soft, some rubbing will have to be done and no one knows this any better than ourselves.

Few of us are able to adjust our lives to the lines laid down for us by interested friends. They may have a clearer vision than we, who cannot get far enough away for a sharp perspective, and perhaps we might be benefited in the end by following their advice; but as we cannot see our affairs through the eyes of others, and as they cannot understand all the things that weigh the most with us, it is always an unsatisfactory situation.

We are not all meant to be alike, yet many of us appear to be trying constantly to make our friends over and to bring them to the same way of thinking that we hold. If we seem to succeed in doing this we may be quite happy, unless we remember that a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still, and realize that he only appears to agree rather than to cross us.

Hamlet, sane and mad, knew it to be true after his conversation with Polonius concerning the shapes of the clouds; and, like Hamlet, some of us have murmured when people have flattered us by seeming to see things with our eyes. "They fool me to the top of my bent." There is, however, a strong feeling abroad that people who "rub hard," or ride roughshod over our feelings, are sincerer than those who are more diplomatic in getting at things.

"She is very outspoken, I know, and not always agreeable," we may say of someone, "but, then, she says to our faces just what she thinks and never says anything unkind behind our backs." Perhaps it may not occur to us that one reason why she never says anything unkind when we are not present is that she has said directly to us all she had to say.

Yet those who refrain from expressing their opinions or offering their advice are not always insincere. There are of course some who may be; who say nothing to us, but have plenty to say about us to others; yet if we do not hear what they say we are not so much hurt and may really prefer them to the "hard rubbers."—The Home Journal.

Conscience.

It is a thing to be devoutly thankful for, even though it sometimes pains and frets us. "My conscience hurts me," we sometimes say, and then if we are wise, supposing that conscience to be rightly instructed, we turn away from the thing we have been doing or that we have been about to enter upon. It is obedience to nature's monitor.

"Conscience," the Indian said, "is a little three-cornered piece of tin inside my heart that turns round and round and hurts; but if I do not listen to it, by and by the corners wear off, and then it will not hurt any more."

Alas, for such a heart! It does not hurt any more because it is dead to everthing good. Is it possible that any one in his sober senses would desire to be left in such a state?

But a good conscience, a conscience void of offense, is something to covet. It sweetens all the day. It comforts for the yesterdays, it brightens the morrow, it makes the pillow soft. Get a good conscience and keep it.—Selected.

History is the essence of innumerable biographies.—Carlyle.

Several Pointers to Girls.

By Anita Stewart in The Georgian.

One of the most difficult things that we girls ever have to do is to draw the line between prudery and prudence. We don't want to be little priggy, prunes-and-prisms girl, in the constant state of being shocked at nothing. Neither do we want to be the sort of girl whom nothing shocks.

And it isn't easy to strike the golden mean between these two extremes, where a girl can be friendly with a man without his trying to get familiar with her.

Of course, every girl likes to have lots of beaux, and to be popular with men. She wants to be one of the lucky ones asked out to the theaters and to dinner, and supper, and who always has plenty of partners at a dance.

And only too often the girl who has these good things is one of the free-and-easy sort who drinks, and smokes with men, and laughs when they tell questionable stories, and whose lips are free to any man who wants to kiss her.

A FALSE IDEA.

This makes young girls think that if they want to be admired they must be a bit giddy and sporty, and, above all, they mustn't "keep a man at arms length," as my grandmother used to say. Why, I have even heard girls say that unless you let a man kiss you when he brought you home from a party it was truly "good night" for him, for he'd never see you any more.

Poor little dears!

They can't see an inch beyond their noses, or else they'd notice that while men flock around this sort of girl, like bees around a honey pot, as long as she's young and pretty and amusing, they don't marry her.

One by one they drop away, and when you ask whom they have picked for wives you'll find out that every man-Jack of them has married some prim little Puritan of a girl who made him mind his manners when he was with her.

Men are terribly unjust in this respect. A man will use every argument and persuasion to induce a young girl to drink cocktails until she gets silly, and have a contempt for her for doing it. He will spend days pleading with her to kiss him, and be suspicious of her if she does.

No girl can tell by what he's really thinking, and many a man who tempts a girl is p aying in his heart that she will have the strength and principle to resist him.

THE GIRLS MEN HONOR.

The Bible says that one of mysteries of life that nobody can solve is "the way of a man with a maid." But one thing is certain, girls, and that is that deep down in his soul every man honors and respects the girl who respects herself, and who wraps her maidenly dignity and innocence about her so that it becomes an armor that protects her like a coat of mail.

The girl who shrinks away at a familiar touch, whose cheeks flame red at vulgar wit,and whose lips are kept sacred for the one great kiss—that is the kind of a girl that every man hopes to marry.

When you go to the florist, girls, it's the half-open lily, it's the bud . ith the dew still upon it, that you have to pay highest for. The big rose that is shop worn and that everybody has been handling you can buy for a song.

Nobody wants it, and what's true of flowers is true of girls. The supreme charm of girlhood is its reserve, its freshness, its unsullied whiteness, and when you trample these in the dust you make the mistake of your life.

And as for the men who won't pay any attention to girls with whom they can not be "fresh," you are lucky to escape them.

On Being Held.

It was on the football field at one of the large colleges. A big tackle had been brought over to the "varsity" field from one of the class elevens. It was his first experience with the hig team. He played a fine game until the other side had the ball. Then he did not "break through" as he should. The coach finally stopped the play and went over to him.

"What is the matter? Why don't you get through?" he said.

"The man opposite me is not playing fair. He is holding me," said the tackle.

"If he holds you again, I'll put you off the field!" flashed back the coach.

Of course, as the tackle said, it is against the rules to hold an opponent unless he has the ball; but the coach wanted results, not excuses. His position was that a man ought somehow to break away; that no man must let himself be held. And that is true; no one ought to let himself be held. The excuse may be excellent, but a player who is held is put out of the game as effectively as if he were off the field. He might just as well be off the field. The people who accomplish things worth while in the world are those who will not let themselves be held. There have always been things enough to hold them. They might have found excellent excuses but they have not had to use any excuses.

Washington had the best sort of excuse for not risking his fortune in the Revolution, yet he led the Revolution. Had the struggle for independence failed, Washington would have been stripped of every acre, and very likely he would have lost his life. If there had been no Revolution, Washington would have still been one of the richest men and largest landholders in America.

Francis Parkman, wrote the history of France in America so well that it will never need rewriting, was an invalid. He could read only with the greatest difficulty, for he was very nearly blind, and he was often in terrible pain, yet his weakness did not hold him.

We all of us have excellent excuses. Heavy burdens and unfair burdens are laid on almost every pair of shoulders. But they need not matter. If they are on our shoulders, we must bear them. There is no other way. He who will not let himself be held is the man who makes his way to victory in the hattle of life. The others are out of the game.—Ex.

An old negro, sent to a hospital, upon his arrival was placed in a ward and one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. When the house doctor made his round he said: "Well, my man, how do you feel?"

"I feel right tol'able, suh."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Yessuh' I had a little."

"What did you have?"

"A lady done gimme a piece of glass ter suck, suh."

With but three minutes to catch his train, the traveling salesman inquired of the street-car conductor, "Can't you go faster than this?"

"Yes," the bell-ringer replied, "but I have to stay with my car."

Where You Pass Million Dollars At Every Step.

From three to five millions dollars a day in greenbacks is the rate at which banks throughout the country send cash to Uncle Sam's laundry in the treasury department for cleaning, pressing and repairing. The soiled money comes in bundles by express. It is sent up to the counting room for verification of the banks statement concerning its total value.

The most interesting part of the money's journey is that through Uncle Sam's laundry. Here the bills are thouroughly cleansed of the accumulations of grime and grease. They are then put through a stiffening process known only to the employes of the laundry. Special machinery does this work. The silk fiber paper is turned out of these machines as stiff and slick and spand as though it were new.

The treasury department furnishes special guides to introduce visitors to all Uncle Sam's sensational financial points. They take you through the building and show you all the places of interest, including the flag in which the actor Booth tripped.

The flag was draped upon the front of President Lincoln's box and when Booth jumped from the box to the stage after shooting the president, his boot heel cauuht in its folds. The flag was later taken from the theater and is now preserved in a glass case in the treasury building's main corridor.

Following the guide, you go up to the burnt money division, where a keen-eyed little woman, whom the guard introduces as Mrs. Brown, has been making out numbers on charred and otherwise defaced money, for forty years. You wonder how she can see anything at all on the pieces of burnt paper. You look pretty close, but you cannot see anything. Mrs. Brown tells you she looks just a little harder tnan anybody else and that's what makes her an expert.

Next you go up to the bond vaults. Here you will find stacks of folded, printed paper representing eight hundred and ninety six million dollars. There it is, right in front of you—$896,000,000. That's the amount of money Uncle Sam demands of the national banks in the United States as security for the proper conduct of their affairs. If all these securities were changed into $1 dollar bills and placed end to end they would reach four and one-half times around the world. The guide admits that. There are more than 7, 600 banks who have supplied Uncle Sam this enormous security.

Around the corridor walls you see frames filled with what you take to be oil paintings, but when you get up close and look at them you see that they are elaborate designs made from what you judge to be a million different kinds of stamps. From the very first to the very last sort of a stamp ever manufactured for any purpose, all are there. Revenue stamps, war tax stamps of all kinds from every civilized country in the world, stamps of which only a few were printed and which collectors would give ten years of their lives to possess.

However, all those stamps are genuine and that's more than you can say for the greenbaeks and money of all kinds you find plastering the walls of the secret service offices. Every sort of counterfeit, from the poorest and most crude to the cleverest that the shrewdest counterfeitors of many generations could conceive.

On your way out you atop to look in at the long rooms filled with men sitting at desks, silently counting, counting, counting. They are Uncle Sam's bank clerks. Yes, indeed, Uncle Sam has clerks for his bank just as any other bank in the country. The difference is that Uncle Sam's clerks handle several million dollars more cash per day than any other bank clerks in the country. However, any one of them will stop tinkering with milllions to hand you change for a nickle in bright, new 1915 pennies, if you ask.

Then the guide takes you down the corridor to where you started from. You don't realize it until you get spang to it because the treasury building is such a monstrous big place with such endless caverns of corridors and stairways passages and tomb-like offices that you have rambled around and trusted to luck and the guide to take you back to the starting point.

The treasury building is a much guarded place. A man in uniform stands at every entrance. You must explain your business there before you get in at all. On holidays only one door is open and you must sign your name in a book, tell who you are, why you want into into the building, what you will do and who you will see after you get in and if the guard thinks it's all right you get in. When you come out you must explain it all over again and your last story is checked up on the record with your first one.

A Washington Story.

The Old Horse.

Yes he has pulled the heavy loads in winter and cultivated the crop in summer. The family have driven him to the church every Sunday morning. The children have piled on his back and ridden around the field and enjoyed it very much, He has been faithful and true to you and and your family. To the best of his ability he has made himself valuable to you. The money he has made can not be told, for you have never kept an account of the worth of the horse; but for twenty years he has been worth from fifty cents to a dollar a day. Of course, he has more than paid you for his feed and shelter.

Well, what are you expecting to do with the old horse now? He is stiff in the joints and blind in one eye. He can not pull a load, and the children are grown and gone, so they cannot ride him any more. Did you say that you were going to trade him off or sell him to a peddler? That would mean a hard time for the faithful animal. Surely you would not part with the horse that has helped to pay for your farm, keep the family and rear the children. He has earned his right to a peaceble, quiet old age, with good feeds of grain and hay and the same warm stall. He has not failed when he was strong, and you should not fail him when he is old and useless. Let him come in and get his feed every day, and permit him to lie down to rest on the same good bed of straw. And when he comes at last to the end of the journey, bury him beneath the friendly soil he has so often tilled for you.—W. D. Neale, in Farm Journal.

"You admit you are guilty, then," thundered the Judge.

"Ah do, Jedge. Ah's guilty. Ah stole them pants. But yo' honah, dere ain't no sin when de motives is good. Ah stole dem pants to get baptized in."

A negro preacher in Alabama announced his text from Jeremiah, and proceeded to say:

"This good man's name for a good many years was Jerry, but after his enemies threw him down that dirty well they called him Jerrymire."

Nature is the master of talent; genius in the master of nature.—J. G. Holland.

Putting It Over.

"I am sorry about George," said Mr. Allen, "He was too clever a boy to turn out as he did."

"Yes its too bad, but as to his cleverness; I don't agree with you," said Mr. Smith. "He had a certain ability to get the best end of a bargian, and yet make it appear to be an honest transaction. He was expert at 'putting it over' as the boys say.

"You remember the days when we traded marbles? George would come to school with a pocket full of cheap chipped-off marbles, but before noon he would have them all traded off for perfect ones. The boys could not tell how it was done, but George could make them think it was all right.

"There was something mysterious about his examination papers. The teacher knew they were not the result of study. She felt sure that there was something dishonest about them, but she couldn't find out what. George was never caught in any school scraps; it was always the other fellow who got caught and punished. George certainly knew how to put it over the rest of us at school.

"Later when he became a clerk in a grocery store, he was very successful in disposing of stale goods; He would fill orders with wilted celery and wormy raisins, and the proprietors were delighted, for there was nothing to throw away onMonday morning. If anyone complained, George could always convince them that the 'other clerk' had filled the order. He grew more and more skillfull in putting it over every year.

On account of his shrewdness, folks predicted that he had a great future before him, and he became rather conceited. So he went further, and began to pratice little dishonesties with money, giving short change to customers who did not bother to count it. Of course there was another step just ahead – George tampered with the money drawer. He took just a little at first, and kept at it. He must have better clothes; he mnst spend money more freely; he must keep a little ahead of the other fellows. By that time he had full belief that he could keep on putting it over everyone.

"He tried it too often. We say it was the 'last time' that put him in the penitentiary, but I am inclined to think it was the first time; that he started in that direction during the marble trading days back in the school yard, when he gloried in his ability to put it over on his schoolmates.

"We sometimes like to jump the hard places, to cut across the field, and we think we are making headway swiftly; but the long cobble stone road of honesty will bring us, in the long run, to a safe landing place. The ability to put it over isn't the best qualification for real success. Boys like George, even if they escape punishment, do not become men to whom anyone in their community can point with pride."—Youth's Companion.

Humor Become One With Truth.

"The strangest whim has seized me---after all
I think I will not hang myself today."

If Gilbert K. Chesterton had imagined such a thing as the Ford peace expedition before he wrote his "Ballade of Suicide" we should have had the father of all the Tin Lizzies immortalized indeed. But without the actual fact before the eyes of the world what writer of farce would have dared introduce such a theme into the wildest of burlesques?

Few were the people who looked upon George Bernard Shaw's Chocolate Soldier as anything but a roaring farce, whereas in reality it is a masterpiece of realism. But the Chocolate Soldier and the fickle-minded suicide are hum-drum commonplaces beside Noah of Detroit. Imagine, if you can, how the world of 18 months ago would have received a tale of a maker of low-priced automobiles setting himself up as judge over the disputes of all the great powers and most of the smaller nations. Imagine a setting including a ship loaded with 102 assorted cranks ranging from the editor of a scurrilous periodical, through a minister who changes his sect as often as a Methodist preacher changes his charge, and a judge who sentences youthful delinquents to attendance on one of his own lectures on criminology, to a beautiful suffragette whose husband keeps the ether vibrating with wireless but passionate appeals to her to come home and quit annoying the war. It makes Pinafore look like a census report.

Think how Gilbert would have revelled in the high displeasure of the Argonuts with the British empire because the empire's navy held them in one of its ports for three days. Think what a climax for a farce was reached in the arrival of the peace ark in Denmark, when the neutral Danes coming down to observe found the peace protagonists hurling the lie at each other and disembarking amid a turmoil not unfit to compare with the uproar across the other border of the Danish state. Is the war of the Lilliputians or the case at law that Gargantua judge to be compared with it for unimaginable absurdity?

Addison said that humor is a lineal descendant of Truth; but Addison died too soon. Humor today is its own grandfather; it is Truth. That is another of the wonders that the war has wrought.

Lords and gentlemen, Providence has been good to us in weaving the thread of our lives in the warp of these days. They are the greatest days of the worlds history---highest in their aspirations, noblest in their sacrifice, mightiest in their struggles, Promethean in their agony; but also, thank God, Rabelaisian in their humor. Perhaps Henry Ford is destined to do a great thing after all---perhaps the roar of laughter that he has been the first to evoke from all the world is destined to save the reason of mankind that appeared to be tottering. Pitty the dead who died to soon to enjoy it. How wise was Chesterton when he figured that

"Perhaps the rector's mother may not call---
I think I will not hang myself today!"

The Traveler's Servants.

A rich young man went traveling, and, coming to a large mansion was received with open arms. The master of the house did all he could to make the youth welcome, and summoned the servants to attend him.

"Pray do not call the servants to wait on me" exclaimed the youth, for wherever I travel I always take with me two servants of my own. They are twins, they cost little, they are always in my presence, they never weary me, they watch beside me at night, and they never fail."

"Dear me!" replied the host. "I wish I could obtain servants like those."

"You can," said the youth, "for they have other brothers only waiting to be summoned. Their names are Contentment and Self-help. Perhaps you know them?"—Ex.

Niece: "My husband's so careless; he's always losing his buttons."
Aunt: "Perhaps they are not sewed on carefully, dear."
Niece: "That's just it. He's awfully slipshod with his sewing."

C34 Dr. Joseph Orion Pratt

THE UPLIFT

December, 1915 $1.00 Per Annum.

The Stream That is Never Crossed.

There's many a sorrow and pain, I know,
As we tread the path of life;
There's many a grief and lasting woe,
And the way is toil and strife.
But the hardest load we have to bear
Is the labor and strength that's lost
In building the bridge with toilsome care
O'er the stream that is never crossed.

We have fretting and worry from morn till night,
And anguish weighs on the heart;
The thorny way seems hard to right,
And life is a bitter part.
But there is a burden greater yet,
Much peace of soul it has cost,
It is building a bridge with toil and sweat
O'er the stream that is never crossed.

There's looking for crossing all the day,
And searching along the shore,
For a bridge or ford along the way
We shall never travel o'er.
There's sighing for useless toys in vain,
And dreaming of chances lost:
But 'tis hardest to bridge with might and main
The stream that is never crossed.

Then gather the roses along the way,
And treasure the fragrance rare;
Rejoice in the bright and joyous day,
Refusing to borrow care.
For sorrow and pain will surely come,
And your soul be tried and tossed,
But don't be bridging to reach your home
O'er the stream that is never crossed.

---Selected.

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THE UPLIFT.

VOL. VII. CONCORD, N. C., DECEMBER, 1915 No. 10

What's become of the campaign for the position of attorney-General of North Carolina?

You must not overlook the institutional notes, which appear in this number. The young editor of this department has done himself proud.

The Annual Social Service Conference of the state is scheduled for Charlotte in January. The programme covers the earth, and there will be matters of peculiar interest in it for most everyone. Charlotte will find out how active and alive the forces around Greensboro are.

It is somewhat disconcerting to see the illiteracy per centage marked against North Carolina after all these years of expenditure of advertising, organizing, legislating, theories, money and expert teacher training. But that's the way of ignorance---it works and goes about doing its devilment while you sleep. Back and with more stress to the 3 R's---the fight against illiteracy must be won.

If our preparedness for a defense is to undergo treatment, why not make our navy big and strong enough to lick any nation on earth? To occupy a second position in the strength of nations seems not enough. Why stop short of one that surpasses England, the only country in the history of America that has given this land any serious trouble? Not to be able to lick England, if it becomes nescessary, does not seem to be the right kind of preparedness.

It is gratifying to see how wisely believers of the improvement of the live-stock of the state have gone about their campaign. These annual gatherings and exhibits of fine specimens of all kinds of stock at some convenient point in the state, together with interesting and instructive lectures on some phase of animal husbandry, works for a great good to the state. Last year the meet was in Statesville---this year it is held in Salisbury. The good accomplished by these annual gatherings of the enterprising and progressive stock-raisers is inestimable.

Most distressing was the accident that occurred in the yards of the Southern Railway, at Salisbury, on the eve of Thanksgiving, when two passenger trains collided. Several were quite seriously hurt and a death followed. Among the prominent people, enroute to Richmond annual foot-ball game, was Hon. O. Max Gardner, of Shelby. Mr. Gardner was seriously injured and for a time his life hung in the balance. He is yet in the hospital, but the gratifying news is received by his thousands of friends all over the state that his complete recovery is just a matter of time, and in this glad news the entire state rejoices.

We hear much these days about emphasizing the vocational side in the schools. The loudest advocates of the fad seem to be those who are opposed to the child engaging in labor to contribute to its own support and that of the family of which it is a member. Is it not better to play at work on pay than play at work in school without pay, and oftentimes to the neglect of those things that are poisen to illiteracy? Though the theorists and the hobbyites get lauded and become famous for a period and occupy "top of the column and next to the reading matter" the final result is nothing short of the effect of a monkey-wrench thrown into real, effective school work. A working knowledge of the 3 R's is a powerful good beginning and foundation on which to wage the battle against future illiteracy.

GROUCH.

There is nothing more pitable than a young man, inheriting a chance, some means, and by virtue of his prominent family, finding profitable and engaging employment, to permit himself to be inocculated with "grouch." Criticising everything, impugning motives, soured in his conceit and ready to declare the whole world wrong because it happens not to do as he had willed it to do. In this country of freedom and opportunity, a young man with all manner of chances has his greatest fight to escape selfcenterism, for he has to live and exist upon the estimate the public puts upon him and not by what he, in his arrogance, sizes himself up to be. Drunk on grouch and conceit is just as injurious as drunk on dope---it is drunkenness all the same.

MOUNT MITCHELL.

Elsewhere in this number may be found an interesting story about Mt. Mitchell, the highest mountain east of the Rockies. In attractive book form this story has been written and compiled by Gov. Craig. The movement to convert that mountain into a park is a suggestion of the Governor, and the entertaining manner in which he presents the history of the discovery of the mountain and presents the purposes to make secure for all time to come the beauty of that grand old peak, makes splendid reading.

The State of North Crrolina has made an appropriation for the purchase of a sufficient number of acres to carry out the scheme, and the development of the park will be the work of patriotic and voluntary contributions. The first contribution came from Mr. Ceasar Cone, who started the movement off by sending Gov. Craig one hundred dollars.

THE MEMORIAL ARCH.

Mrs. Eugene Little, of Wadesboro, the president of the U. D. C's of

North Carolina, recently spent a day with the institution. She was perfecting the arrangements for a canvass to make real the memorial arch, which the Daughters of the Confederacy have decided to erect at the institution. Mr. L. H. Asbury, of Charlottle, is making the plans for the arch and when he has completed the work it will be given to the public. Mrs. Little is enthusiastic over the undertaking, and after presenting the idea to the Chapter of U. D. C's at Concord, which very promptly donated one hundred dollars for the purpose, she began the work of selecting the material that no delay be had when the weather opens in the Spring.

This arch will be a memorial to General and Mrs. Stonewall Jackson; it will span the National Highway, which runs through the grounds of the school. It will be built of Rowan granite, and faced with dressed stone. When completed, with its lights, it will be an object of beauty, and to the institution something of great value and help. It connects the campus and all the buildings with the beautiful knoll on which our new chapel is located. It will afford easy access, and enables the management to beautify the chapel grounds and make of them a restful place for the boys during the hot evenings of the summer. Hundreds of automobiles and vehicles pass here daily, and this arch, serving as a bridge, makes the crossing safe at all times.

SHOWING MERCY.

Without parading the splendid and unselfish impulses of his great heart and eschewing a public display of his purpose of trying out a plan that his own judgment told him held possibilities of inspiring hope in those who had the least warrant to be full of hope for the future, Govenor Locke Craig issued executive orders to the authorities of the several penal institutions of North Carolina to grant a three-days leave of absence to all trusties during the Christmas holidays.

It was done----in some instances, we are told, with misgivings.

The event is closed. All save one returned promptly and full of grateful appreciation for the mercy granted and for the pleasures that followed in that humane proclamation. Right there was inspired in the heart of every trusty, who became a trusty by virture of good behavior and observance of rules and faithfulness to duty, a real genuine hope. Upon this many of those poor fellows will justly build a determination, that when their penal debt to the state is finally discharged, to square themselves to the proposition, meet life boldly and hopefully, feeling that the public after all is not too cruel to give them a just chance, unmolested, to live upright and correct lives.

If all us fellows were guiltless of wrong-doings, of short-comings, and had not even violated moral and legal law, undetected, and therefore spotless before the world, the Governor's merciful act would appear unwise. But down in the very heart of all sincere folks there abides a knowledge that none are guiltless and this act to show the unfortunate that the first citizen of the state---the Governor of the state--not satisfied with the peace and happiness that surrounded him in the year's most happy season---was not unmindful of the heartaches and the troubles that existed elsewhere. Rightfully, legally, and beautifully, he exercised his power---and by so doing, his own Christmas was the happier, the hundreds of families throughout the state affected by this executive order had a brighter Christmas, and the unselfish of the state were made better in thinking over this merciful, though bold, act of Governor Craig.

The practical trying out of this plan, which Governor Craig quietly worked out, has excited the interest and admiration of thoughtful people throughout the union. The fact that only one prisoner violated the trust imposed in him and did not return voluntarily, teaches a lesson to all who have to do with lives that sinned against the state. There could have been many more violations of this act of mercy, and yet the plan would have been a great stroke in solving what is the best course to peruse with those in the toils of the law. A humane state must punish the wrong-doer, but the state has no right under heaven to pursue a course that gives the victim no hope, no chance for the future---the right of punishment carries with it the duty of reformation.

Governor Craig's thoughtful and merciful act towards these wards of the state was in itself a pleasant Christmas thought to hundreds and thousands of North Carolinians, who are not and never have been in jail.

You'll Find That Courtesy Pays.

There are things that pay and things that don't. But of all things that pay, it is certainly courtesy that pays the best dividends. We might derive that lesson from the war, where the ever-renowed courtesy of the French has even lessened the two warring nations, namely, the Germans and the French, for we have yet to read or to hear of the first expression of real animosity expressed by the Germans for the French.

Does it pay to be courteous! I think so, for the other day I received a letter from a publisher refusing me in very impolite terms some books he had on hand, which I did want so badly for a special review on an important subject. Nothing to him, a few books, is it?

But, you see, it was not worth while to be polite, or, rather courteous. Do I feel like doing him a good turn? Hardly.

There are lot of chances to do good turns to each other, may your position be ever so humble. So it is wise to be courteous, even to the beggar on the street. But it should not be wisdom alone which prompts us to be courteous. It is nothing more nor less than wordly wisdom expressing the Christ-like spirit.

It is very frequent and shocking experience for an observer to listen to youngsters jeer an old man or woman on the street, to answer parents disrespectfully.

One reason why intercourse with the French is so delightful. Call it "sissy" manner, it is without doubt the oils which keeps going the machinery of social life.

---Boston Post.

Mt. Mitchell Park---Highest Point East of the Rockies.

[The following article is taken bodily from an attractive pamphlet issued by Governor Craig.]

I

Mitchell's Peak is the highest mountain in North America east of the Rockies. Its altitude is 6,711 feet. It is one of the peaks of the Black Mountains, the loftiest range of the Appalachian system. The peak is situated in Western North Carolina in the County of Yancey, twenty miles from the town of Black Mountain, on the Southern Railway, and ten or fifteen miles from Mount Mitchell station on the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio Railway.

Mitchell's Peak or Mount Mitchell took its name from Dr. Elisha Mitchell, a professor of the University of North Carolina. He was the pioneer scientist of the South, a man of great ability, learning and research. In 1835 he measured the height of the mountain and ascertained for the first time that it was higher than Mount Washington, and that its summit was the highest land in America east of the Mississippi. Prior to Dr. Mitchell's measurement in 1835 Mount Washington was considered the highest.

Until recently the only way to the top of the mountain was by steep and difficult trails. But the traveler was compensated for the effort of the journey. He traveled ten miles through primeval forests, and on the summit was in the midst of a vast and unbroken wilderness of hundreds of thousands of acres where the axe had never been laid to a tree, except by hunter and trapper. Within the last few years a railroad for carrying logs has been built from the town of Black Mountain to near the summit of Mitchell. Within the last year this road has been equipped for passenger service, and during the last summer carried thousands of people to the top of the mountain. The views, while ascending this road, constitute a panorama of surpassing grandeur.

The Black Mountain Railway, recently built, connects with the Carolina, Clinchfield and Ohio at Kona on the Toe River. It runs through a most picturesque region to the Blue Sea Falls where Cane River leaps over a precipice 90 feet high. The top of Mitchell is three and a half miles from these falls.

The Black Mountains are covered with a luxurions growth of balsam or spruce. From the dark, rich green of this forest, the mountains derive their name. Their dark somber color is in distinct contrast to the blue of other neighboring mountain ranges covered with forests of lighter green.

This balsam or spruce timber is now very valuable for lumber and wood pulp. It has been purchased by companies who are rapidly removing it in immense quantities, and denuding the slopes of the mountain of the magnificent virgin growth. The ground is left covered with the resinous leaves and the laps of trees, which when dry are most inflammable. It seems impossible to prevent fires. On the areas which have been cut over, conflagrations sweep with terrific fury, burning everything. The rich and gorgeous slopes of the vast mountains are left a desert of blackened ruin.

In the summer of 1914 the lumbermen who had purchased the timher on Mitchell were proceeding to remove it. Large areas on the sides of the mountain had been destroyed by axe and fire. The summit and the whole mountain were threatened. I had a conference with Messrs. Pearley and Crockett, who owned and were cutting this timber. At my solicitation they generously agreed to suspend operations on and around the summit of the mountain until the General Assembly should meet. I stated to them that I would urge the General Assembly to protect this mountain and provide a reasonable compensation to them for the timber. But for this arrangement Mitchell's Peak would have been devastated, and its beauty destroyed. The General Assembly did make an appropriation of $20,000 to be used in the purchase of land for a park on the mountain, including the summit. By this enactment, the most noted mountain in the eastern portion of the United States was preserved in its original beauty and grandeur for ourselves and our posterity.

One of the considerations moving the General Assembly to the establishment of the park was to relieve this famous mountain from private control, that the people of North Carolina and tourists from all parts of the world might have the privilege of free access.

The bill making the appropriation for the establishment of the park was introduced and advocated in the Senate by Senator Zebulon Weaver of Buncombe, and in the House by Hon. G. P. Deyton of Yancey. It passed both houses by a large majority.

This act of the General Assembly provided for a Commission to purchase and condemn the land for a park. I appointed on this Commission: Messrs. G. P. Deyton of Yancey, E. F. Watson of Yancey, M. C. Honeycutt of Yancey, Wilson Hensley of Yancey, and T. E. Blackstock of Buncombe.

The Commission has agreed with the owners as to the price and has purchased the land for the park except five acres near the summit. To secure this five acres condemnation proceedings have been begun as provided by the statute.

The land on the summit, including the grave of Dr. Mitchell, was conveyed about forty years ago to Miss Margaret Mitchell, a daughter of Dr. Mitchell. Her heirs have expressed their willingness to convey this land to the State.

II

When on top of Mount Mitchell you feel that you are in a lofty altitude, and amid the mighty upheavals of the primeval ages of the planet. Geologists tell us that this is the oldest land of the earth. In the begining the Spirit of God moved upon the faces of chaos, and God said let the waters under the heavens be gathered together in one place, and let the dry land appear, and it was so. At this command of the Almighty the tide of the boundless ocean receded; the dome of the Appelachians appeared above the waste of waters. Before Abraham was, this mountain was. It was old when Sinai was built. It was dry land when Noah's deluge swept over Asia, for the waters did not rise above this summit.

On this mountain, covered with forests dark and somber, you hear in ancient winds "The voice of days of old and days to be." For ages it has stood in primeval solitude and solemn grandeur, while above and around and beneath the clouds have swept and the storms raged. It will stand in silent and august majesty when austral seas shall bury our civilization under ocean waters.

Here nature has riven the awful gorges and built the everlasting cliffs. The neighboring peaks of the Black Mountains, all over six thousand feet, clad in the dark rich green of the balsam, rank worthily with the commanding monarch. Across the

dizzy depts is the Pinnacle of the Blue Ridge; across the gorge of the Swannanoa rise the Craggies---The Dome, The Pinnacle, and The Bull's Head; on the far horizon are the towers and domes of the vast amphitheater of mountains---Table Rock, The Roan, Grandfather, Tennessee Bald, Pisgah and a hundred others. Peaks and ranges, fold behind fold, higher and higher in the purpling distance,

"Loom grander far than any sea."

Mitchell's best view is at sunrise. In the light of Dawn the world of mountains seems to rise out of the infinite abyss; below great lakes of white cloud cover the valleys; the chambers of the East are hung with crimson and cloth of gold, for the Majesty of Day is approaching with his escort of splendor; "From dewey branch birds here and there with short deep warble salute the coming Son. Stars fade out and Galaxies---Street lamps of the City of God. The Universe is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the Great High King.

III

Governor Vance at the death of Dr. Mitchell was twenty-seven years old. He participated actively in the search for his body. Immediately afterwards he wrote an extended accouut of it. In 1875 he wrote the following abbreviated account of the search for Dr. Mitchell's body and of his burial:

Elisha Mitchell, D. D., Professor of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology in the University, was born in Washington, Connecticut, in 1793. He graduated at Yale College in 1813, in the same class with George E. Badger, Thomas P. Devereux, and other distinguished southern men. In January, 1818, through the influence of Judge Gaston, he was appointed to a professorship in the University, along with Dr. Olmsted, another classmate at Yale. For nearly forty years he served the institution with a zeal, fidelity and ability scarcely surpassed in the history of literary men. His love for the natural sciences soon broke through the books and the walls of his lecture-room, and early led him to study the geology and natural history of the State. His vacations were spent in extensive surveys in every direction. Scarcely a stream, valley, mountain, coal-bed, gold field, or mineral deposit in the State, but was visited and inspected by him. So early as in 1835 he clambered the great mountain heights of the Appalachians, measured their tallest peaks, and classified the rich Canadian flora on their slopes. He it was who first determined by barometric measurement what had often been conjected, that the peaks of the Black Mountains were higher than those of the White Mountains in New Hampshire, and his name was affixed to the loftiest summit.

In 1856 a controversey arose between Dr. Mitchell and Hon. T. L. Clingman in regard to this highest peak. The latter claimed that he had first made known its true height; and that Dr. Mitchell had not been upon this particular peak. After considerable sparring in the newspapers, Dr. Mitchell embraced the first opportunity presented by the summer vacation of 1857 to visit that mountain again for the purpose of verifying his former visits and measurements. His son. Mr. Charles Mitchell, and a daughter, accompanied him; and inasmuch as it was desirable in the interest of science to determine the accuracy of the barometer as an instrument for the measurement of elevations, he decided to run a line of levels to the summit based upon the surveys of the North Carolina railroad, which passed near by in the valley. Ascending by the head waters of the Swannanoa, he labored on his survey, with his son, about two weeks, and had progressed about three-fourths of the distance by Saturday noon of the 27th June. At this point, about six hundred yards above a rude inn built of fir logs. known as the Mountain House, he ceased work, dismissed his son, who was his only assisstant, to the farm-house in the valley, requesting him to return on Monday morning to resume the survey. He then left, saying he intended to cross the great range and descend into the opposite valley of Cane river, by the route which he had traversed in 1844, and, if possible, see the guides who had then accompanied him. He was never again seen alive. On Monday morning the son clambered up to the appointed place, but the father was not there. The day passed without his appearance. The next morning's sun found the anxious son waiting on the crags beside the deserted tripod, and waiting in vain. The sun rode slowly and tediously through the south and west, and passed the gates of evening into his glorious couch behind the mountain peaks, and still the father came not. Wednesday the dismal story was repeated, and by sunset on that day all allowances for accidental delays having been exhausted, and serious alarm taken their place, swift-footed runners were started across to the other valley, a distance of fully twenty miles. On Friday morning they too returned without intelligence of the good doctor; he had not reached the point for which he had started. Now, indeed, the worst was sure. Only one faint hope was left---and what a thought it was---that he might possibly be lying at the base of some tall precipice mangled, bleeding, and perishing with hunger, but yet alive. Far and fast spread the alarm throughout that sparsely peopled region, and upward poured the men of the mountains. Old men, young men and boys, farmers, fresh from their fields, merchants, students, teachers, ministers, veteran hunters, with their famous rifles and shot-pouches, swept up the mountain paths with the elastic tread of youth, leading and advising the anxious multitude from the Swannanoa valley; whilst similar multitudes were ascending from Cane river. To appreciate the difficulties of such a search, which these gallant and humane men undertook, a glance at the region of the disaster is necessary.

Dwellers in the Atlantic States will scarcely comprehend that there is such a wilderness and inaccessible tract on this side of the great Western Sierras.

The Black Mouutain proper is about twenty miles long, shaped like a fish-hook, with the shank lying parallel to the Blue Ridge, and close beside it. The inside of the curve is toward the north, and contains the waters of the Cane river. Its shank juts boldly into the valley of South Toe, whose waters rise between it and the Blue Ridge. Standing in the center of this systen there is a radius of ten miles without a single inhabited house. or road, or even an axe mark, in any direction. The region contains perhaps 100,000 acres of as absolute wilderness as may be found in the United States, and as rugged as it is wild. It is densely clad in forests. At certain lines of elevation the deciduous trees cease, and the most luxurious forests of firs prevail which are perhaps to be found in the world. The rich, damp soil throws them up with such vigor that their tall, straight stems stand close together, and their interlocking branches shut out the light of day and fill all the pavillion beneath with a funeral gloom. Shrubs and smaller woods perish in this sun-excluded atmosphere, but the face of the earth is richly carpeted with thick, elastic mosses, which hide rocks, fallen trees and

everything. The footfall makes no noise and leaves no print. Often the rank, luxuriant covering conceals dangerous caverns and pitfalls, into which the incautious traveler may disappear. Clumps of tall, graceful ferns dot this mantle of wondrous beauty, and struggle for the patches of light which now and then flicker through the opening made by some storm-conquered fir which has fallen from the ranks. Adown the slopes and throughout the gorges and ravines run streams of purest, coldest water, at first gurgling unseen beneath the mosses and ferns, then bursting forth into rushing torrents, then swelling into foaming cascades, and pouring at last in thundering cataracts over the steep mountain walls. Along these wild-water ways flourish impenetrable wildernesses of laurel, ivy, and the glowing rhododendron, so rich, rank and wild, that the mind is bewildered in its contemplation.

Such was the region in which the lost Professor was to be sought. At least five hundred men were engaged in the search. Well and faithfully did they labor. From Friday morning until Tuesday their efforts were fruitless, No trace whatever could be found, and at every moment the task grew more and more hopeless. The faint expectation of finding him alive and suffering, gradually went out of all men's minds, and then came the more sober desire to find his lifeless body: At last, on Tuesday, came a melancholy confirmation of his disputed assertion that he had been on the very highest peak in 1844. An old hunter and experienced mountaineer by the name of Wilson was present, from Yancey county, who had guided the Professor on his former visit. He said he believed he could retrace the very route by which they had ascended thirteen years before, and expressed the opinion that the Professor had himself undertaken to descend into the valley of Cane river by that way. The result proved this opinion to be correct. A careful and minute search in the edge of a beautifel little prairie near the highest summit discovered the trail of human footsteps. So faint was it that an unpracticed eye could not have distinguished it from the mark left by some wild animal: but these mountain Nimrods, with that wonderful sagacity which is the result of close observation and almost instinctive reason, recognized it at a glance. An lucredulous town-man present desired to know how they could tell it to be the impress of a man's foot. "Come here," said the hunter, pointing to a spot on a fallen tree trunk, where the rank moss had been disturbed, "kneel down and look at that closely. What do you see?" "Nothing," was the reply. "Look closer yet, and carefully. Now what do you see?" "Marks of the tacks in a shoe heel," said the astonished and enlightened town-man! The effect of this discovry was almost electric. With rapid steps and eyes as keen and true as the scent of well-trained sleuth hounds, off bounded the hunters upon the trail, and soon were lost in the rugged and fearful wilds below. A large number, feeling that they could be of no assistance in following that delicate trace, remained upon the heights, whilst the others swept downward upon the search. As the ground became rougher, and the way more difficult, the traces left by the wanderer became more plain and unmistakable. Soon the trail left the sharp crest of the ridge down which it had started, and came to the edge of a plashing stream. Adown this they followed it without difficulty for about four miles, when they came to a cataract with a sheer fall of forty feet. On the dizzy edge of this they found a broken laurel branch overhead, and torn moss under foot. Cautiously descending, they found below the dead body of him they sought. The spot was most romantic and peculiar. Pouring over the precipice this mountain torrent had originally struck upon solid rock below, but the attrition of its waters for untold centuries had worn out a smooth, circular basin, about fourteen feet deep and as many in diameter. This was filled with cold, pure, and perfectly limpid water, in which lay the body calmly, perfectly preserved. In the very midst of that nature which he had loved so well, and whose mysteries he had studied so diligently, the great devotee had laid him down to die. Her utmost charms were lavished upon his obsequies. The pure waters enveloped him in their winding sheet of crystal; the leaping cataract sang his requiem in that wondrous and eternal song of which old ocean furnishes the grand, all-comprehensive key. Cream and golden-white flowers flaked the billowy thickets of dark green laurel, and tall, conical firs and delicately tapering spruces inter-locked their weeping branches from shore to shore. No trace of man, save the broken laurel branch and the uptorn moss on the rock above, was to be seen. To all seeming, that virgin spot had seen no human face before the noble one which now looked upward from its undefiled bed upon the unspeakable beauties of the glen.

Envelcping the body in a sheet and suspending it from a pole they bore it up those rugged steeps where an unencumbered man could scarcely stand upright, four miles to the top. Here it was desired that he should be buried, but the members of his family who could be consulted not consenting, he was placed in a rude coffin and borne by painful and tedious stages to Asheville, where he was interred by the side of another noble classmate, the Rev. John Dickson, D. D., of Charleston, S. C., and attended to the grave by a vast concourse of people. But he was not permitted long to sleep in that pleasant mountain churchyard. So great was the respect and esteem in which his character was held by all classes of our people, and so profoundly was the public mind impressed by the circumstances of his death and the causes which led to it, that his family yielded to the almost universal wish that his body should rest on Mount Mitchell. Accordingly, in the following summer, his remains were taken up and once more carried to that highest peak. and reinterred with imposing ceremonies in the presence of a great multitude of people. It was a scene to be long remembered. The Right Rev. James H. Otey, Bishop of Tennessee, delivered the funeral oration; ex-Governer Swain made an elegant address---the former a member of the first class which the deceased had instructed at Chapel Hill, and the latter a co-laborer in the University for near a third of a century. Strangers from distant States, and from distant parts of our own State, were present, whilst all the surrounding counties were largely represented, not only by their stalwart men, but by great numbers of their wives, daughters and children, some of whom had walked and climbed perhaps twenty miles to witness the interesting scenes. The day was calm and bright. The level spot on the summit, not larger than a good-sized room, was thickly filled with spectators who reached far down its conical sides. Here in the face of all the inexpressible glories which spread out in every direction, high over the Atlantic world, and far removed, as all such scenes should ever be, from the strife and tumult of the lower and distant lands, and where Nature exerted her grandest charms to lift the souls of men to the contemplation of Him from whose hand they came, they laid the Christian hero's dust to rest.

The news of the tragic death of Dr. Mitchell caused universal sorrow. He was one of the most eminent men in all the country. His attainments were recognized, and his exalted character had endeared him to thousands of men who had been students under him at the University. Memorial meetings were held in all parts of the State--in Asheville, Greensboro, Chapel Hill, Raleigh, Fayetteville, Wilmington, and other places. At most of these meetings resolutions were adopted declaring that a suitable monument should be erected to him on the mountain that he had first explored and measured.

In 1884 a small hollow shaft of galvanized iron was erected at the grave of Dr. Mitchell. Until then the grave was marked by loose stones. The shaft was not a substantial structure. It was somewhat defaced by irreverent visitors, and in January 1915 was blown down by the wind. It was not destroyed by dynamite as stated.

It is now proposed to erect on the summit of the mountain a memorial to Dr. Mitchell that is enduring, worthy of the man, appropriate to the place. As soon as sufficient funds be secured I will appoint a commission to determine the design and provide for the erection of this memorial.

MOUNT MITCHELL.

(A Plea for the Preservation of the Globe's Oldest Mountain from Devastation by Axe and Fire.)

Far out the primal sea I rose on high,
Above the clouds I kissed the sunlit sky,
My rock the oldest in this rock-built earth;
When I was born, it was the great world's birth.
Long million years my crumbling sides did yield,
To rain, and frost and wind, a fertile field
For widening Piedmont plain and ocean shore.
Now Nature kind assails my life no more;
At last in verdure soft and warm I'm clad,
'Mid sapphire skies my emerald peaks are glad.
But hark! what frightful terror, new and dire!
'Tis human greed for gold! 'tis axe and fire!
O mighty State, prevent this deed of shame,
This great dishonor keep from thy great name.—George Tayloe Winston.

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain.
—Lord Lyttleton.

Exercising a Good Influence.

Dec 31st 1915.

Mr. Chas E. Boger, Supt.,
Concord, N. C.

Dear sir:-

Your letter of the 13th of December in reply to mine asking for admission of a boy to your Institution received, and appreciated very kindly.

I desire to thank you for your letter and will see that the boy is sent at the time suggested by you.

*You inquired about * * At first I was unable to get him located but have done so and find he is living a very clean, upright life. Since returning home he has become a member of North Rocky Mount Baptist Church of which Rev. C. F. Noble is Pastor, and is a regular attendant of Sunday School. He is at work regularly, and among the boys of his age is exercising a very good influence. I am told several attendants of Sunday School come through the influence of **

It is highly gratifying to us who have jurisdiction of the young boys to see the effects from your Institution, and to you because they are your developement.

*At the proper time I will notify you of intention to send the other boy. and trust he may be benefited as was young **

Yours very truly.
Page K. Gravely.

** We deem it right and proper to withhold the boy's name.*

Judge Not.

Here we are at the beginning of a bright new year. This resolution we would heartily commend to all our readers: Judge not. That is, do not be too cock-sure about anything, but especially about the motives of other people. Perhaps, we are oftener mistaken here than at any other point. We jump at a hasty conclusion without even trying to get the view point of the man we criticize. We are fully persuaded that the most of us want to be right in our conclusions as well as in our conduct. It is not only folly—it is wrong and sinful to pass hasty and unfounded criticism on people's motives. This about the truth of the matter: a man's own disposition may be measured by his treatment of his fellows. You may put it down as a rule that the severe and bitter critic is himself guilty of the things with which he charges others. It takes a thief to catch a thief, and a merciless critic proves by his spirit that he is no saint. Did you ever know a man who has lost faith in humanity, who enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his neighbors? It is better to be a credulous fool than a sour pessimist. This is a fine time, if we find ourselves becoming intolerant and censorious, to face about and change our attitude. The average man is not what the suspicious misanthrope thinks he is. He may be foolish sometimes, but he is not mean. Give him the benefits of the doubt. Find something in him to admire, for it is there if you will only hunt for it. The effects of looking at the better side of our neighbors are happy, and they help the critic more than they do the criticized. Ill judgement, unfounded, unjust and untrue, makes us morose and unlovely. It darkens our lives more than anything else we can do. To cherish evil thoughts about our associates in the church or in the community makes us sour and mean. On the other hand, the cultivation of tolerant and charitable and brotherly thoughts about those who touch our lives, give us cheerful and happy hearts ourselves, and makes our lives far better worth living. Remember, with what judgement we judge we shall be judged and with what measure we mete it shall be measured to us again. Do you happen to know of any case in point? Have you ever seen a man grumble himself out of a job? In fact did you ever know a sharp and bitter critic to succeed? Men will not repose confidence in him. They may endure him, but when they have it in their power to shove him upward, they will silently and sorrowfully let him alone.

Charity and Children.

OUR CHRISTMAS SEASON.

There was "something new under the Sun" at the Jackson Training School during the Christmas season. The boys had a Christmas tree. The tree was erected in one corner of the beautiful Chapel built by the King's Daughters of the state. Just how appropriately and artistically decorated was the tree and the Chapel the above cut will give you some idea. Our official decorators Messrs. Fisher and Isenhour spent some time and thought in its preparation. The result of their work shows partially in the cut.

Rev. T. W. Smith from Concord came out Christmas eve and made an address to the boys. After the address the gifts were distributed. The boys had a lot of Chritsmas as you can readily see from the list of contributors that follows:

State Branch King's Daughters	$10.00
Senior Circle King's Daughters, Concord,	5.00
Junior Circle King's Daughters, Concord	5.00
Mr. Dallas Pitts	2.00

Mr. Ceasar Cone, Greensboro, one barrel apples, one box oranges, one box fine mixed cakes, one bag mixed nuts.

The Christian Reid Book Club one box oranges.

The Concord Steam Bakery from whom the school buys all its light bread sent seven or eight fine cakes for a Christmas present. The boys got a great deal of pleasure out of their Christmas tree and the many nice things sent them by their thoughtful friends over the state, and they wish by this method to return to each and all their heartfelt thanks for their thoughtfulness and kindness. They join in wishing all a happy and prosperous new year.

The custom of decking the houses and churches at Christmas with evergreen dates from the Druidicial practices when the oak groves were their places of worship and the oak tree meaning one Supreme God and the mistletoe thereupon signifying man's dependence upon Him.

The Christmas Tree with its hangings of gifts was also a custom of the Romans, the poet Virgil in his second Georgic tells of the little jeweled images being suspended from the pine tree branches, but now in Italy this custom has gone out of fashion for Christmas day has become a distinctively family feast day. But Germany and Switzerland when pagan countries venerated the fir-tree or evergreen as sacred, for it was an old belief that sylvan spirits flocked to the evergreen and remained unnipped by frost until a milder season and perhaps on account of the good omen attached to the evergreen the Christmas trees have come into use and have gradually been given a Christmas significance.

As early as the seventeenth century the fir-tree with its eternal verdine and its brilliant lights figure in Christian writings as a symbol of eternal life. It is an impressive picture—the Christmas Tree---and the idea has proved contagious until the custom has become as universally popular in this country as well as in the Father-Land. So there are but few communities now in which the Christmas tree is not used as an appropriate decoration both for the church and home at the Christmas season.

The tree evergreen is the symbol of eternal life, its light typifies Jesus, the light of the world; its decorations suggest the beauty of His character, while its gifts are suggestive of the Gifts of God to man and other blessings which come from and thru Him.

O Fir tree green; O Fir tree green;
How loyal is thy leafage!
Not green alone in Summer time,
But green in winter's snow aud rime!
O fir-tree green! O fir-tree green!
How loyal is thy leafage.

There is no absolute egotism and no real altruism. Conduct always has its roots in the individual, but its branches sometimes are enough to shelter others, and that is what we call goodness.---Abraham Solomon.

Sweet Memory! wafted by the gentle gale,
Oft' up the stream of Time I turn my sail. —Rogers.

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Mr. J. L. White's force has been cutting timber for the last two weeks. About two acres of new land, near the railroad, has been cleared. It will be planted in corn this spring.

Two more boys have been paroled from the Institution. Earl Murphy, of High Point; and Henry Daniels, of Wilmington, N. C. Everyone wishes them good luck and much success in their new lives.

We have had many dark days here during the past week, due to the bad weather, and we have been obliged to use the lights in our school rooms until ten o'clock in the morning for three or four days.

Miss Mamie Westmoreland, matron of the King's Daughter's Cottage, has gone to her home in Mooresville, N. C. for a short visit. Miss Fannie Wade, of No. 11 township, is acting as matron during her absence.

The new year has begun with much activity in all departments. It seems as though everyone has made a new resolution to accomplish more good this year than in any previous year in the life of the Training School. It is hoped that this spirit may be carried through the entire year as it has been begun.

The boys had a very nice Christmas. Several good people of the state, among them the King's Daughters, made large donations toward the boys Christmas stockings. A very beautiful Christmas tree was erected in the chapel where the Christmas service was held Christmas Eve night. We had three holidays and would have had more but bad weather interfered and prevented us from being out, altogether everyone had an enjoyable time.

The following people have visited the Institution during the past month: Mr. O. H. Young, of Lexington; Mr. W. H. Love, Mr. J. T. Seabrooks, and Mrs. Mary Poplin, of Charlotte, N. C.; Mr. McCormick, Mr. Lloyd and Mrs. Vestal of Winston-Salem; Mr. C. F. McIntyre, of Burlington; Mrs. W. E. Grumbles of Saluda; Mrs. H. T. Frazee, of Wallace; Mr. and Mrs. Sanderford, of Raleigh; and Mrs. Watson, of Winston-Salem. All the aboved named parties have boys at the school. Quite a few others than these have been out to see us.

Our annual public debate was held in the hall of the Cook Literary Society on the 28th. The question was Resolved: "That the United States should adopt the policy of subsidizing its merchant marine engaged in foreign trade." Affirmative side was represented by Willie Sanderford and Harrison Byrd. The negative by Bill Newton and Elisha Neathery. The Judges were Messrs. Hartsell, Williams and Caldwell of Concord. All the speakers put up a good argument in favor of their position but the affirmative speakers made the best speeches and won the question nem. con. Before the debate a very good declamation was given by James Swaney, of Statesville. When the Judges retired to decide on the question Gordon Kimball of Statesville rendered a very fine recitation. Each of the Judges were asked to make a short talk to the boys and they responded by giving the boys a very fine talk.

OUR SOCITIES.

The societies have now reopened with renewed vigor for the next year's work. From the present outlook of things something must be accomplished within the next twelve months with all the enthusiasm that the boys are putting into it.

The societies gave their Christmas entertainments in their respective halls and were enjoyed very much. The Stonewall and Cone Literary Societies had their entertainments combined as we had to have one night for the debate. These exercises were creditably rendered by the members of each society.

COOK LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Christmas season was officially observed by the members of the Cook Literary Society at the Third Cottage Christmas night in their hall.

The officers, matrons, and boys from the other two cottages were present together with Superintendent and Mrs. Boger and little Sarah.

The exercises consisted of songs, declamations and monologues. The boys chosen to take parts in the program dio their society proud.

These exercises marked practically the close of the first year's work for this society.

The members of this society are nearly all what are known as new boys, but they showed to their sister societies that a lot can be accomplished in one year.

It is our hope to begin the New Year with the determination to go forward to greater things and see our society grow stronger.

The time Christmas spirit was in the hearts of the boys of Third Cottage this year, they clubbed together and filled several large stockings with candies, cakes, apples, oranges and nuts and asked the officer in charge for permission to carry them to the colored family that lives on the place. Permission was readily granted and the committee carried the bags to the darkies and brought Christmas cheer into their hearts. This act was entirely voluntary on the part of ths boys. They thought of the good they might do and acted on their own initiative.

The society is growing rapidly and all of the boys are proud to know it.

Everybody enjoyed our Christmas exercises given on Christmas night. The money for the decorations was made up by all the members of the society that could help. Mr. Isenhour, the cottage officer, selected the decorations and bought them for

the boys, and the boys seemed to be very much pleased with them.

Election of officers for the Cook Literary Society:

President, Harry Baker; Vice-President, Frank Hewlett; Recording Secretary, Robert Klouse; Corresponding Secretary, Fred Costan; Treasurer, Howard McCormick; Sergent at Arms, Royall Mumford; 1st Reporting Critic, Hefford Cullingford; 2nd Reporting Critic, Sheldon Merritt; Prosecuting Critic, Odell Gregory.

MADAM PEDRO---HENRY DANIELS HAS LEFT US.

Henry Daniels was discharged from the school on the 7th of January. Happiness beamed in the face of this young man when the announcement was made that he would receive an honorable discharge from the school. Happy not because he was leaving the school---he really hated to go---in fact tears came to the eyes of the great big hearted boy when he was telling his friends good bye, but he was happy to think that his conduct while here was such as to cause the authorities to think that he merited an honorable discharge. You know too that it would make a boy's heart feel full to know that he was returning to his old, anxious, waiting mother, with an approving stamp upon his conduct by the authorities of the school!

Henry Daniels was from Wilmington and because of his fine, rich soprano voice, he was always known to the boys as Madame Pedro. So general was the habit of calling him Pedro, few of the boys would know who was spoken of in this article, if only the name of Henry Daniels was given. Pedro was not brilliant at all, but he had a great big heart in him and he was a strong physical man. He could sing as well as work. Often times when the singing was dragging Pedro would launch forth with his great, tremenduous voice and make the visitor wonder where all that volume of song comes from.

It was a treat to hear him and his choir sing "O come all ye faithful;" the last night Pedro spent at the School, he and his choir gave a serenade under the electric lights on the campus. We will miss Pedro in more places than the choir. He never tried to run away and when something was to be done that required a boy who didn't mind work, Pedro was called. Here's the good wishes of the School following you Pedro and may you live at home in such a way as will cause the people of your city to think as well of you as did those at the School.

All We Do Not Know.

A little girl said to her mother: "Do you know as much as I don't know?"

Like many of the artless, unconscious sayings of childhood, the remark has the length and breadth and depth of the cornerstone of the House of Wisdom in it. To the trustful eyes of young innocence it looks as though the teacher's cranium and the covers of a book comprise the entire continent of knowledge. By the time school days are over the toiling pupil will know everything. The rest of his life will be merely the prolonged confirmation of the book's statement and the teacher's explanation. You began to grow old the minute you began to doubt what older people said or what was set down in cold print. Perhaps you have become a querulous questioner of everything - even asking yourself in the bluest of blue moments whether it makes any difference to any one how or where you spend your life. You wish you could go back to the place where the ways parted and take the other track. That road would have brought you out to ample pasturage of fame and fortune or to high, commanding hills of vision.

Learn all you can, and the prospect of knowledge still is endless. Subtract a sum as vast as you like from infinity and infinity remains. We pitch our tiny moving tent for a little time in the impenetrable, boundless fastnesses of all eternity. Our brief candle, and yonder star, and all the sums that supply the swirling remainder of the universe only inspire the question: "What light is beyond this light?" or "What is out-side the universe?"

The child who asked the question set at the head of this column suddenly awoke to the tininess of one's own ego in the illimitable cosmos. We discover things and name them; only to find that they are made of smaller things; and these constituent parts can be split into segments that are in turn divisible. The orignals from which we started are themselves but minute bits of all creation, and if we stop in the middle of our doing and being, in a busy world, to muse upon these things, we begin to wonder why we were launched into existence as a human being, we might have been dogs or trees, jelly-fish or potatoes. We begin to seem to ourselves casual and unimportant. We are discouraged when we behold young, strong, useful lives cut off in mid-career, or in the first flush of their dawn of promise.

We think we are very clever fellows because we can play a few tricks with electricity and have spelt out pathways for vibrations in the ether and for wings that lift man-guided machines - yet we do not even know enough to stop fighting, and with vast areas of soil to irrigate and till we give our strength and time to wholesale murder. For the comedy of our mistakes the coming generations will laugh; for our wild and brutal folly, for our frequent grewsome tragedy, they will weep. Our ignorance on every side is dense. the track we take is between inplumbed abysses of primeval chaos, where the morning and evening are as one. What is the accumulated lore of the ages measured against all we do not know?---Ex

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The First Christmas Card.

The honor of the Christmas card is ascribed frequently to the late W. T. Dobson, an English printer. In December, 1844, a date earlier than that given to any other claim, he was anxious to send some more novel Christmas greeting than that of a letter to a distant friend, and the idea occured to him to make a little sketch symbolizing the spirit of the season. The sketch depicted in its center a family party gathered around the Christmas dinner table raising glassers to the health of absent friends. Underneath were the words, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you," while on each side was a smaller sketch representing an act of benevolence. Mr Dobson's card so pleased its recipients that the following year he designed another card, of which he sent lithographed copies to a large circle of friends. Other artists followed his example, and the circle sending out Christmas cards grew wider and wider until an enterprising printer saw there was money in the business, and within a few years from its birth the Christmas card was to be seen in hundreds of shop windows.

Two Great Gifts.

There are two great gifts that everyone, rich or poor, has the power to give---sympathy and kindness:

Blest be the tongue that speaks no ill,
Whose words are always true,
That keeps the law of kindness still
Whatever others do.

Blest be the hands that toil to aid
The great world's ceaseless need,
The hands that never are afraid
To do a kindly deed.

---Forward,

The New Year of Engineer Reynolds.

It was in the Altoona dispatcher's office of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and the party was a group of engineers who were having quite a chat over old times, while waiting for orders to start out.

"Boys," said one of them, "do you remember old Dan Reynolds?"

"Guess I do," said another. "When I was firin' on the Susquehanna Division, Dan was haulin' coal trains. It was sad that he never was known to get stuck on a grade. Used to pull the heaviest trains on the road, too, with that old 93 of his."

"I've often heard about him," said another. "They used to say he thought more of his engine than a wife, and that he'd rather stay on it than go to a hotel, though he had as nice a suite of rooms anyone."

"That's so, Bill; you're right there," exclaimed the eldest one of the party. "Dan Reynolds would always stand by his engine, even in a smash up, though he never had one nor killed a man. I remember one time when he stayed, and I shan't forget it as long as I live, either."

"When was that?"

"Rememberin' this is the day before New Year's reminds me of it. It happened just five years ago to-night," the engineer commenced. "Most of you as were here remember that we had a big storm then, heavier than the one to-night by a good deal. The wind blew and made 'cake drifts' all along in the cuts. The Eastern Express started out of Pittsburg with just two cars—one passenger and one baggage. We had three engines on. Old Dan with 93 was head Then came Jim Barton with 180, and then me. Before leavin', Burr, the general superintendant. came long and said, as there was some through passengers who wanted to catch a steamer next day at Philidelphia, for us to connect at Harrisburg if 'twas possible thing. Old Dan didn't say anything, but he didn't need to. Burr knew well enough that he'd go through if any man could.

"Well, we went along, runnin' with about two feet of snow on a level. For about thirty miles we didn't have much trouble. Finally we came to the 'Broad Cut.' If any of you have been on the western division you know what the 'Broad Cut' is. The snow fills in there, four or five feet even when the wind is'nt blowin' at all. Suddenly Dan blew for brakes, and we stopped. A brakeman went ahead with a lantern. He came back and spoke to the conductor. Then I saw the conductor go up to Dan and commence talking to him, Dan shaking his head I found out afterwards that the conductor wanted him to give up tryin' to go through on account of the drifts, but the old man wouldn't hear to it. Then the conductor got aboard. 93 whistled twice, and we started with a full head of steam. It didn't seem as though anything could stop us, and nothin' did for most a mile. All at once, we slowed up and stopped. I had my throttle wide open, the sand pipe open and the drivers went around so that the sparks flew up to the cab window. But it would not go.

"Then we heard the signal to back down, and goin' to the entrance of the cut, started again with every pound of steam on. I could feel 180 and 93 shake sideways even on my own engine, and when we struck the drift again the shock threw me off of my feet. We had gone about a hundred feet further than the other time, but that was all. Dan whistled to back down again, but we couldn't. Barton's 180 had her tender off the track, and nothin' could budge the train an inch. I got out on my tender and looked around. Everything was snow and and the drifts were as high as the cab window, while right ahead of us, was one fifteen feet deep if 'twas a foot.

"I could see Dan in his cab tryin' to back his engine. One hand was on the throttle and the other on the lever, his cap was off and his gray hair and grizzly beard were blowing in the wind. His arms were bare to the elboM, and I tell you he was workin' that engine for all she was worth. Nothin' would move, and at last he gave it up, but when he did, I saw him sit down in the seat and put his head down in his hands. We took the fire shovels and managed to dig a path along the train so that the passengers could get out to the end of the drift. Then everybody but Jim and I started for a couple miles back on the road. We went up to 93's cab, and there sat old Dan bareheaded, just as he'd stopped work. ,Says I, Come on, Dan; put on your cap; were goin' back to Blossberg and wait for help. The storms comin' on heavy, and you'll be covered up if you stay here.'

"The old man lifted his head, and said, 'Boys, I don't go back to any town. I made up my mind to get this train through, but, I can't do it. It's the first time I was ever stalled in my life. But 'tain't the old machine's fault and she feels it as much as I do. She and I'll stay together now, if it snows a hundred feet deep."

"I knew 'twas no use arguin, with him. He'd stay if he made up his mind to, and so we left him sittin' there. By this time it was after midnight and the snow came down thick and fast, but we finally reached the town. Next morning, we all shouldered shovels and got on the wrecken' train, which had been sent from Pittsburg. We came to the cut, but nothing was to be seen but snow. Engines, cars and all were buried in it. We finally reached where the train was and commenced to dig around it.

At last we saw the head engine. I climbed up and pulled back the cab curtain. The old man was still there. He was kinder standin' up and leanin' forward, lookin' ahead the engine as he always did when comin' into the station. One hand was on the leaver and the other on the throttle, but all the valves was closed, the fires out and the cab half full of snow from the windows, which had blown open. I looked into his face, and,, —here the speaker's voice dropped nearly to a whisper—"I saw that Dan Reynolds had made his last run."

—The Boys' World.

Sure Signs.

A certain young man's friends thought he was dead, but he was only in a state of coma. When, in ample time to avoid being buried, he showed signs of life, he was asked how it seemed to be dead. "Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. And I knew all the time what was going on. And I knew I wasn't dead, too, because my feet were cold and I was hungry." "But how did that fact make you think you were alive?" asked one of the curious. "Well, this way. I knew that if I were in Heaven I wouldn't be hungry. And if I were in the other place my feet would't be cold.—United Presbyterian.

When bad men combine the good must associate; else they will fall one by one an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.—Burke.

The Ferry Light.

The lighthouse stood on the extreme point of Consumsit Neck. It was a long, low building, painted white, and containing five rooms, three on the ground floor and two in the upper story. At the front was a square tower surmounted by a six-sided lantern.

From the balcony running around the lantern the view, in summer time was a delightful one. Directly opposite, across the ferry, lay Aquidsick Island, like an emerald set in a sapphire sea. At the left rose the green crest of Sachem's Mountain. At the right streached the harbor of Consumsit Port, with the silvery waters of Narragansett Bay sparkling in the distance.

But in the winter the scene was changed. Then broken and battered masses of ice piled on the shores, even to the lighthouse door. The slopes of Sachem were brown and desolate. And, in stormy weather, the waves lashed the rocks pitilessly, and the wind raged and howled at the tower, like some fierce living creature eager to tear it in pieces.

On the afternoon of Dec. 31, 1857, a lad of sixteen sat alone in the lighthouse sitting room. A few old-fashioned wooden rocking chairs, a mahogany center table, a couch covered with gayly flowered chintz, a homemade rack filled with books and and a cabinet of marine curios comprised the simple furnishings of the apartment; nevertheless, it is as cozy and homelike a place as one can imagine.

As the clock on the mantle chimed the hour of three the lad, Walter Churchill, laid aside the book he was reading and glanced out of the window.

"Why, Milo," he exclaimed, addressed a sleek, tortoise-shell cat which, with folded paws, was purring contentedly before the glowing grate, "It's beginning to snow. I'm afraid we shall have a stormy night.

Milo blinked his topaz eye., stretched his limbs, and turned lazily upon his side.

"I'm glad that Uncle John took his heaviest coat with him," Walter continued, "for the ride from Oak Woods will be a cold one. I hope he'll get home before dark, but I doubt if he will. The message says that Aunt Emily is very ill, and I suppose he'll want to stay with her as long as possible. He knows he needn't be worried about the light when I'm here."

Milo yawned. The weather outside did not disturb him in the least.

Walter resumed his reading, but every now and then he paused to glance out of doors. The sky was rapidly growing dark, and the flakes were falling fast. The wind began to moan as if in pain.

Walter sighed heavily. Only three years before, the vessel of which his father was mate had been lost in a dreadful gale in the Indian Ocean. After this catastrophe the boy, whose mother had long been dead, had made his home with his uncle, the keeper of the Ferry Light. Walter was glad to assist other ships from the fate that had befallen the gallant "Triton."

At last he put down his book and ascended the little flight of stairs that led to the tower. Reaching the top, he clambered up the narrow ladder by means of which the lantern was gained. He opened the window and stepped out upon the balcony.

Everywhere was a swirling, blinding cloud of snow. The piercing blast cut like a sharp knife. Afar in the distance the breakers sullenly boomed.

Walter re-entered the lantern.

"I'm lucky I'm to be on duty tonight," he said to himself, "Uncle will be exhausted with his long ride. Nell is such a slow old horse."

He gave the windows a rub and then began to descend the ladder. Halfway down—he could never tell how—he missed the step, lost his footing, and fell backward to the landing below. There he tried to right himself, but, failing, shot down the staircase, striking the floor at its foot with tremedrous force.

For a few seconds Walter lay partially stunned. Then he sat up, feeling giddy and bewildered. He dragged himself to his feet, but, when he attempted to walk, he found that he had wrenched his knee severely. Every step caused him the most intense pain.

He crawled in to the sitting room, half fainting, on the lounge. A sudden gust of wind, rattling the casement angrily, roused him to consciousness.

"The lamp!" he exclaimed. "What shall I do about the lamp?"

The hour of lighting the lamp that afternoon was twenty-one minutes past four. It was already ten minutes past. Walter made a supreme effort and got upon his feet again.

"It must be lighted!" he cried, desperately.

On the floor, before the grate, three large brass lamps were ranged in a row. In those old days petroleum had not come into general use, and lard oil furnished the illuminating power of lighthouses. As this hardened as soon as it became cold, it was neccessary to keep three or more lamps in constant use. When the oil began to cool the light grew dim, and if it was allowed to grow quite cold, the flame was extinguished. The old-time lighthouse keeper had to watch the lamps most carefully in winter weather, and to change them constantly during the night.

Walter drew himself across the floor and lifted one of the lamps. It was far from being a light weight, and he groaned as he staggered to the foot of the stairway. Step by step he painfully ascended, resting his burden on every stair. Would he ever be able to climb that almost vertical ladder? He set his teeth together. He simply must do it?

He encircled the lamp firmly with one arm, and, using his free hand to cling to the rounds, dragged himself upward. The pain in his knee was excruciating. The perspiration streamed from his forehead. His breath came in quick gasps. But still he toiled on.

After what seemed an age of agony and fear of failure, he reached the lantern. He set the lamp in place and looked at his watch. It was just twenty minutes past four. He struck a match, and, a moment later, the rays of the Ferry Light streamed out into the darkness of the storm.

The descent of the ladder and staircase was comparatively easy, for Walter simply allowed himself to slide down both as gently as possible. On reaching the sitting room once more he bathed his knee in hot water and applied arnica to it. These remedies relieved the pain somewhat, but still the lad found great difficulty in walking.

Nevertheless he began to prepare the supper. He made coffee and set the table. Milo, who had retreated to the coal bin in terror at the noise of his master's fall, now emerged from his hiding place. Walter fed him and then lay down upon the lounge.

The wind was now blowing furiously and the snow falling thick and fast. Walter listened anxiously for the sound of wheels, but nothing

could be heard save the raging storm. An hour passed, and then the lad drank some coffee and ate a few mouthfuls of bread. But he was too ill and worried to feel an appetite.

Milo seemed at last to realize that his master was in trouble, and instead of frolicking about the room, as was his usual evening custom, he crept close to Walter's side and watched him wistfully. The lad was glad of the cat's companionship. It was a relief to have a living thing to speak to, even if it could not reply.

The evening passed, night came, and still Walter kept his lonely vigil. The hours seemed leaden-footed. The cold became intense. The snow banked itself against the door and windows of the lighthouse. The gale shrieked and raved, and even the stout tower trembled at its fury. The little sitting room grew strangely chill and desolate.

Walter tried to read, but the words of the book he opened conveved no meaning to his mind. He tried to work upon a boat model which he was designing, but soon gave up the attempt. Ever before his mental vision rose a picture of the lonely Oak Woods road, with an exhausted horse vainly struggling to pull through the drifted snow. The lad knew his uncle's strong sense of duty. He knew that John Churchill had not remained away from the lighthouse willingly. Never before had the keeper been absent from his post over night.

During all this time the pain in Walter's knee continued. He could never afterward tell just how he managed to carry the lamps up and down through the seemingly endless night. Every trip to the lantern tried his courage to the utmost. After each one he thought he could never make another, yet when the time came, the trip was made.

At about half-past five the wind abated and the snow ceased falling. It seemed to Walter that daylight would never come. That terrible drowsiness that creeps over night watchers just before dawn threatened to overpower him. He fought against it desperately till, at last, the eastern horizon showed its first faint flush of a new day and year.

Walter was fairly benumbed with pain and fatigue when the hour that ended the vigil arrived. He extinguished the lamp, descended to the sitting room and sank upon the couch. He endeavored to keep awake, but he was too thoroughly exhausted, both mentally and physically, to do so, and fell into a heavy slumber.

He was awakened by the touch of Milo's warm little tongue upon his face, and started up with a confused sense of having slept at his post. The sun was shining brightly, and the sound of human voices came faintly to his ears. Milo ran to the door mewing joyfully. Walter uttered an exclamation of relief. Men with teams of oxen were breaking out the road.

Nearer and nearer came the voices, and presently, teams and men appeared in sight. Walter's heart gave a joyous leap, for, among the latter, he recognized his uncle.

John Churchill was not long in breaking a pathway to the lighthouse door. When he found himself confronted by Walter's pallid face, he started back in dismay.

"My dear boy!" said the lighthouse keeper, "what has happened?"

Walter briefly related his adventures of the previous night.

As he told the story he was surprised to see the tears roll down his uncle's cheeks.

"Don't feel so badly, Uncle John," Walter said deeply touched. "I got along pretty well, after all."

"My brave boy!" the lighthouse keeper repeated over and over. "My brave loyal boy!"

"I only did my duty," the lad said, simply. "But where were you all night, and how is Aunt Emily?"

"I believe that your aunt will recover," Mr. Churchill replied. "The fever has turned, and I left her in a very comfortable condition. As for myself, I was snow-bound halfway between Oak Woods and Consumsit Port. Nelly cast a shoe after I started for home, and I was delayed a long time at the blacksmith's. When, at last, I got started, the storm came on so rapidly that the roads were soon impassable. Nelly's strength gave out, and finally I took shelter with a farmer who very kindly offered me lodging for the night. But you, Walter, suppose you had been unable to keep the ligth burning! What a terrible disaster it would have been!"

"A disaster!" Walter repeated. "Why uncle, was any ships near the Ferry last night?"

"Yes, my boy," Mr. Churchill answered, "the Ocean Queen, which has been overdue so long, came safely into Consumsit Port at two o'clock this morning, thanks to the friendly beams of the Ferry Light, which saved her from going on the rocks on the Aquidsick shore."

"Oh, thank God that I was able to do my duty!" Walter cried, fervently.

"And that was not all," his uncle continued. "On board the Queen was a man who was wrecked in the Indian Ocean three years ago, and who had been for a long time going about from port to port, unable to give account of himself owing to the fact that his brain had been affected by injuries sustained at the time of the shipwreck. Restored to reason at last by the skill of an English surgeon stationed at Hongkong, he took passage on the Queen—"

But John Churchill got no farther in his narrative for Walter uttered a cry.

"Father! Oh, Uncle John, that man is father!"

"Yes my boy," his uncle replied, "he is indeed your father. And to your courage and faithfulness he owes his life."

"But where is he now?" Walter questioned, anxiously.

"He is resting quietly at the hotel at Consumsit Port," John Churchill answered. "I thought it best to prepare you for the meeting before bringing him here. I myself was almost prostrated when, upon arriving at Consumsit, this morning, I heard that he was alive and near us, once more. But we must have a doctor even before your father."

One of the road breakers was hastily dispatched for a physician, but, ere the doctor arrived, the lost father appeared at the lighthouse.

No words can describe the joy of that meeting. And when Henry Churchill learned the story of Walter's painful night vigil. he felt that God had indeed blessed him in giving him such a son.

The phyisician soon made his appearence and pronounced Walter's knee badly sprained although not seriously injured.

So it was a very happy party which gathered to partake of the New Year's dinner that Uncle John insisted upon preparing.

"There never was such a beautiful New Year's day before!" Walter cried, as the sunlight filled the little sitting room with golden radiance.

"There never was such a beautiful New Year's Day before!" his father and uncle echoed.

"Three cheers for the Ferry Light!" Walter cried.

And the cheers were given with a will.

—The Boy's World.

The world is a comedy to those that think, a tragedy to those who feel.—Walpole.

State Flowers.

By A. W. Dougherty.

Many States have, either by their legislatures or by a vote of the school children in the public schools, adopted certain native flowering shrubs, indigenous plants or blossoms, as their State flowers. The selection in most instances seems to have been brought about by the voice of the public school scholars of the respective States, for the particular flowers favored for adoption by the numerous pupils in each commonwealth appear to have been generally accepted.

The State of Alabama selected for its emblematic flower the well-known and widely disseminated goldenrod.

Arkansas has adopted the apple blossom for a floral emblem.

Arizona regards the saguaro, or giant cactus, a native columnar species that attains a height of fifty feet or more, and thrives on the stony mesas and low hills, as being its most appropriate State emblem.

About ten years ago the legislature of California chose the eschscholtzia, or native golden poppy, a rare flower that confines itself to a limited range on the Pacific coast, as a fitting floral emblem for the Golden State.

Colorado adopted the columbine, a favorite yellow-and-white garden flower, whose fragrant blossoms are eagerly sought by bees and humming birds. Its name was given from the fancied resemb'ance of its petals and sharp, beak-like sepals to the heads of so many diminutive pigeons collected around the rim of a deep dish.

Connecticut chose for its symbol floral figure the mountain laurel, the emblem of glory, an evergreen shrub that grows from ten to twenty feet high, is eternally clothed with a profusion of shining leaves, and in May and June of each year produces an abundance of showy, rose-pink flowers.

Delaware has selected the peach bloom, and the District of Columbia the nasturtium, while sunny Florida prefers its own glorious and fragrant orange blossoms as suitable floral emblems.

Georgia claims the Cherokee rose—a white, climbing species—for a State flower, while Idaho prefers a sweet flowering shrub known as the syringa, as a proper type for its floral emblem.

Illinois long ago adopted the native violet, the symbol of modesty—and the flower of special significance to the ancient Athenians—as its State emblem.

Indiana selected the pink carnation; Iowa the wild rose, and Kansas the sunflower, while Kentucky could not overlook the well-known native "blue grass" as being botanically its most appropriate State emblem.

Louisana clings to her sweet-scented magnolia; Maine to the native pine cone and tassel, while Maryland has chosen for a floral emblem the black-eyed Susan, whose orange-yellow blooms are in evidence each season from May to September.

Michigan is content with the plain apple blosom for a State flower; Mississippi with the magnolia; but Minnesota prefers the moccasin with its delicate pink and yellow June blossoms that nod from slender stems peeping up among the rocks and sandy woodlands.

Montana has chosen the bitter root, a perennial herb which, in the summer season, produces beautiful pink, bell-shaped blossoms.

Nebraska is another western State that has selected the old-fashioned border plant, the goldenrod, while Nevada adopted its native shrub, the familiar sage-brush, a bushy plant with a hoary, sagelike aspect that grows wild on all the unimproved lands in the State.

New Mexico chooses the native cactus, a prickly plant that flourishes on all of the new State's broad plains.

New York, the Empire State, has adopted as its floral emblem the rose, the symbol of love and beauty, and the long recognized national flower of England.

North Carolina selected the goldenrod; North Dakota prefers the wild rose; Ohio the scarlet carnation; Oklahoma the mistletoe, while the State of Oregon adopted a native grape for an emblem.

Rhode Island adopted the violet, the emblem of modesty; South Dakota anemone patens, and Texas the blue-bonnet, the little flower with funnel-shape florets arranged in a bottlelike whorl, that grows on a low ornamental plant.

The State flower of Utah is the Sego lily, a very showy flower, the emblem of purity. It is said that the root of this little flowering plant largely sustained the pioneers once during a famine, when they were compelled to use it as food. Hence the school children of the State, out of gratitude, adopted it as a floral emblem about ten years ago.

Vermont adopted the common red clover.

Both Washington and West Virginia have selected the rhododendron as a floral emblem, a handsome shrub that, in June and July, bears clusters of conelike flowers of a rose-pink hue, which eventually mature into little woody seed-pods.

Wisconsin adopted the sweet violet, and Wyoming the blue-fringed gentian, which bears its flowers in autumn.

The territory of Alaska has selected the forget-me-not, the symbol of true love. The sky-blue and white forget-me-nots, with yellow eyes, that grow so thickly on slender and low branching stems, have connected with them a popular legend which relates that a certain ardent admirer, in the long ago, while endeavoring to secure some of these blue and white blossoms one day for his sweetheart, accidently pitched headlong into a deep pool. Finding himself going down he tossed a small bunch of the fragrant blossoms to the bank and called out, as he sank forever from her sight, "Forget-me-not."

The people of the United States seem never to have unanimously agreed upon a national flower, but in the popular opinion on the subject the goldenrod appears to lead in the contest. This tall plant, with its spires of golden-yellow flowers, is to be seen in autumn along the roadsides, on mountain slopes and on the gravely banks of many streams. It is frequently found along the margin of the sea, or scattered over the broad western prairies, and even growing high up on northern mountain sides, where it flourishes from August to November, its slender seems gracefully swaying to and fro with each gentle zephyr, presenting a brilliant picture glorious with gold and crimson. In many portions of our broad land these small, bright-yellow, clustered heads of lustrous blossoms appear to literally transform wide areas into "fields of the cloth-of-gold."

And growing wild, as it does in practically all the States, it would seem that the lovely goldenrod presents a just claim to be generally recognized as our national floral emblem.

There are said to be about eighty-five species of this flowering plant, of which, all save about half a dozen, belong in North America. On this account, as well as on account of its rare peauty, it has more than once been proposed to adopt the golden-

rod for our national flower. Whether it will be chosen remains to be seen.

Why Say It?

Up there in the blue sky there is a winged thing, a mere speck, moving across great reaches of space. The man walking in the field glances up at it, stares a moment, and walks on again.

Suddenly he drops dead. He has heard nothing,seen nothing near him that could cause his death. But he is quite dead. And the winged thing above him slides away across the blue. From it had fallen a steel dart only a few inches long, and that dart had found its mark—that was all.

You say, "Oh yes, the war in Europe—an awful business." And you are quite right, you clear-thinking, well informed hoy with your eyes wide open to what is going on. But look at another scene, please.

Here is a school yard. Over in this corner, four or five boys are talking excitedly. Another fellow has just gone out of the yard through the gate yonder.

If you could get a look at his face, you wouldn't be glad to see the expression there. He is in misery. You can tell that at a glance. Something has struck him, not a fist or a club, but something harder to stand. For over in the corner, the fellows had just been "frankly" telling him what they thought of him, and their thoughts were, to say the least, not encouraging. He was a very decent and clean fellow, too. But somehow he did not understand just how to get on with the others, and they had been taking a good crack at him. It was all new to the boy himself. He did not know the fellows felt just that way toward him. And now he was going home to brood over their "frankness." It would do him good, they said, to know how much of a chump he was. It made him wish he would not need to go back to that school. It was like a dart from the sky, straight through head and body. And the boys over in the corner thought they had done a great thing.

Now what is there so great about either dropping a steel dart on a man in a field, or drooping a handful of word darts from your superior height upon a schoolmate? The latter practice is very popular sport among some fellows, but is it the right thing and the manly thing to do? Most of us need a good friendly slap on the back more than we need a blow on the skull. We respond better to encouragement than we do to a knock-down, unexpected blow. And yet some fellows, seem to think that the dart cutting criticism, after it has gone through another fellow like a bolt from the sky, should cause the smitten victim to be a better companion afterwards.

But it dosen't work that way. A certain group of young people engaged in a good work fell into the habit of criticising each other in fun—"knocking," they called it. Soon they became a little to much in earnest, until the work was in danger of ruin. They saw the danger in time, stopped their "knocking," and had sense enough to go on without it.

Some one may have decieved you into thinking that it is a very brave and fine thing to hit a fellow an awful blow with a sharp criticism. But how long could we stand up against that sort of thing? When you are moved to let fly something of that kind, quietely ask yourself: "Why say this? Will it really help? Is it Christlike to say the words?" Is it likely that you will then think of a better way, a way as different from the quick, keen, cutting way, as a handgrip is from a dart thrust.—Ex.

Teach Boys To Work.

The boy who is allowed to reach twelve years of age without doing a lot of honest work other than mere school work, won't, as a rule, do much good in life. A mother cannot begin too early in teaching the lesson that work is one of the chief ends of life, yet countless mothers are shocked at the very idea. These mothers are bringing up their boys in idle and lazy habits, and most undoubtedly such training tell in after life.

It may be asked: What does one mean by work? Anything that calls forth muscular application, coupled with a trifle of mental effort—knife cleaning or spoon cleaning, or boot blacking, and a hundred other small things. We have actually seen a delicate, tired looking mother remove the boots from the feet of a burly, healthy, strong, twelve-year-old boy who had just come in after romping about in the mud. After removing the boots she carefully scraped the mud off, wiped the leather with a cloth, and set them aside before she polished them. Meanwhile the boy was playing on the floor with a half a dozen marbles. The mother was teaching a fearful lesson in more ways that one. She was teaching the boy to be lazy and idle; she was training him to lean on others rather than depend on himself; and she was killing his respect for womankind by allowing him to understand that all the dirty work of a home should fall on a woman's shoulders.

It may be asked: What sort of strong boy will stand by and see all this happen without offering to lend a hand? If you ask that you don't know boys. A boy will naturally shirk work if permitted to do so: very few boys of their own initiative will tackle work unless set to do it. The desire and inclination to work are not born; they have to be taught just as if the A-B-C. We take it that the successful men of the world are those whose mothers taught them to work and the failures in life are those whose mothers blackened their boots for them as children.

Teach a boy that to work hard should be his greatest object. You thus prepare him for the battle of life, and send him out into the world well armed to join the fray in which the weaker invarily go to the wall. It is not harsh to set a boy to perform little tasks after school hours—not too many of them; nor yet too hard ones, but just sufficient to let him understand that he must fill a useful place in the world, and by his own exertions to do all he can to further the happiness and comfort of those around him. Make him bring coal or wood, or an hour in the garden—never let him be actually idle, for thus you create the loafer. Don't imagine you will kill your precious ones—boys can stand a lot of that form of killing!—Ex.

Being Good.

Mrs. Carnes had a new maid, and while she went on a day's motor trip she ventured to leave the children in charge of the girl.

"Well, Annie" asked the mistress on her return, "how did the children behave during my absence? Nicely, I hope."

"Nicely, indade, mum," replied the girl: "but at the end they fought terribly, mum."

"Fought!" exclaimed Mrs. Carnes "Why, Annie, why did they fight?"

"To decide, mum," said Annie, "which was behain' th' best."

Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrities may be the worst, the cant of critisicm is the most tormenting!—Sterne.

It matters not how a man dies, but how he lives.—Johnson.

WHERE THEY TEACH THE WORLD IS FLAT.

By Homer Croy.

Down Booksellers' Lane in Cairo is the biggest and oldest university in the world, El Azhar—pronounced Lazhar—where the Mohammedan world goes to school.

Harvard is but a district school in comparison to El Azhar, which proudly points to twenty thousand students and nine hundred and forty-one years of history. From all corners of the world they come, the students from each country living in a seperate alcove.

The student at El Azhar sits on the floor, studies on the floor, recites on the floor. After he has recited his lesson and eaten his heavy bread, he streatches out and goes to sleep, students and cats picking their way over him, careful not to step on his face, but not so painstaking about fingers and toes.

It is the dream of every Egyptian youth that some day he may get to El Azhar. The fact that otherwise he will have to endure military duty accounts to the critical for his eagerness to be enrolled as a student in the deadest university in the world.

So much is military service loathed by the Egyptian, who by no leap of the imagination could be called a born fighter, that college is particularly attractive to him.

The Egyptian law is that a young man cannot be drafted if he has defective sight, so many a mother puts out one of her child's eyes that the law may be inoperative against her son. Like every law made by man, there is some way of getting around it.

At every pillar a professor holds forth. The floor is his class-room. Reclining on his elbow, he conducts his class without a book, for it would be a disgrace to have to resort to a book. He is supposed to know all there is to know in any book.

The salary of a professor consists of a hundred loaves of bread a week. The hundred loaves being more than he can possibly consume, many of them find their way into the nearby bread shops and a corresponding numbers of piasters into his turban. Even though they get no real pay, they do not suffer, for, besides officiating at marriages and funerals, they tutor, going to private homes to teach the Koran to wealthy Mohammedans

When a student enters the geography class he is given his choice of two courses he may pursue as to the shape of the world. One teaches that the world is round and revolves on an axis; the other teaches that the world is flat and that the sun revolves around it. Only a few upstarts take former; the great horde takes the flat course.

When I expressed an excusable doubt to an effendi—a young Egyptian student—that the world was flat he flew indignantly to Mohammedan standard.

"I will prove to you that the world is flat and does not move. Now you say the world turns around once in twenty-four hours. If it does this it makes it move eighteen miles a second. Now I ask you if a mother bird go up in the air for two seconds when she came back to her nest shall it be 36 miles from her? I ask you that—is it not true?"

Sports are unknown. The only sport in which the students display any marked interest is sleeping. They are always ready to indulge in this sport.

El Azhar is a hulk of bones. Nothing it teaches does its students a hand's turn of good. But their faith in Islam is strengthened into an enormous fanaticism. No one can estimate the force that emanates from El Azhar each year in its volunteer missionaries. No one sends them. They go, to proclaim Allah and his prophet to the world. They support themselves by trade—"trading missionaries," they are called—and everywhere that Mohammedenism can find a hopeful spot for converts, they plant the seed. Their enthusiasm and vigor are of such power that Christian missions dare not let down their efforts for an instant.

Moslem missionary work is most successfully active among pagans. The minute the local god has been proven powerless by some conquering act of a white government, for instant, in steps the Moslem missionary and teaches a pleasant fatalism, a single god, instead of several thousand demons—a beautiful paradise to be attained by perfectly comprehensible acts. And with the Christain missionary comes the tribe is already secure in its new faith.

There are now eighteen thousand students in Christain schools in Moslem territory. But there must be many, many more before the work of El Azhar can be effectually counteracted. Odd—the deadest university in the world serving as the most lively obstacle to American education abroad! And yet that's the way with the debris of past generations. It keeps bobbing up, like the wreckage of sunken galleons, and gets in the path of to-day's ocean liners.

—The World Outlook.

The Laborer.

A bricklayer in a sewer or tunnel can earn from ten to eleven dollars a day. One on a building may earn from four to six dollars per day. A bank clerk earns from forty to seventy-five dollars a month; a railway engineer from $125 to $225 a month.

For each special occupation of work there is a particular scale of wage, and it is based to a large extent on the capacity, the ability, of the laborer to perform the duties assigned to him. The greater care he takes with his work, the more faithful he is to his duty, the greater his certainty of being well paid for whatever he doos.

The President of the United States, in the broad sense of the word, is a laborer. His salary originally was very small, but it is now seventy-five thousand dollars a year. As the office grew in importance and the work connected with it doubled and trebled, Congress justly saw fit to raise the President's income and thereby recognize his worth if he performed his duties well, according to the law and the moral code.

No human being who is of any value to life and humanity is less than a laborer in a common vineyard. He has two kinds of wages to earn; those represented by money with which to materially sustain himself, and those represented through the value of his character, what the people with whom he associates think of him.

High as is the salary of the President, it is not to be compared with the worth of the income of him who, each day, at the end of his labors, has increased the respect other people feel for his character. Such wage is earned only through positive square dealing with all human beings, by giving justice and asking justice in all transactions.

The old saying is that the laborer is worthy of his hire. He is, just so far as he does his full duty to his comrades and friends, to the stranger. He can earn full wages only by remembering this every day of his life.—The Boys' World.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know no way of judging the future but by the past.

—Patric Henry.

The Boy and His Job.

If you work for a railroad, act as if whatever causes loss to the road causes loss to you. Be as careful of its property as if you owned it.

If you are employed on a farm, take as much interest in anything that pertains to it as if it was your farm. Pick up a stray board, stop a leak, and look after everything that falls to your notice, just as the farmer himself would do.

If you are a clerk in a store, get the thought in yonr mind that it is your store, and be as anxious as the proprieter to keep things neat, to attract customers, and to avoid losses.

When you work for a man, you do not work for wages. If your eye is only on your pay you are a second class worker. You will certainly slight your work and your employer will get rid of you as soon as he can.

You have something better than wages to work for, always; it is yourself, for your future.

You owe it to your best self to be loyal, to give the best that is in you. You are in a way a partner in the concern.

If your employer is a selfish and person, and takes advantage of you, overworks you, does not appreciate what you do, complains and never says an encouraging word, right there is where you are to show the stuff you are made of. Stick to your principle. Don't be like him. Keep on doing the best you can for him. When you cannot stand it any longer—quit. But never take a man's money and slight his work.

If you persist in this way you are bound, sooner or later, to become known as a valuable man. Your services will be in demand.

While you take active concern in your employer's affairs, dont be officious. Remember that every business is in a way a military affair. Some one head has to run it. The rest to obey orders. Your responsibility lies in doing what you are told. If you think your orders are not wise, obey anyhow; the responsibility for them is not on your shoulders.

Get the habit of listening attentively to what your employer commands. Don't take things for granted. Have things made plain. Find out exactly what he wants, and do it.

Never bungle a job. What you do, do well. If you have to curry a horse, curry it clean. If you are to sweep the store, make it as tidy as a particular woman's parlor If. you are to tie bundles, learn to make them look as though they had been done by machinery. If your work is to black shoes, black the heels. Nobody wants a boy who is habitually negilent, slip-shod and careless in his work.

Be punctual. Be just a little better than punctual. Never let a human being wait on you. If you are to be at the office at 7 sharp, be there at a quarter to 7. Start always sooner than it is necessary and allow time for mishaps.

This is a matter of habit. I have traveled thousands of miles in all countries and I never missed but one train in my life.

If you have any business to do at your leisure, that is at any time you choose, do that business the first thing, just as soon as you can get to it, and play afterward. Always get business done and out of the way before you begin to amuse yourself.

Be Polite! There is no one little trick that will help you make more than getting the habit of being polite.

Whenever you meet a woman you know take off your hat, whether it be the boss's wife or a washwoman.

Whenever a woman enters the room where you are get up from your chair, whether it is a typewriting girl or a princess.

Whenever you sell anybody anything, if it is only a 1 cent paper, say, "I thank you." Don't say, "thank you."

When you do not understand what is said to you, do not say "How?" or "What?" Say "I beg your pardon?" Some folks may poke vulgar fun at you, but you stick to being polite and some day you will be hiring the vulgar fun-makers and discharging them.

The most offensive thing about Americans is their gruffness and lack of courtesy. Clerks, conductors, ticket agents and messenger boys seem to think it "smart" to be short and sharp. There never was a greater mistake.

The manager of the United Cigar Stores which are all over the country, instructs his salesmen to say "I thank you" to every one who makes a purchase.—Dr. Frank Crane.

My Mother---a Prayer.

"For the body you gave me, the bone and the sinew, the heart and the brains that are yours, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the light in my eyes, the blood in my veins, for my speech, for my life, for my being. All that I am is from you who bore me.

"From all the love that you gave me, unmeasured from the beginning, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the hand that you led me, the voice that directed me, the breast that nestled me, the arm that shielded me, the lap that rested me. All that I am is by you who nursed me.

"For your smile in the morning and yonr kiss at night, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for the tears you shed over me, the songs to me, the prayers you said for me, for your vigils and ministerings. All that I am is by you who reared me.

"For the faith you had in me, the hope you had for me, for your trust and your pride, my mother, I thank you. I thank you for your praise and your chiding, for the justice you bred into me, and the honor you made me. All that I am you taught me.

"For the sore travail I caused you, for the visions of despairs, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the peril I brought you to, the sobs and the moans I wrung from you, and for the strength I took from you, mother, forgive me.

"For the tears I gave you, for the alarms and the dread, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me the joys I deprive you, the toils I made for you, for the hours, the days, and the years I claimed from you, mother, forgive me.

"For the times I hurt you, the times I had no smile for you, the caresses I did not give you, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me for my angers and revolts, for my deceits and evasions, for all the pangs and sorrows I brought to you, mother, forgive me.

"For your lessons I did not learn, for your wishes I did not heed, for the counsels I did not obey, my mother, forgive me. Forgive me my pride in my youth and my glory in my strength that forgot the holiness in your years and the veneration of your weakness, for my neglect, for my selfishnes, for all the great debts of your love that I have not paid, my mother, sweet mother, forgive me.

"And may the peace and the joy that passeth all understanding be yours, my mother, forever and ever. Amen.—TOM DILLON.

Touch us gentle Time!
Let us glide along thy stream
Gently---as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
---Barry Cornwall.

Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt
0364

THE UPLIFT

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We Have Our Choice.

It is told of two buckets in an old well sweep, that one found cause for complaint because, no matter how full it came up, it always went down empty. The other found cause for rejoicing because, no matter how empty it went down, it always came up full of clear, sparkling water.

"Oh, it's coming spring. Summer will soon be here!" exclaimed a young woman on a warm, thawy day in March. "Yes, but after that it will be fall and winter again," wailed another.

"I do so hate the sight of these rickety old fences," said one out on a drive. Said another, "Just see the roses clambering over them and filling the air with their spicy perfume, and the ivy, that will glow with crimson later!"

One who is determined to do so can always find something to complain about. One who is determind to be cheerful can always find something to delight in. We may have a life glittering with gems of cheering thoughts and beautiful sights if we will; it is ours for the taking.

---Selected.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Does anyone want the position now held by Vice-President Marshall?

Material is being assembled for the fourth cottage at the Jackson Training School. Operations will be begun when the weather opens. This will provide room and accommodation for thirty more boys.

President Wilson's selection to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Court, by the death of JusticeLamar, makes many folks sit up and take notice. After all he may be the man to be loved by the public for the enemies he has made.

Eighteen hundred delegates attended the Laymen's meeting in Greensboro. These meetings are coming to attract no little attention, and good must follow. They are misnomers, however, for they are generally run by preachers. But, no harm.

It is rumored that Raleigh's hotel facilities are to be doubled. The hotel proposition in Raleigh is a hard one---a double capacity at times would not solve the problem; and two-thirds of the time during the year, Raleigh does not need half the hotel facilities she now enjoys.

London is a mighty poor correspondent---she is not in a class with Berlin. Uncle Sam can write a note to Berlin, and in a few days the public press begins to forecast the answer. The notes to England seem to have been thrown into the waste-baskets. If this country had a navy equal to the demands, the Lion might be more respectful; at least London might be respectful enough to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Secretary Lansing's letters.

Even the Alderman of Charlotte have to contend with the hog. An effort is making for the removal of his hogship from the city limits. The fact that so fine a city as Charlotte should permit the keeping of hogs within the corporate limits, leads one to wonder if yet the cows roam the streets of Roanoke, Virginia. Not many years ago, just about sun-down you could see many a cow being milked right on the streets.

Secretary of War Garrison, of President Wilson's official family, has retired from the exalted position. Again, the old saying is given a black eye, that few die and none resign. The Secretary saw his proposition for the increase of the United States army was not only very unpopular but doomed to defeat, and he quietly stepped down and out. This move seems to have resulted in a great relief. To the credit of Mr. Garrison, however, be it said that he is not trying to play the martyr act.

A Thought For the Week.

What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes by is the love and peace and tenderess of it; not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowledge, grand as knowledge is, but just the laughter of little children and the friendship of friends and the cozy talk by the fireside and and the sight of flowers and the sound of music ---John Richard Green.

Let us hope that since that cussing old sinner has left the Soldier's Home at Raleigh. affairs will run more smoothly. The position taken by Governor Craig in his insistance that the old soldier receive a square deal, because the state is paying for it, meets with a hearty amend throughout the state. It must be a hard task to keep such an institution in a manner as all would have it. Many of the inmates are feeble, some of them very childish and all of a different temperament---it is a job, but it is a glorious cause.

And dear old friend Bob Deal, of Wilkesboro, has crossed the river. Before his health gave way, he did fine service in Wilkes county as editor of a weekly paper. In him there were the elements of the true man and friend; and his cherfulness, kind heartiness and his great humor made him a delightful companion. He fought a determined fight for years against that terrible wasting desease, having spent considerable time at Montrose, which doubtless prolonged his life, but the dear fellow was at last overcome. Peace to his ashes.

This basket-ball business ought to be eliminated from the curriculum of Colleges and Schools if it cannot be confined to one's own grounds. There can possibly come no good from intercollegiate contests. Happily, the ugly reports that came out from Durham relative to some alledged conduct between two rival Basketites turn out to have been exaggerated; and possibly the greatest offense was that committed by the reporter---making a mountain out of a molehill in the affairs of boys is unpardonable, especially when it involves the good name of splendid institutions.

Just think of the hope and faith of those folks: the Guilford county authorities are arranging to build between Greensboro and High Point (16 miles) a concrete asphalt road at a cost of twelve thousand dollars per mile. Hope it will not be like a certain street in a certain town, which received all the taxes during one administration to construct it to the absolute neglect of more largely used thoroughfares and now the city fathers are to entirely rebuild that street with sheet asphalt.

The average town administration acts with no more sense of equity than a block of wood--might does not make right.

Austin Dunston, for forty years a porter in the executive office at Raleigh, N. C., is dead. He was genuinely black, but his heart was pure gold. This writer has heard the late Govenor Jarvis say that he had no valuables that he would be afraid to trust to the care of this faithful and polite negro. It is right and proper that Governor Craig, Secretary of State Grimes and Treasurer Lacy and others of the state administration permitted nothing to deprive them, in this sad hour in the family of Dunston, of the privilege of showing the great respect and appreciation they entertained for this faithful and gentlemanly negro. His life is an object lesson to his race and a pleasure to the whites.

A CODE OF MANNERS.

They have commenced to discuss ethics in moving picture shows. It is agreed, to start with, that a wet dog has no business at a moving picture show. There seems to be no toleration for the smart Alex, who, if he reads at all, must read aloud the words on the canvass. And if some woman runs away with a married man; or a married woman elopes with a newly arrived dude in the community; or some dare-devil girl dons male attire to deceive parents; or a burgler takes his life into his hands to effect his escape—all of these things pulled off, embellished and magnified and hair-lifting—it is regarded the height of bad manners to give utterance to a feeling of excitement or to make applause. To avoid the appearance of a "greenie" when attending a movie, it will be well that you act as if in the presence of a corpse.

HENRY GILLIAM.

Henry Gilliam, in the General Assemblies of 1913 and 1915 State Senator from the county of Edgecombe, has left us. He died in a hospital in Baltimore, where he had gone for treatment. He was a man of positive convictions; he was fearless in his stand for those things that he thought right and wise; he was intense in his friendships; he was a brilliant and successful lawyer; he felt deeply for the unfortunate among us---tolerant of people's weaknesses and sympathetic for the suffering.

Senator Gilliam was yet a young man, but death is no respector of persons or age. Those, who stood for a cause, who had the faith to make sacrifices that causes might prosper, and those who had well-defined aims to reach a much desired result that meant an impartial good and benefit, could always depend upon Senator Henry Gilliam. He will be greatly missed.

THE SOUTH'S AWAKENING.

Dr. Archibald Henderson, in Address at Tulane University, June 1, 1915.

To-day, as we stand upon the threshold of a new era, there must come to all of us a sense of joyous elation, a leaping of the blood, that is given to us to live in such a country. While our sister republic of Mexico is racked with the dire dissensions of civil strife; while Europe is a cosmic holocaust of flame and blood and steel---America stands firm for civilization and for humanity. Supreme engineering genius has cleft in twain giant Culebra and recalcitrant Panama; and to-day the lock gates at Gatun, Pedro Miguel and Miraflores hospitably fling wide the giant portals of the isthmus to the argosies of commerce, to the trade of the South, the nation, and the world.

The South is America's present land of promise. Here upon our own soil will be undertaken the next supreme experiment in the life of the nation. This will be the scene in the next great act in the American drama of industrial expansion. In the release of these vast, long pent-up forces---the educational crusade, the resumption of national control, the opening of the great canal, the movement of prosperity Southward---we may discern the promise of a great cultural awakening. A new-self-consciousness in art and letters in the South is to-day the hope and the promise of Southern life.---

We in the South have overcome obstacles opposed to material subsistence; we have established the regime of a national democracy; we have formulated and are striving to realize the millennial dream of universal education. We have passed strenuously into the iron age of economic prosperity, idealistically into the silver age of educational optimism. We stand to-day knocking at the portals of the golden age of culture. In our time we have seen the ideals of our civilization shift from symbol to symbol. The symbols of the first era were the bench, the bar, and the manor. The symbols of the ante-bellum era were the rostrum and the forum. The sombols of the recent era have been the furnace and the factory, the school house and the academy. Shall not the symbols of the new era be the shrines of culture, of literature, and of art?

AGRICULTURE AND STOCK.

In this number of THE UPLIFT we have attempted to catch the step with all agencies now active in making agriculture and the side-lines more profitable and attractive. For years, at certain periods, the question of deep plowing is discussed, but not enough people at any one time have been aroused to make it a genuine campaign, like they do road movements &c. In keeping with this purpose, we have devoted considerable space to the subject of sub-soiling and made reference to a new tool on the market that brings sub-soiling into the reach of the average farm.

That picture on page four is a pretty hoggish affair. That picture was taken in North Carolina, too. It shows a herd of 1100 hogs, raised on one farm belonging to Mr. George A. Holderness, a prominent banker and a live business man of Tarboro, N. C. Mr. Holderness convinced himself of the wisdom of feeding his own soy beans, peavines, alfalfa, peanuts, clovers and corn into stock of his own; and to make it a business propersition, he associated with him Prof. Shook, an expert stockman with special training in the theories pertaining thereto, and the result has been satisfactory and profitable.

Mr. Holderness and his associate were at the stock meeting at Salisbury this month, and to have seen Mr. Holderness' deep interest in every subject that pertained to stock was an explanation of his great suc-

cess. The point in this connection is: if all this can be accomplished in a territory below the Fall Line, what can be done in the Piedmont section where grass is at home?

"A FINE AND WONDERFUL THING."

Elsewhere in this issue of The Uplift we reproduce some delightful reading taken from the Greensboro News. The article in question is under the head of "Ledford Hall, Champion." By the way, the man that does the writing on that page is wonderful and brilliant---wonderful, for he has speaking acquaintance with about every subject that bobs up day after day---brilliant, because there is a charm in the manner in which he expresses his views. The editorial page of the Greensboro News, whether you agree all the time with its views and positions on various matters, is a most readable daily contribution that entertains, charms and keeps you hopping, skipping and jumping.

There is always something of more than passing interest on that page, whether it be about the "glorious girls" or the Wayne County lynching or a serious analysis of the corn-growing subject that is uppermost in the minds of normal people, especially as we approach the time of the return of the dog-wood blossoms (a proper time for corn planting, with a safe and sound hope of security, and an eye also on the moon).

In reviewing methods and efforts toward the economical treatment of the soil to fetch the greatest yield of corn, and in the very same article accusing a thirteen-year old boy with the production of 142 bushels of corn on one acre, the editor gives vent to his appreciation and satisfaction: "An acre of ground that has been fattened until it will produce in the neighborhood of 200 bushels of corn is a fine and wonderful thing." That qualifying word "neighborhood" is a precions safety valve. One hundred and forty-two bushels may be regarded as in the "neighborhood"---a possible thing, for nature has written that amount of corn as a possibility for one acre; but never two hunderd bushels. That is beyond the power of any acre of ground, regardless of how much it has been heretofore, now or hereafter "fattened" or, if you please, "sweeetened," as the clover devotees express it.

It is a somewhat risky business to fly in the face of less than a half a dozen folks who have permitted the statement to go forth that they raised 200 bushels of corn or more on one acre of ground; but we make bold, conscious of the support of the balance of the world, who know the possibilities of corn and an acre of ground, to express lament that no man, living or dead, hath seen what the Greensboro News terms "a fine and wonderful thing."

The farming editor of this paper carries around with him a beautiful mental picture of the corn on a certain acre of ground, good by nature, "fattened" by the soil of rich hickory lands from surrounding hills, together with hundreds of loads of leaves (humus) deposited and rotted in the soil, with a cultivation that equalled a well regulated garden, season practically perfect, prettiest picture in green all the while eyes ever saw, seeded with Noah Biggs brag prolific corn, signed up in the name of one of your 13 year old boys, but all the brains and most of the work done by his daddy---it stood so thick that one could with difficulty pick a place that really afforded room for another stalk without scrouging, no stalk with less than two ears and many with four and some even with five and six ears. Harvest time came; the County Supt. of School came along, the corn was shucked; the ears (corn on cob) were weighed, and, counting 70 pounds to the bushel, that acre of ground produced, officially and by weight, One Hundred and Five Bushels (105). Where and how to change that picture of the prettiest acre of corn our agricultural editor ever saw grow so as to provide for the extra 95 bushels, to get into the class of the two hunders, is a problem for an agricultural artist yet unborn.

It's a fine thing to get the boys aroused on corn-growing, for it is worth while; but when measuring time comes it is better to stay close to shore. When 150 bushels to the acre have been produced, go slow and easy---avoid too much straining; for the glory of the boy, the reputation of the daddy, and the welfare of the acre itself are about to be involved.

The Business Man's Answer.

"To what do you largely attribute your success in business?" asked a young man, addressing a well-known business man, one who had amassed a considerable fortune.

"To giving a billiard table a wide berth," replied the business man promptly.

"I will explain," continued the business man, noting the puzzled look on the face of the young man. "When I was your age, I played a fair game of billiards. I liked the game. Finally I reached the point where I actually preferred to play rather than eat. Many a day I went without my dinner so as to play a game during the noon hour. Most of my evenings were spent over a billiard table.

"One day there was a young fellow in the office who, though he had been there but a comparatively short time, was advanced over my head. I thought the matter over. At last the truth dawned upon me—that young fellow had been devoting more time and energy to the firm's interests than I had. True, I had worked the alloted number of hours, but there were times when additional work was really necessary. I had held down my job, but the fact stared me in the face that my job hadn't lifted me up.

"That day I saw just what the game of billiards was doing for me; it was usurping energy that belonged to my business. I made up my mind then and there to drop the game. It was getting the best of me and my business, too. That was more than forty years ago, and I have not had a billiard cue in my hands since."

The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.
---Carlyle.

A Scene on Cotton Valley Farm, Near Tarboro, N. C., Showing 1100 Hogs.

HOG RAISING.

Mr. George A. Holderness, a prominent banker and business man of Tarboro, N. C., owns some splendid farming properties in Edgecombe county. He is not opposed to cotton culture, but he does believe that the salvation of the agricultural interest of the state demands a greater attention toward the keeping of cattle, hogs and sheep.

To carry out his determination, brave enough to put to a test his theories, he associated with him Mr. L. W. Shook, a man having a scientific training in Agriculture and stock raising, and in a very short period they have demonstrated the soundness and wisdom of the theories to which Mr. Holderness had set himself.

At the live-stock meet in Salisbury during January, these gentlemen were there; they contributed to the success of the meeting both in enthusiasm and by a revelation of what had actually been accomplished by them on their farms near Tarboro. Mr. Shook read an interesting paper covering the hog operations on the Cotton Valley Farm. The article is too long for these columns, but anybody having a lively interest in the matter may secure a printed copy of Mr. Shook's valuable paper by applying to Mr. Dan T. Gray, North Carolina Experiment Station, West Raleigh, N. C.

On this farm various efforts have been made to secure permanent and temporary pastures. For the latter, they have adopted the raising of peanuts and soy beans. Mr. Shook demonstrated that enough hay was gathered from these crops to pay for their raising, leaving the peanuts and soy beans as really free feed for the swine for weeks, saying nothing of the benefit to the cattle and sheep which along with the hogs had access to the fields.

This picture shows a herd of eleven hundred (1100) hogs just from a soybean field, ready for a forty-day period of corn and corn meal and cotton seed meal finishing, which is neccessary to secure the highest market prices. The butchers claim that a growth on peanuts and soy beans alone is too soft and liquid, and they insist on the finishing of porkers by a period of feed on corn and cotton seed meal.

Mr. Holderness and his associate sell their hogs, when ready for the market, in car-load lots, in Richmond or Baltimore, claiming that either of these points is a better market than those in the west.

To see a banker and a college man thoroughly enthused over the raising of hogs and cattle and putting

nto the business brains and money, s not only novel for North Carolina but is an object lesson worth while.

Lee Did Not Surrender His Sword.

It is frequently stated in pretended histories and sometimes in public addresses, in one recently, that at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, Grant returned to Lee his sword. Napoleon said "history is made up of the falsehoods which the world has agreed to call facts." This ought not to be so, and it is a pity there is so much in what Napoleon said.

What is the fact about Lee's sword? When Grant and Lee met to discuss the terms of surrender, Lee opened the interview by saying, 'General, I deem it due to proper candor and frankness to say at the very beginning of this interview that I am not willihg even to discuss any terms of surrender inconsistent with the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain to the last." Grant was generous enough to reply, "I have no idea of proposing dishonorable terms, general, but would be glad if you would state what you consider honorable terms." General Lee then stated the terms on which he would be willing to surrender and Grant expressed himself satisfied and wrote them out, and they both signed them. In a company of his friends afterwards, some one said to Lee, "General Grant returned you your sword, did he not?" The old hero, straightening himself up, replied, "No, sir, he did not. He had no opportunity to do so. I was determined that the side-arms of officers should be exempt by the terms of the surrender, and of course I did not offer him mine." A fuller account of the whole scene at Appomattox is given in a volume entitled "Personal Reminiscences of General R. E. Lee," pages 301 to 306.

Some people may think it a little thing that Lee, while surrendering his army, insisted upon its honor to the last; but it was not a little thing and will not so considered until a braven spirit, if ever, rules the world and honor ceases to be a virtue.

In the military code an honorable surrender is one that retains the side-arms of officers. After our humiliation at Appomattox, don't take from us old Confederates the consolation of knowieg our immortol leader maintained the honor of his army to the last.—F. C. Robbins in the Greensboro Daily News.

Ledford Hall, Champion.

The honor of being the foremost agriculturist in the state remains for another year in the Hall family of Rowan, as set forth in the news columns yesterday. Dubley Hall won the corn-growing championship last year, and that for 1915 goes to his brother, Ledford ,who is 13 years old and with his prize acre has lowered all records made in history of the boys' contests hitherto. Director T. E. Brown of the Boys' Corn Club announces that Ledford Hall's 142 bushels, grown on one acre, cost $15.93, giving him a net profit on the acre of $125.46. The net profit is where the record is lowered; and net profit is the thing that is properly aimed at. Since we corn experts started out six years ago to show the world what could be done withNorth Carolina soil and climate in corn raising numerous boys, and men too, have gone far beyond this acre yield in bushels. At first that was what everybody tried to do---raise the greatest volume of corn on an acre; but it was soon preceived that this furnished neither a really "sporty" basis for a contest nor the most valuable educational method. Quite a number of people have produced around 200 bushels of corn on an acre, and some have done better than that; but in general it was done by piling money into the land regardless. Only a few, wealthy farmers and wealthy farmer's sons, could participate in such contests; and that at which the corn contest idea was really directed was to raise the average acre yield, and the annual profit from the ground, as much as possible. An acre of ground that has been fattened until it will produce in the neighborhood of 200 bushels of corn is a fine and wonderful thing; it is so rich that it will go on producing abundantly for years any ordinary crop, and with proper rotation might go on forever producing fine crops. But it was clear that no considerable number of persons could be induced to build up such single acres, or could in prudence afford to do so; and so efforts were directed to the utmost yield that could be produced economically, with reference to that one year and single crop. The result last year was that some 25,000 acres were prepared, scattered throughout the state. Every one of these acres become a permament object lesson in the economics of farming.

The boys reporting grew more than 70,000 bushels, an average yield of more than 53 bushels against that states' average of 20--and high at that compared with the olden days; and whereas but 21.3 per cent of the boys entering the clubs reported on their efforts in 1914, last year the number reporting was 37.3 per cent. This indicates that the movement is in a fine state of health. Fifty of the boys grow 100 bushels or more. Three hundred of them spent a week at the A. and M. college last summer.

We rather miss the excitement of the big yields. It wants an ideal season, a perfection of conditions as affecting the favorite acre; and what we call the element of chance, so big an element in all farming, has much to do with it, when an acre produces as much corn as a whole farm was once expected to yield. The tendancy seems to be that the maximum of economy of production is seeking a bushel-standard that is small compared with the abnormal, or forced possibilities. And scientific farming tends constantly to minimize the chance element. Nevertheless, we believe that with all this strict attention to the utmost profit, regardless in volume will be from time to time startling results in volume, absolutely incredible to Brother Cook of Concord, who holds that only by miracle or chicanery can as much as 200 bushels of corn be extracted from one acre of ground in one year.

And so we doff our headgear to Ledford Hall, of Rowsn county, champion boy of the state of North Carolina. We yield him more honor than any other 13-year-old in the state. The plaudits of the multitude may not confirm our conviction as to where honor is due, but we know what we are about, and shall bestow our tribute as we please in view of what we know.

It does not matter how many tumbles you have in this life, so long as you do not get dirty when you tumble. There is the greatest practical benefit in making a few failures in life. You learn that which is of inestimable importance---that there are a great many people in the world who are just as clever as you are, and you very soon find out, if you have not found it out before, that patience and tenacity of purpose are worth more than twice their weight in cleverness.---Huxley.

One today is worth two tomorrows.---Benjamin Franklin.

Plough Deep---To Fetch Rains From Below

By Jim Riddick.

What a memory it is---those things that were doing about thirty-five years ago. Every decade has its fads. Every period of the times posesses its "crying needs" to a hungry world.

About this time and a few years prior thereto the Grange was in its zenith in this country, which is just another way of expressing a glory that was all its own. It took the country like an epidemic. Even the Alliance with all its "on fire ardor," when it was invincible, did not surpass the earnestness and seeking after knowledge that characterized the Grange.

In this order, which still exists in some parts of the North West, there were numbered some of the best and some of the sorriest farmers this country ever produced; in its membership were to be found good, bad and indifferent teachers, carpenters with a cabbage patch, preachers, and all kinds of folks that professed a kind feeling for those who till the soil and were not ashamed to declare the dignity of agricultural life.

The fellow that stands ace-high now in the agricultural world, could have gotten scarcely an audience in the days of the Grange with a few rare and brilliant exceptions. The book farmer, the literary agriculturist, brought down upon himself all but ridicule if he raised his head to give advice or attempted to blaze the way. The shade farmer was not in it---he was discounted; only the horny-handed son of toil, with whiskers, and with a speaking acquaintance with a mule in the furrow, could hold the attention and lead the multitude.

Snch men as Dr. Poe, Dr. Hill, Dr. Joyner, and other literary men who have emphasized the dignity of the farm, who have contributed a considerable glory to the occupation and business of farm life, would doubtless have scored no runs in the days of the glory of the Grange, except for a mere lucky chance. There were, as indicated above, a few exceptions, and only a few. The editor and founder of the Concord Times, that paper which has had a long, useful and successful career under its present ownership, Mr. J. B. Sherrill, was the last man to quit the dying order of the Grange in Western North Carolina. This was the late Prof. H. T. J. Ludwig, Ph. D., whose utterances and labors in behalf of agricultural development and enthusiasm always received a serious consideration. But this was due more to the popularity and high character of the man, rather than to any enthusiasm over the theories that he might advance. His was a character and a personality that commanded easily the respect and esteem of all who knew him. HE WAS A MAN.

There is one shining light in those days among the shade-farmers that caught the popular ear. He was in great demand throughout the western part of the state. He commanded an influence, though I dare say he did not know how to hitch a mule to a plow. He had a theory; and in such a brilliant manner did he discuss that theory that no audience ever grew weary under his oratory. And there were bald-headed farmers, grey-headed farmers, successful farmers and experimental farmers who attempted to try out the theory that Dr. J. B. Davis, a preacher and a college professor, advocated in season and out of season. That was his name. He was a product of the valley of Virginia; and he came among North Carolinians as a teacher and preacher, and the sight of the manner in which our folks were plowing the land---scratching---made him weary.

This is Mr. R. Bruce Fry, of Hickory, N. C., who left the farm to railroad for twenty years. He never became exactly weaned from the soil. He returned to the farm, and seeing that his land needed treatment, decided that most of all it needed deep plowing. This idea engaged him so vigorously that he began to dream about it. In a dream he invented a plow, and within twenty-fours a model was on its way to Washington seeking a patent. The plow is a reality, and many of them are in successful use.

His ability as a speaker, his earnestness and enthusiasm, brought him numerous invitations to address agricultural picnics throughout western North Carolina. His subject every time on every such occasion was "Plough Deep---Fetch the rain from below"

This writer, who has been forcibly inocculated with the farm germ, counted himself fortunate and honored to escort the old doctor to numerous places where he delivered his great address, sometimes holding an audience for three hours in the happiest and most interested mood. Right near where Witney kicked the bucket, making some folks rich and busting others, near where the Aluminum Plant in Stanly county is spending millions of dollars to-day in the making of a plant and an enterprise that has no equal in the whole world, is Palmerville. At this point, Prof. Hamilton had a high school of splendid reputation. It was commencement occasion. Everybody in Stanly, Montgomery, Randolph. Rowan and Cabarrus counties, with exceptions of those who could not find a means to go, were present. Dr. Davis was the annual speaker invited. He talked for two hours and forty minutes to that vast throng of people, male and female, young and old, on "Plough Deep---To Fetch Rains from Below." The record of that day made his fame secure.

There was one lameness about his otherwise admirable and sound theory. Some who tried out the theory thought for years afterwards that their lands were runied. The subsoil had been turned up and the real soil was buried. In a few years these fields that were Davisized came into their own, but not in time to save the Davis idea from disrepute and ridicule.

Again, we are in an age of deep plow advocates. Some literary agriculturists are energizing the theory of deep plowing as if it is a new theory and a wonderful new discovery in the science of farming, but old Dr. J. B. Davis more than thirty-five years ago blazed the way.

This writer belongs to that large respectable class of folks, who believe that no occupation is quite so interesting and dignified as a successful farmer, who puts brains, energy and industry well directed

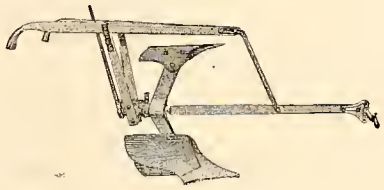
into his farming operations. Any thing that pertains to the growth and development of the business of farming, which is the backbone of this state and ought to be, is not out of place in THE UPLIFT. In fact nothing could be more appropriate in this journal than a recognition of the occupation of that class of youngsters who are the hope of the state, the farmer boys, and anything that means to make more aggressive and progressive the business of farming fits into the spirit of this publication.

A clothing salesman in Ed Mellon & Co.'s establishment, Charlotte, the very same fellow that had run away from the farm, seeking his fortune in a commercial life, loves to ruminate over the blessings and advantages of a rural life and what great improvements have been made in agricultural efforts. He saw a plow, the invention of a North Carolinian, and now being manufactured at Hickory, N. C., by the inventer, that he believes has solved the question of deep plowing, bringing it within reach of the average farmer. Not a man goes into the Ed Mellon store inCharlotte that in any ways appears to be a farmer or having a weakness for the newly plowed soil that is not informed by this salesman of the existence of a combination turn and subsoil plow, which is made at Hickory.

This demonstrates an everlasting truth that where a boy is reared on the farm in a proper environment, he is either thinking about or preparing to return to the farm-provided the man himself is normal--if once he was induced to quit it for city life. This leads us to the story of how the Fry Combination Subsoil and Turning Plow came into being.

The inventer of this plow. which has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of some very critical farmers, is Mr. R. Bruce Fry, who was born on a farm, in Catawba county, where he lived until he reached the age of 19. Young Fry got notions in his head---those notions led him townwards. He visited Salisbury seeking a job as railroad fireman. A telegram came to him one day, and though young Fry was in the midst of a chopping and logrolling frolic (these things have passed away) he turned his back on his neighbors and the fun, went to Hickory, became the fireman for Jack Edwards on Engine No. 810, running between Salisbury and Asheville. After thirteen months, Mr. Fry was promoted to the position of engineer. He followed this work for 20 years, but during all that time he had a hankering for the farm, which finally called him. Unable to resist, he resigned his last run on the Carolina and North Western, without anything against his record, and returned to his farm near Hickory.

On the night of Feb. 14th, 1912, this ex-railroad man, coming back to his own, had a dream. As the story goes, Mr. Fry dreamed that he was plowing with a new kind of



Mr. Fry's Invention.

a plow in a field with a crowd of farmers; waking at 5 A. M., the dream engaged him so that he at once began to reproduce his dream-picture into a reality. Within 24 hours after that remarkable dream, Mr. Fry had his drawings on their way to the Patent office in Washington, where he experienced no trouble in securing a patent.

A cut of that plow is shown in this number, and we are told that it is an exact picture of the man's dream. It is right-handed; and after running a furrow with the turnplow the lever is pulled and the subsoiler drops down and the turnplow stands up. Sub-soiling that furrow, the lever is pulled and down comes the turn-plow and up goes the sub-soil---turning on end of beam as an axle. The advantage is had in that the team always turns on the unplowed ground, one mule takes the furrow and the other on the unplowed ground. The draft seems much lighter than with any other turn plow on the market, and the subsoiler runs considerably lighter than any subsoil plow heretofore put out. It is easily and quickly operated. With this plow a farmer can with one team do his own subsoiling without the trouble and expense of an extra team and laborer. To quote one, who knows, it works like a charm and is the greatest plow now on the market.

There is scarcely room for doubt that Mr. Fry, following the lead of his dream, has rendered a real service to those farmers who subscribe to the practice of plowing deep, and thereby bringing from below the rain when it can not be had from overhead. In this combination, he makes it possible for many a two-horse farmer to carry out what he had for years been hoping to do, but was prevented from doing for the lack of necessary power and help and plow.

This article has the practical effect of an advertisement, but it brings in no revenue other than the sweet consciousness of helping along the preaching of the necessity of deep plowing, to which this writer was converted years and years ago by the very first man in all this country to preach the theory and wisdom of subsoiling. Could old Dr. Davis come back to us, and carry around with him one of Bruce Fry's Combination Subsoil and Turning Plows, it would form an invincible pair. Then it might be possible to increase wonderfully the corn crop per acre; but never, no never, to TWO HUNDRED BUSHELS PER ACRE. That's an impossibility. But some men are wedded to their idols.

Brains Unnecessary.

An association composed of merchandise buyers for dry goods houses held their first annual dinner last year and were apparently very much pleased with themselves.

One poor lonely salesman was captured by some of them and brought to the banquet, where much fun was made of him by the different speakers, who glorified their own profession and belittled him as much as possible.

Finally they called upon him for a speech and he arose deliberately with a very bored expression.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I can't make a speech, I can only tell you the story of poor Benny Samuels. He was a salesman, and he had a very hard time making a living, for it was desperately hard work to sell badly bought goods.

"Poor Benny worked so hard that his mind gave way. His family doctor sent him to a specialist, and he was immediately put under a course of treatment.

"He took the treatment for a few days and then disappeared, and the specialist wondered what had become of him.

"Finally the specialist met him on the street, and said, 'Samuels, why have you stopped coming to me? You are still in a very bad shape mentally, my boy.'

"'Doctor,' said Benny, 'I don't need to come to you anymore; the firm has made me a buyer.'"

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

Mr. M. R. Kiser, one of the officers of the institution, has left us. His place is filled by Mr. W. W. McComb of Hickory N. C.

Alvin Sides received an honorable discharge from the institution this month. His home is in Concord, N. C. He has the best wishes of everyone at the institution.

We have killed two more hogs this month. The total weight was 405 lbs. That makes thirteen hogs to be killed here this year. This brings the total weight up to 3,170 lbs.

The following people have visited the institution some time during the past month to see relatives: Mr. and Mrs. Klouse, of Charlotte; Mrs. Berryhill, of Concord; and Mrs. H. Roberts, of Shelby.

One of the school's heifers was accidently killed last week by falling into a ditch about five feet deep. It is not known what caused her to fall into the ditch but it is supposed that she was knocked in by one of the other cows.

Our latest arrivals are George Brady, from Smithfield, N. C.; Emery Belk, of King's Mountain, N. C.; and Joseph Williams, of Rocky Mount, N. C. The first one arriving on the 15th. the second on the 19th. and the last named on the 21st.

A friend and recent visitor to the school, Mr. W. W. Watt, of Charlotte, N. C., has offered a gold medal to the best debater at the school. The details of the contest have not yet been decided upon but we hope to have some fine work done in our societies by reason of the inspiration this prize will inspire. We desire to thank Mr. Watt for his kindness and thoughtfulness.

Mr. John A. Barndardt of Pioneer Mill has offered a silver dollar to the best declaimer at the school. We have developed some fine declaimers here---those who could hold their own with the best High Schools. We are proud of our work in this line of school work and we hope the boys here, will still measure up to our former record. Mr. Barnhardt's offer is very much appreciated.

Work on the new cottage has at last begun. The farm boys have been hauling sand and rock for the past few days, up to date the estimated total loads of sand aoe 100, and 75 loads of flint rock. The excavation for the foundation is about completed. The rock crusher is now busy crushing the rock for the foundation, which is concrete. We expect to finish the cottage by fall. That will then give us room for thirty more boys; the capacity of the school will then be 120.

The boys of the primary department in our school room can hardly express their delight in words over receiving a large, beautiful map of the United States. Heretofore the walls were and the small boys envied the large boys their pleasure in having several maps on the walls in the academic department. Now they too, can hold up their heads and point with pride at the room and boast of a large new map. Their room is also adorned with several pots of beautiful flowers.

When the boys here change sports it means a complete change. One changes, all change. From the smallest boy (3 ft. 9 in.), to the largest boy (6 ft.), "tops" is the present amusement. When one sees from 75 to 90 boys all spinning tops you would wonder who manufactured so many tops for one place. The boys bought every top in Concord in two weeks! Not a top was to be had at any price. Can you beat it? Everybody but the ball players are spinning tops and even they take a round at it after practice.

Football season is over and it is a sight pleasing to the athletics eye to see our line up on the ball diamond, practicing for the oncoming season. Several new tryouts are on the field, sweating and working, trying to make good. Several new players have been put into the field to try for the vacancies made by the abscene of last year's sluggers who have gone home. We have hopes of making a hetter and stronger team this year than ever before. Our record of last year's games goes a long way toward making us believe that we can put up an invincible nine this spring. The team has hearty the support of every boy and officer at the institution. Why not?

CONE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Cone Literary Society is having quite a number of good debates this year. The members seem to enjoy speech making better than ever before. We have all kinds of orators: some fiery, some smooth and eloquent, some with ability to talk on any question and some just starting out on a career of hopefulness in debate. They have every encouragement that can be offered them to make them better speakers.

A collection has been taken at our last three or four meeting to get up our magazine fund for the next twelve months. We have on hand $8.23. It is hoped to double this sum in the next two or three weeks.

Our young orators are studying their poses and tuning up their organs in preparation for the coming debate to be held on Feb. 28, 1916 The Query is: "Resolve that the United States should adopt the policy of greatly enlarging its army and navy for our defense." The books will be worn out and the dictionary of the English language thoroughly thumbed in the preparation of their speeches. Our debates are our greatest pleasure next to baseball and it is a credit to any school to have them.

COOK LITERARY SOCIETY.

Mr. Boger made as hort talk on,

'Success," and all the boys enjoyed it. The society has the name of the Cook Literary Society in honor Mr. J. P. Cook.

Election of officers.

President, Robert Klouse.
Vice-President, Harry Baker.
Corresponding Sec., Fred Costan.
Treasurer, Sheldon Merritt.
1st Reporting Critic, Charles Cullingford.
2nd Reporting Critic, Howard McCormick.
Prosecuting Critic, Robert Lewis.
Seageant at Arms, Julian Pope.
Reporter, Sheldon Merritt.

Some People.

1. Some people appear to be quite a majority in the eyes of some other people.

2. If some people would do what they could, some people would be greatly benefited thereby.

3. Some people never say a great deal and there are other people who never do a great deal.

4. If some people were just what they ought to be some other people would have less chance to talk.

5. Some people know all about what some other people ought to do, but never seem to know what their own duties are.

6. If some people did all they said they were going to do, there would not be much left for some other people to do.

7. Some people seem to think that there really are no other people.

---C. F. Eadd.

"Let Your Light So Shine."

By President Harry Andrews King.

I was a young Christian of perhaps a year. I had joy in serving the Master. but feared ridicule and felt myself weak and my influence small. Coming home from the office one evening I found a visitor in the home. He was the husband of my father's cousin. None of us had ever seen him before. We knew nothing of his religious beliefs or practices. He remained for supper. My father invited him to spend the night with us. He accepted the invitation. At bedtime, as we had no guest chamber, father said to me:

"You must share your room with our guest."

After we had gone to our room I was tempted to forego my usual custom of reading a chapter and kneeling in prayer. I fought the battle familiar with many Christians and so well described in Tom Brown's School Days. I had decided to omit the reading and to make my prayer silently after I had gone to bed, but conscience would not rest. Waiting until my visitor had gotten into bed, without saying a word and in fear and trembling, I opened my bible, read my chapter and knelt in prayer. Nothing was said on religious matters by either of us.

After breakfast next morning he bade us goodby and departed. Ten years went by. The incident was forgotten. I only remembered my cowardly temptation. I was called to the ministry, graduated from college, had a family, and was pastor in my home city. A brother pastor in St. Louis invited me to assist him in an evangelistic meeting. While engaged in the special meeting I remembered one day that my visitor of ten years before lived in that city. I found him in his office, was welcome cordially, and invited to his home. I found him a father of a large family of delightful boys and girls. His home was a Christian home. Books and music in every room. Each child had a Bible and joined in the family worship. They were active members of a near-by church. The father was an enthusiastic church worker, and superintendent of a large mission Sunday school. He was well known in the Sunday school work of that great city and identified with the State work.

After supper he went with me to the car. As we stood on the corner he turned and put his hand on my arm and said most earnestly:

"Do you remember the time I stayed all night with you ten years ago?"

"Yes I remember it well," said I.

"Do you remember what you did?" said he.

"To what do you refer?" said I.

Then he told me the story of my reading my Bible and kneeling in prayer.

"At that time," said he, I was not a Christian. None of us attended church regularly. Your action that night awakened conviction in my soul. I returned home and told my wife about it. We began to pray to God and soon found peace in believing. We identified ourselves at once with the church and have led our entire family with us. Your silent action turned my thoughts to my condition. Now, after ten years, I want to thank you for what you have done for me and mine.

Imagine my mingled shame and joy--shame that I was tempted to hide my little lamp of faith under a bushel, and joy that even in weakness God had so wonderfully blessed my little light of faith. Young Christains, "Let your light so shine!"

Shining or Serving.

"The trouble with him is that he is more anxious to shine than to serve." That was the comment made about a man whose name was under discussion for a place of leadership. The critic explained what he meant. This man had not been a good servant of the organization, which now needed a leader. He had gifts, all recognized, but he was not a faithful follower and supporter of the previous leader. He was anxious to lead, himself, so others seriously thought.

Human nature seems to have a special weakness for this kind of thing, which is but another form of vanity. An office appears to some more desireable than the opportunity of work that should accompany it. Honors without an equivalent of service or sacrifice are empty.

So in the commonplace of life we should put our strength fully into our tasks without being influenced by outward rewards. Penn's words may be appropriately quoted here: "No pain, no palm; no thorns, no, throne; no gall, no glory: no cross, no crown."—Selected.

The more we live more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages,
---Campbell.

Cement and its Manufacture.

By J. Raymond Elderdice.

In the past two decades the growth of concrete construction has been marvelous, and the possibilities of this strange product seem unlimited. Concrete pavements are supplanting the old brick sidewalks, concrete is used for floorings and foundations, for fences, posts and curbings; from the most insignificaut use, such as a garage floor, to the construction of a mighty bridge or reinforced concrete skyscraper, its presence in building and constructive work is seen everywhere. A traveler in any part of the civilized world finds himself confronted with concrete buildings, bridges, dams or other gigantic structures—it is the universal material of modern builders.

Yet with all our familiarity with concrete and its presence in the towering skyscrapers or great span bridges, a very few understand the strange element which is its strength and sinew—cement. The diffierence between cement and concrete is not generally known, and to a majority the names are synonymous; we frequently hear concrete sidewalks spoken of as "cement pavements," though if the latter were true one would walk ankle-deep in a grayish powder.

The difference, once known is readily remembered. Cement, as defined by standard works, is a powder, a pulverized material, composed mainly of silica, alumina and lime, which, if mixed with water, undergoes a chemical change wherein new compounds are formed that possess the property of setting or crystallizing into a firm mass, in air or under water. Concrete is a kind of artificial stone made by mixing cement mortar with broken stone or gravel; the place of stone or gravel may be taken by cinders, slag or coke. The cement is the active part of concrete and is called the matrix, while the sand and broken stone are inactive and are called the aggregate.

So when one gazes in admiration at a lofty tower of concrete, defying the ravages of time and the elements, it should be remembered that the concrete, when it was poured in the forms, was helpless and inert, and that the cement, that grayish powder with marvelous powers to harden a great mass of material, is the backbone of it all. Without the presence of that powder when the concrete was mixed the mass of gravel, sand and water would never harden into the huge reservoir walls, bridge abutments and other magnificent structures.

Yet despite the comparatively recent development of concrete construction, which has grown by leaps and bounds in the past twenty years and has engaged the attention of Thomas Edison because of its vast possibilities, the use of cement is not an attribute of modernity. Reid, in his standard work, "Concrete and Reinforced Concrete Construction," says:

"Hydraulic cement has been used since the dawn of civilization. It is known that the Egyptians, four thousand years ago, made a natural cement which set under water. While Carthage was at the height of her glory, some twenty-three hundred years ago, an aqueduct over seventy miles in length was built to furnish a water supply for that ancient city. Natural cement was used in its construction. To cross a valley, over one thousand arches were built. Many of these were over one hundred feet high and are still standing.

"Cummings, in his 'American Cements,' states that at one point a piece of masonry over one hundred feet long has fallen from the top of the aqueduct to the rocks below and still lies there intact, unbroken, illustrating the toughness, tenacity and durability of the natural rock cement used by these early constructors.

"The Romans used hydraulic cements of such good quality for the construction of sewers, water-mains, foundations, buildings and roads that relics possessing great strength are seen at the present day. The dome of the Pantheon, erected at the beginning of the Christian era, is perhaps the largest example of concrete construction eoming down from the ancients. This magnificent structure, which is one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter and contains a thirty-foot opening at the top, has withstood the destructive elements of time for nineteen centuries, and today does not show a single crack. In Mexico and Peru natural rock cement was used so long ago that the stone has worn away, leaving the projecting mortar joints."

According to the same author, the art of manufacturing hydraulic cements became a lost one in the Eastern Hemisphere in the Middle Ages, and it passed to oblivion with the decline of early civilization in the Western. But in the year 1756, John Smeaton, while building the famous Eddystone lighthouse, found that argillaceous limestones produced limes that would set under water, and to him the rediscovery of hydraulic cement is due. The durability of that used in the Eddystone lighthouse won him fame, and proved that his discovery was a valuable one.

There are but two classes of cement as classified according to their setting properties—non-hydraulic and hydraulic. Non-hydraulics, those that will not set under water, are formed by burning gypsum or pure limestone at low temperatures; the products of burning gypsum are plaster of Paris, cement plaster, and so forth, and that from burning limestone is common lime. None of these cements are used in concrete construction.

Hydraulic cements are important, as they will set under water, and they fall into four classes, of which but two are extensively manufactured in the United States. They are, Hydraulic Limes, Natural Cements, Portland Cements and Puzzuolana Cements.

As neither the hydraulic limes or Puzzuolana cements are made in this country, though manufactured largely in some parts of Europe, we are, interested in the making of but two varities of cements, Natural and Portland, the latter class being divided into Natural Portland and Artificial Portland, which brings up another distinction similar to the confused interchange of concrete and cement—what is the difference between Natural and Portland?

Natural cement is the product from the burning and later pulverization of a natural clayey limestone, which, in its natural state, contains, from fifteen to forty per cent of silica, alumina and iron oxide, requiring no preliminary mixing or grinding, as does Portland cement. In the buring, in kilns, of this natural rock which contains the proper chemical proportions needed, the carbon dioxide of the limestone is driven off, the lime combining with the silica, alumina and iron oxide, forming a mass that contains silicates, aluminates and ferrites of lime. If magneisum carbonate is in the rock, magneisum compounns also result.

This burned mass or clinker must be ground fine, for it will not slake if water is poured on it as it is taken from the kiln. This finely-ground powder is natural cement, and when mixed with water hardens or sets in air or under water. It was once known as Rosendale Cement, because

first manufactured at Rosendale N. Y.

Portland cement, so called because of its resemblence, when hardened, to the oolithic limestone from the quarries on the island of Portland, Dorsetshire, south coast of England, is used almost universally, and because of its superior qualities and greater cheapness of manufacture it has superseded natural cement. In rare cases rock is found which in its natural state contains the proper chemical proportion of ingredients for Portland cement, and this is known as Natural Portland; mostly, however, the chemical mix has to be determined and made, and the result is artificial Portland.

The manufacture of natural cement is not a complex process, as it consists of burning the rock as it comes from the quarry, in plain, upright kilns, and then grinding the burnt pieces to a powder. The rock in its quarried state contains the proper ingredients and the right chemical proportion for natural cement, so that the burning and pulverization is the entire process. The rock, after being qnarried, is broken into convenient handling size, and is then sent through an ordinary stone crusher, breaking it into pieces up to six inches in size; it is then conveyed by a teamway to the loading platforms at the tops of the kilns.

The kilns are usnally of the vertical, continuous mixed-feed kind, being about fifty feet high and seventeen in diameter, built of masonry and lined with firebrick, or have an iron shell lined with firebrick In the the kilns the natural rock and the feul are spread in alternate layers, either anthracite or bituminous coal being used, ten pounds of the former being taken to burn one hundred pounds of rock. The temperature of burning is higher than for burning lime, but lower than the point of incipient infusion attained in burning Portland cement.

The rock cannot burn uniformly so it has to be sorted out afterward, and the over or under burnt clinker thrown a ay. The loss, which varies from ten to thirty per cent, is caused by bad weather, poor management. inferior kilns, and averages about twenty-five per cent. This sorted calcined rock is taken to crushing machines of the rotary type, one of which is called the "pot-cracker," which consists of a ribbed, steel-faced or chilled iron cone revolving within a corrugated conical shell.

From this crushing machine the material is carried to screens, which shake out the cement fine enough to be packed. Then the coaser stuff goes to finder grinding machines, either edge runners, ball or tube mills, or ordinary mills, or emery-faced stones. The product goes from these reducing mills to the mixers and and a thouroughly uniform product is obtained. Through chutes it is shot into the bags and barrels, and natural cement has been manufactured, and ready for shipment.

The manufacsure of Portland cement, which is used more generally throughout the United States, is not as simple as that of the natural cement. Portland cement is necessarily and artificial product formed by finely pulverizing the clinker made by burning to incipient fusion a artifical mixture of finely-ground argillaceous and calcareous materials, this mixture usually being three parts of carbonate of lim e or lime oxide to one each of silica, alumina and iron oxide. As these rarely occur in the proper proportion in natural rock, they must be supplied after the rock has been grouned eady for calcining.

The main components of Portland cement are silica, alumina and lime, and the ingredients occuring with with these in noticeable quantities are iron, magnesia, alkalies, sulphuric acid, carbonic acid and water. The approximate chemical proportion of these elements in artificial Portland are given by Le Chatelier:

Silica	21 to 24 per cent
Alumina	6 to 8 per cent
Iron Oxide	2 to 4 per cent
Lime	60 to 65 per cent
Magnesia	0.5 to 2 per cent
Sulphuric Acid	0.5 to 1.5 per cent
Carbonic Acid and Water	1 to 3 per cent

The rock is ground finely before being calcined, and these ingredients are artificially supplied, nnless, as in rare crses, the natural rock contains them in the proper proportion. The rock used in the mauufacture of Portland cement may vary with the locality; but usually cement rock and limestone, limestone and clay, marl and clay, chalk and clay or slag and limestone are used. Two-thirds of the Portland cement made in the United States is made from cement rock and limestone; in Europe slag and limestone predominate.

Years ago Portland cement was burned in stationary kilns, like those used in manufactnring natural cement. This saved coal, but the amount of labor is larger than with the rotary kiln, so that the latter is generally used now. In the manufacture of Portland cement with rotary kilns there are two processes used, the dry and the wet, the former being more in use.

The dry process is used when the material can be quarried and pulverized in a dry stater The raw material is carried from the quarry to the mill, and passes first through crushers that reduce it to a diameter of two or three inches. Then, according to Reid, it is taken to storage bins, where it remains until the chemical proportion has been determined, so that the mix may be proportioned. A mixture by weight is made and taken to the dryer, which is kept at a tempature high enough to drive off the moisaure of the rock. This dryer is a rotary cylinder four to five feet in diameter and fifty feet long, with the axis inclined to the horizontal. The materials are placed at the upper end and come from the lower, and heat supplied by a small fuanace.

From this dryer the material is taken to the preliminary grinding machine of the ball mill type, which reduces it small enough to pass a No. 20 or No. 30 mesh sieve. Then it goes to a fine grinder, where it is further reduced and from ninety to ninety-five per cent of it will pass a No. 100 mesh sieve. From the grinding machines the mixture is taken to bins above the rotary kilns, into which it is automatically fed to be calcined.

This rotary kiln is a steel cylinder from forty to a hundred and fifty feet long, and from five to nine feet in diameter, lined from half a foot to a foot with fireprick, with its axis inclined ten degrees to the horizontal, and arranged to rotate one turn per minute. The raw material is placed at the upper end in powdered form, and in passing through is calcined to a clinker, coming from the lowe end in fine balls an inch in diameter. Pulverized gas coal is used as fuel, being blown iuto the lower end of the kiln, where it ignites at once, with a flame twenty feet long and a heat 2600 to 3000 degrees Fahrenheit.

The coal is pulveaized to the same fineness of raw material, and in the same manner; the tempature and time of burning are apt to vary with the nature of the raw materials calcined.

As the clinker leaves the kiln it is sprayed with a small stream of water, this cooling and making it more easy to pulverize. Then it is passed through coolers, which reduces it to a normal tempature; from the coolers it goes to the pulvarizing and

grinding machines, which are like those used for reducing ahe raw materials.

The finished cement from the grinding machines is sent to the stock-house, where it is stored for a time to let it become seasoned; then it is packed in bags or barrels, ready for shipment, and is the Portandl cement used by concrete construction workers.

The wet process, with rotary kilns, is only used with marl and clay, and Reid gives the process as follows:

"The marl, after excavation, if passed through a disintegrator and sometimes a stone and grass separator, and run into storage basins, while the clay is dried, pulverized and then mixed with a proper amount of marl in edge-runner pans the slurry or wet mixture, containing enough water to give a certain consistency.

"In some mill this process is varied by mixing the clay with water before adding it to the marl. The mixture is then ground while in a wet condition, in either edge-runners or tub mills, from which it is run into slurry tanks, where it is kept agitated by revolving paddles or compressed air and from which the chemical analysis is made to check the accuracy of the proportions, so that necessary corrections may be made. Centrifugal pumps and compressed air are both used for handleing the slurrp.

"The wet slurry is then pumped directly into the upper ends of the rotary kilns, which are usually somewhht longer than those employed in the dry process, so that the waste heat may be utilized in driving off the excess water. About 150 to 160 pounds of coal per barrel of cement are uecessary for burning, which is from thirty to fifty per cent than required for dry process, but this disadvantage is largely compesated by the cheaper method of handleing and preparing the raw mate.ials. The treatment of the clinker is similar to that of the other processes."

These are the processes of manufacturing natural and Portland cement, so the next time a massive concrete structure is viewed, spare a little admiration of its noble proportions and firm stability for that strange agent which caused it to stand as a monment, the cement that has the power to harden an inert mass, and to keep on until its greatest strength is attained ten years after the concrete is mixed!

Avoid The Blues.

There are a lot of people in this world who seem to take a fiendish delight in being miserable.

Some men, and some women, too, surround themselves with an atmosphere of gloom that eternal sunshine couldn't dispel, and through this distorting medium molehills grow to mountains, and there are tears and groans where there should be smiles.

They wake up in the morning with a face that looks like a sodden doughnut, and perhaps the sun is bright and the birds are singing. They will grumble and say, "O, well, this won't last long; we'll have bad weather yet before night." And should the sky grow clouded and a refreshing rain moisten the thirsty earth, they shout in glee, "I told you so."

When they sit down to breakfast they almost sour the cream they put in the coffee, and the most tempting breakfast does them about as much good as a carpet tack would. They grow dyspeptic, morose, pessimistic, cynical, hypochondriacal. If they were four-footed animals their ears would be down.

If you ever get to feeling blue about things stop and think what it will mean if you keep it up, and then pin your mind so hard on your daily task that there isn't room for another thing in your head. That's the way to keep the hannting spirit of pessimism and despondence out of your heart.

Keep your eyes bright and your ears perked up.---Ex.

What a Battleship Can Destroy.

A battleship, in times of peace, moving through ocean waters, is a fine example of a floating fortress. But a battleship used for purposes of war, for fighting man against man, becomes a costly and terrific engine of destruction.

In the wide effort being made to secure peace between nations and the submitting of all disputes to amiable arbitration some of the authorities connected with Andrew Carnegie's world-peace movement have calculated what a modern battleship can destroy.

The two great battleships of England and the United States are the "Dreadnaught" and the "Delaware.' Either ship can throw from her guns in five minutes of war action forty tons of metal, that is, 80,000 pounds of metal from each or 160,000 pounds from the two. This metal is traveling, when it leaves the muzzles of the guns, at the rate of 3,200 feet per second, or, if continued, at the rate of nearly 2,000 miles per hour.

This metal in its rapid flight is highly heated and much of it is explosive when coming in contact with resisting objects. Hurled into the city of New York, between the Battery and Fourteenth street, it would destroy in the way of visible propert in less than ten minutes' time, $1,500,000,000 worth of values, which more than 1,000,000 men have been busily engaged in putting into usefulness during the last fifty years.

If hurled against an army of men, say 200,000, it would kill outright not less than 20,000 and cripple permanently 10,000 more. The earning capacity of the average citizen of the United States as farmer, mechanic, or merchant, is about $750 per year, so that the death of 20,000 would mean $15,000,000 removed from the annual earning capacity of the people.

As crippled cannot work as well as sound-bodied men, it is estimated those who were injured that survived the shock, the 10,000 would have their annual earning capacity reduced by $3,750,000, a loss the nation would have to bear.

And that is what a battleship really stands for when it gets into the brutality of war.---Exchange.

Opportunity.

Anyone who who will go ahead without waiting for a suggestion, a little help, will find himself in a position to make suggestions himself before long.

The way to get ahead and stay ahead is to use your head.

Everyone everywhere is looking for men who think for themselves and for the people who employ them. The only thing that you have to sell today is service, and the only thing the world wants badly is service.

The point is, have your Service worth while, and then, can you sell it? A lot of folks seem to think that Opportunity is a thing you can walk right up and put your hand on. They think Opportunity is tangible.

Opportunity is but a myth so far as anything material is concerned---anything on the outside.

Opportunity is a dare on the calender for you to wake up. It is really on the inside---in your mind. You are Opportunity.

No one is too poor to be respected,

"Old Tom."

Now there he is, behold him there!
His form is feeble now;
His steps are slow and full of care,
White the locks upon his brow.

He lives alone beyond the way
On top that little hill;
At night you'll find him seated alone
Beneath his window sill.

Many the stories about him told,
Many the tales they tell;
He has a gentlemanly bearing,
And noble features as well.

Some say he came from England,
But the truth no one full knows;
He lives a life secluded,
Away from friends and foes.

The people all seem 'fraid of him
When e'r by chance they meet;
The children throw their taunts at him
And run away with scampering feet.

Not long ago---not very long
This story true took place,
"Old Tom" was found quite cold in death
With a smile upon his face.

They searched his cabin, rude and bare,
And found this little note.
While there with trembling fingers
This is what he wrote:

"For fourteen years I've lived among you,
Although so feeble and old,
Not one kind word have you spoken
To a tired and weary soul.

"Alone I came among you
Hoping to find a friend,
But now the long and weary years
Have come to a peaceful end.

"I came to you a stranger true,
But you took me not in
Sick was I, and to me you never came,
Tho' held in the grip of sin.

"Now I'm going to leave you
And sleep beneath a mound,
And wait till the Trumpet calls me
To wear my Golden Crown.

"One last request I make of you,
Bury me where the river wends,
There among the birds and flowers
For they were my only friends."

On the banks of the murmuring river
Old Tom was laid to rest,
There among the birds and flowers
He is numbered with the blest.

O traveller, take time to think,
Don't go on in your blindness;
The greatest of all great deeds,
Is a little deed of kindness.

The world is full of such Old Toms,
We meet them every day,
And a little word or smile or cheer
Will help along their way.

O just a little word of kindness
And just a pleasant smile,
A little silent flower thrown
Makes one's own life worth while.
---James W. Elliott.

(This young man, Elliott, has had limited opportunities; and though like other honest young fellows having to make valliant and heroic struggles to do the "tongue and buckle" act, he finds time to tickle his poetical inclination and give it exercise. This effort was inspired by some ladies, who applaud the ambitions and efforts of the young; and they, in turn, pass it along with a request that it go into THE UPLIFT. The sentiment and purpose of the moral is sound, but the fourth from last verse will hardly be accepted by those of us who think that this is the best old world they have yet seen, and are therefore unwilling to subscribe to the idea that a grave on the banks of a "murmuring river" carries with it the assurance of being "blest." There may be men who can not see anything worth while in this verse, but some men can neither make verse nor know it when they see it.---By our Poetical Editor.)

The Flagman.

One of the most important railway men in the United States, J. T. Harahan, and a party of friends started to make a journey southward in a private car which was attached to the rear end of a limited train. During the night their flagman was away from the train when it stopped at a tank to receive water.

A second train following, receiving no warning of the presence of the train ahead through the flagman, crashed into the end of it and Mr. Harahan and three of his friends were killed. As far as investigation shows it was evident that if a flagman had been at a proper distance in the rear of the stopped train the accident and deaths could not have occured.

The law of the statues specially provides that the rear end of every train shall be protected by a flagman who is supplied by day with a red flag and torpedoes, and by night with a red lantern, torpedoes and fuses. He is held responsible for the protection of the property and the safety of the lives of those in the train to which he belongs.

In the progress of our own everyday lives, each boy or man is not thus protcted by a seperate flagman. He must be not only his own engineer, watching all that is ahead, but his own flagman, protecting himself from collisions which may come from behind. The inspiring power for his flagmanship ties must be within his own heart and mind. He must train them so that they see danger long before it approaches and stop the on-rush.

Other people may temporarily act as a flagman for another by warning against temptation, by explaining through experiences what is the differences between right and wrong, but, in the main the flagman's duties must be performed by ourselves. We must carry our own red signals, our own torpedoes, or our fuses to avoid the pitfalls aud to keep off of the narrow way which we are traveling, the dangerous things which can only bring ruin and death.

We can well afford to study the trying duties of a railway flagman in order to apply their lessons to the daily conduct of our own lives that in the end we may be able to display the white flag, the signal:

"All is clear, all is safe."—Ex.

Principal Languages.

There are said to be 3,424 different languages and dialects now spoken in the world. They are distributas follows: America 1,624, Asia 937, Europe 557, Africa 267.

The English language is spoken by more than 150,000,000 people.

German by more than 120,000,000 people.

Russian by more than 90,000,000 people.

French by more than 60,000,000 people.

Spanish by more than 55,000,000 people.

Italian by more than 40,000,000 people.

Portuguese by more than 30,000,000 people.

The English language contains approximately 600,000 words. Of this total nearly one half consists of scientific terminology seldom met with outside of text books and of archaic and absolute terms.

The French language consists of 210,000 words.

The German language contains not quite 200,000 words, including personal names.—Exchange.

Acts of Mercy Show Fine Traits of Character.

In my daily walks about the city I have many opportunities for seeing how boys think---or fail to think---of others. I am like a good many people---when I notice a boy tender and thoughtful of something in distress I say to myself:

"His heart is in the right place. He is making life better by being helpful."

During an icy spell I saw a truck horse fall on a bad pavement. A crowd gathered, but did not seem able to give the driver much aid. Suddenly a boy pushed his way to the front. He had an old blanket thrown over his shoulder.

"Say," he called to the driver, "I borrowed this blanket from a woman in that house," pointing to a cottage, "and she says you can use it. I guess if you get it under the horse's feet he'll be able to get up."

The blanket was soon properly arranged and the horse easily found new footing. The driver thanked the boy and the latter returned the blanket and went on about his business

On one of the windiest corners of the city an office-boy came swinging along enjoying the fierce sweep of the wind. But an old lady just ahead of him was not having so good a time.

The strength of the wind had forced her to stand still and it was certain she was going to be blown over. Her clothing was disarranged and she was in great distress.

I was some distance away, but started to help her when I saw this boy touch his cap, and carefully guide her into a sheltered nook. There he helped her arrange her wraps, grinned when she thanked him, touched his cap again and was gone. No one can tell me that boy is not thoughtful of his mother and sisters at home.

Few country boys I imagine have ever visited Chicago but that at noontime have noticed the flock of pigeons about the city hall and the many people, young and old, who stop to feed them. One day before the new city hall was built I was sitting at my desk busy over some papers when there came a knock at the door. On my response a small boy came carrying a pigeon with a broken wing in his hands. The bird was not frightened, but was suffering.

"Chief," said the boy, "I haven't any place to take the bird and I can't help it, but I couldn't let it die in the street. Can't the city help it?"

So on the kindly appeal of this unknown boy, with the gentle heart, the machinery of one of the largest cities in the world began to move for the sake of a pigeon with a broken wing. A police surgeon was found and the wing set. A temporary cage and resting place with food was secured. The wing mended and finally, through the thoughtfulness of a boy, the bird was safely restored to its mates.

In watching the development of boys, few things impress me so much in their favor as the manner in which they treat other people. The police were aiding in loading several hundred Sunday-school boys on a lake steamer some two years ago when one of the smallest of the boys fell into the river. A news boy was sitting on top of a pile enviously watching the better-dressed youngsters preparing for a day of pleasure. He may have known what a Sunday-school was, but I doubt it. But he did see the other boy go into the dark waters and he did take a straight dive into the river himself, reach the other, and hold him up until both could be rescued.

Standing on the dock, shaking the water from his clothes, this newsboy was surprised to have a delegation of the older boys of the school walk up to him.

"You're a dandy!" they said. "Our friend is all right. We'd like to have you go on the excursion with us. Will you come along?"

Would he? But he was wet to the skin.

"Never mind," they said. "We'll rig you out when you get on board. Come on."

There was a bravery on one side and manliness on the other that was good to see.

In my home neighborhood a fruit peddler's wagon broke down and spilled his apples in the dust. A neighbor's son saw the accident and went out and helped the man pick up the fruit and dust it off. The work, including the mending of the wagon, took some time. The peddler, an Italian, after all was finished gratefully turned to the boy and said:

"Me got no monna but you-a helpa to apples plenta."

He motioned that the boy should take from the wagon whatever he wanted but the latter shook his head.

"No," he replied, "I just helped. You need the apples; good luck to you."

These are but a few examples of what I call "gentleness" on the part of boys. If he is manly there is not much danger of his getting into trouble, and he will never lack for friends.

The boy who always seems to be in hot water is the one who bullies the helpless or has no assistance to give them when he plainly sees that he can help. Roughness and brutality do not pay and he is certain to find that out in time, to his own regret. A little thoughtfulness helps so much more.---Boys' World.

Scrupulous Honesty.

Do we receive that which does not belong to us, simply because the giver is ready and willing for us to have it? Do we ever take money which we have not really earned, just because it is the custom of our fellow employes to do so? If we do those things, or are tempted to do them, the example recently set by Representative Witherspoon of Mississippi should fill us with new courage to stand for the right in spite of custom and precedent.

Representative Witherspoon was recently absent from Washington for four days, on priviate business. In some part of the statute books there appears a law—now considered a dead letter—which says that a member of congress shall not draw pay for days when he is absent and not attending to public duties. Mr. Witherspoon, resolving not to break this law in spite of custom to the contrary, quietly turned back into the United States Treasury his pay for the four days' absence—$82.20.

Despite his efforts to keep it secret, the news of this unusually scrupulous proceeding of Mr. Witherspoon's seeped out into the grasp of the press.—Ex.

Needed Inventions.

An auto that will run without fuel.

A woman's hat that will never go out of style.

A pair of shoes that will not run over at the heel.

A calender that will not tell a woman how old she is getting.

A furnace that will not make any ashes.

A dollars worth of street car tickets that will last a month.

A dishpan under the icebox that will not run over, no matter how full it gets.

Desire and Duty seldom walk together.

The Railroad of Life:

The other day there died an old engineer who had spent more than forty years at the throttle. He passed away peacefully at home. As the end approached, sitting up he asked: "How are those lights?', When assured by his wife that they were green, he demanded, "How do you know? Who told you they were green?" Recalling the name of the official of motive power, the wife replied, "Mr. Wade says they're green." With a look of relief in his eyes, the old railroader said, "Well, if Wade says they're alright we'll go ahead." He then lay back in his bed contentedly and the end came.

Young men, how are the lights shining for you? Does the signal show green? Or is it red? Before taking a step forward are you sure that the track is clear, that the danger signal is not displayed? Life is like a great railway, the track stretching away through the years into unknown future. However, there are many side-tracks which always threaten danger to the traveler on the main road. They're most blind sidings, too, and when you once get on to one it's hard to get off. You've nearly always got to back up to get onto the main track again, and it's not always possible to do that, there are so many behind pushing you ahead.

The switches are mostly open, ready to wreck the careless traveler or lead the unwary into forbidden ways. It is necessary to keep a constant lookout for the red danger signal and when you see it be sure to heed the warning. It's never never necessary to "take siding" and there are no "passing tracks" for everyone is traveling in the same direction.

All of these switches have names. Some of them are known as Laziness, Idleness, Good Fellow, Bad Company. From these lead other tracks: Dissipation, Lying, Stealing, and many others until at last the man who gets off the main track is lost in a maze of siding with little hope of getting back. In trying he becomes more and more bewildered and is in danger of getting onto the track of Despair and then becomes Hopelessly Lost.

There are men who have threaded the maze and got back onto the main road. They are exceptions though, and they know that the safest way is to stick to the main track with an eye out for the signal ahead. These men are working hard to bring others back.

If you have got off on the side track, commence at once trying to get back on the main one, no matter how far you have gone. When you've got back, watch ahead for red lights. When you see one, go slow until the danger is passed or, if it's an open switch wait until it is closed. Then, as you approach the terminal where you embark with the lone ferrymen, find out how the lights are and, "if Wade says they're alright," finish your run with confidence and without fear.—Summary.

He Forgot to Get a Transfer.

An office boy employed in one of the large banks of Boston was sent to one of the adjacent towns to collect a small amount of money due the cashier of the bank, a matter separate from the bank's business. The trip should not have taken over two hours, but it was more than five hours befor the boy returned.

"Where have you been?" demanded the cashier when the lad came back.

"Where you told me to go," replied the boy simply.

"Did it take five hours?"

"I forgot to ask for a trasfer when I came back and had to walk the last six miles," said the boy. "I came as fast as I could, sir."

"But you had this money you collected. Why didn't you pay your fare out of that?"

"I didn't consider that it was mine to touch, sir," replied the boy.

"You are right, my boy," said the cashier. "That principle lived up to is one of the cornerstones of real success in this world."

The years passed and the boy became one of the bookkeepers in the bank. The day came that another teller was required by the bank. The choice was between the former office boy and another employe of the bank. At a directors' meeting the cashier related the incident of the forgotton transfer. The young man in question was unanimously elected to the coveted position.

Certain friends said that he was lucky. Was it luck? —Exchange.

Training for Wives.

Whether or not a college is worth what it costs depends upon the student," said Miss Edith H. Coldwell, dean of women at the University of Washington. in addressing the mothers of a high school in Seattle.

"I have seen a good many thousand dollar educations put on 50-cent girls. But some one mentally objects, 'I do not intend my daughter to earn her living. I expect her to be married, as every woman ought to be.' In that case, I should say, emphatically, more training is essential. Father is willing to put up with almost any amount of foolishness in his little girl, as he continues to think of her. Husband, if he is a man of sense, would like a companion for a wife, and not a doll.

"I feel personally that the married woman is not only under obligation to administer her home expertly, which means scientifically, but to make an intelligent contribution to the well-being of the community. Home making is rapidly becoming a profession, and training is necessary for any profession." ---Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Ramblings Of A Che

A man made a bet with his wife—which was indiscreet.

The wife won—which was foreordained.

The man wrote the wife a check for five dollars in payment of the bet—which was sad.

The wife cashed the check at the grocery, but forgot to endorse it—which was natural.

The grocer, despite the lack of endorsement paid it to a packing house collector—which was careless.

The packing house collector turned it in—which was all in a day's work.

The packing house office man discovered the lack of endorsement—which was good work.

He handed it back to the driver and docked the driver's salary—which was system.

The driver placed the check in his white duck coat and sent it to the laundry—which was unwise.

The laundry mutilated the check beyond recognition—which was to be expected.

Which is why the driver asked the cashier to ask the grocer to ask the man's wife to ask her husband to write a duplicate check. Which is why the man feels like he is paying the bet twice.---Kansas City Star.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.--- George Eliot.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.—George Washington.

When bad men combine the good must associate; else they will fall one by one an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.—Burke.

Belittling His Own Heritage.

"I hardly think you will care to locate in that section of the city," said a young woman to a friend who was about to make his home in an eastern city. "They are nice enough people," she continued patronizingly, "but rather—well ordinary—you know—they are the sort of folks who cut their own grass."

It must not be supposed that the speaker was a representative of the local "four hundred," one of the aristocratic few whose least move is chronicled in the Society Column. On the contrary, she the daughter of a man on a small salary accustomed to plain living, and rigid economy. But she had acquired false standards. To her mind the man who used his own lawn mower on the tiny grass plot possible in a crowded city, did so at a sacrifice of his social standing.

Some one has remarked that the modern dread of carrying a package home from the shops has not a little to do with the high cost of living. It is not so many years ago that this tendency was considered laughable. The fathers and mothers of some of you young people will remember a humorous cartoon appearing before the day of crinoline went out. The shopper, a much ruffled lady with a tremenduous hoop, bought a paper of pins, and ordered it sent. The proprietor gave the order, "James take the truck." And the artist chose to represent that scene, the stately shopper a little in advance, while behind her a grinning porter follows with his truck, on which is displayed the paper of pins .That was considered a joke in the sixties of the last century, but in the twentieth century it has become sober reality. Every day every large store in the country delivers hundreds, if not thousands of articles as insignificant as the paper of pins.

The most serious side of this question, however, is not the inevitable increase in the cost of living. It is the revelation of the tendency to look down upon manual labor. No one objects to carrying a small parcel because of its weight. Those who are unwilling to do it, have an idea that it stamps them somehow inferior to the genteel class who never carry anything more burdensome than a pocketbook.

A young woman recently referred to the "working class" in the superior tones such as a duchess might use. If she were sufficiently foolish. Her father looked at her with interest.

"Well, what about the working classes? I want to know what you think of them, for I'm proud to acknowledge I belong in those honorable ranks."

The girl stole a glance at her father and found he was in earnest, "But I mean the people who work with their hands, papa," she said

"Both your grandfathers were farmers, my girl. The money which, wisely handled, has made us prosperous, was made on a New England farm. And the years I spent on that same farm, turning my hands to a dozen different kinds of work in a day, have counted as much in my success as a university education. When you speak of the working classes, you must speak with respect, or belittle your own heritage."

If young people make the "idle rich"—only a small fraction of our wealthy population, by the way---their ideal, if they foster the feeling that to work with one's hands comes near to being a disgrace, and that the independent laborer is far below the parasitic son of a wealthy father, then the greatness of our nation is endangered. No true patriot believes this possible. Yet every one of us needs to guard against the dangerous tendency of the tlmes.---Ex

First Things First.

All things are not of equal importance. Some things must of necessity take a minor place. The wise person will, therefor, be governed accordingly.

It would be sheer nonsence for an individual to spend his time on some thing of little or no importence..

The ability to form right estimates, and place the emphasis at the proper place, is no small advantage in the acquirement of the best things of life.

Life is short at the best; and he gets the most out of it who has the best system, and follows carefully the wisest plans.

It would be foolish to attempt to construct a building without a plan; but no more so than to build a life without consulting the great Architect who was both abuilder by trade and designer of the destines of men. Let us hear him on the subject of first things to be chosen or sought in life. This I deem to be fundamental to-day, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you." This is placing the emphasis where it belongs.

Such teaching shows great adaptability. It can be made, and is, as appropriate to the old as well as the young. We pray, "Thy Kingdo come," but do we really know wh that means?"

We go further, and say, "Thy wi be done on earth as it is in heaven. What then is the Kingdom of Goc if it is not the place where the will o God is done on earth as it is in hea en?

I cannot conceive of a kingdo without a ruler and without subject Who then are the subjects of thi kingdom; and who the ruler? I ar swer "the pure in heart, for their is the kingdom of heaven." Th pure in heart shall see God." "The are those who have been born agair not of corruptible seed, by the wor of God which liveth and abideth fo ever. Who then are the subjects--- the followers of Christ and he is ou king and ruler.

There is nothing of more impor ance to any living human being tha to be right with God.

Religion is vastly different fro Christianity. Christ did not tell th people to be religious. He told ther to be the light of the world and th salt of the earth. What he mean was, that Christians are the conserv iug and perserving force of th world.

Take away Christianity and yo undermine the foundations of th national life, of the home life an practically insure the hasty destruc tion of both.

People are slow to take up wit the divine plan, even though the recognize its superior qualities. Man say, "It's all right to be religiou but there's plenty of time."

However much men may attemp to substitute some other method, o plan, it yet remains true that it pay to be as sensible about our religio as about any business deal for it i vastly more important. Some mis takes can never be corrected; other can be righted. The man who dis regards the divine program and fail to put "First things First," makes mistake beyond recall. "Seek ye firs the kingdom of God." You los nothing by such obedience. and yo have made the best possible use o both your time and talent. An earl investment will bring large divi dends. Try it.

A Chance.

"Do you think your father woul consent to our marriage?"

"He might. Father's so eccen tric."—Buffalo Express.

It matters not how a man dies but how he lives.—Johnson.

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— Agnes Pratt

THE UPLIFT

February, 1916. $1.00 Per Annum.

LOST IN THE WORK.

My heart goes out to the man who is lost in the work he is paid to do---

Whether that man is welding a rivet in a skyscraper
hether he is painting a tower; or working in tile;
hether he stands at a wheel in the mill; or a machine in the shop;
hether he is writing a book; or painting a picture---

My heart goes out to that man whose mind, whose soul and whose religion are rivited to the things he has selected as his part in the Scheme of life.---Meader.

Published Monthly at the Stonewall Jackson Manual Training and Industrial School.

Concord, N. C.

THE UPLIFT.

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EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Poor little Portugal. She is the thirteenth to enter the most destructive war of all ages.

Every dollar gotten by the handling of intoxicants, it is said, is lost—either by the maker or the members of his family. The gains made by the manufacture and sale of munitions of war are not less unholy, and why should riches from such sources be any more long-lived?

Charity and Children, that wonderful paper that wonderful man, Archibald Johnson, issues weekly from the Thomasville Orphanage, has come out in a new dress. Most people pick other dates for donning new spring togs, but brother Johnson got dangerously nigh unto the expiration date of the ground-hog period.

That one devil may involve many into trouble, even whole countries, one need think just for a moment of the misspent life. the utter worthlessness of Villa. What a pity a decent country, where civilization seems to have a right to be thoroughly at home, should have to dirty its hands with such a sorry character.

If you keep a scrap-book, or if you are honored by the young seeking subject matter for a declamation, there is no better selection to be found for that purpose than that beautiful address, which Govenor Craig delivered at the unveiling of the monument to the Women of the Confederacy. It is a gem Cut it out and preserve it.

The educational forces of North Carolina, and Wake Forest College in particular, where he is a prominent and able professor, are to lose Dr. E. W. Sykes, who has been elected to and accepted the presidency of Coker College at Hartsville, S. C. Dr. Sykes is a valuable citizen and very forceful in all good causes in the state, and it is to be regretted that he can not be kept.

In this issue we are again printing the picture of Margaret Burgwyn Chapel, which was made possible by the generosity of The King's Daughters of North Carolina. This is done by request—it is desired to have it more widely known. There goes with it the beautiful words, which Wade Harris penned for the editorial page of the Charlotte Observer of Oct. 26th, 1915 under the title "The Chapel on the Rock."

If all that is said about it, through sensational and vigorous advertising, Tanlac is going to raise the average of life in North Carolina forty or fifty years. In fact, it begins to look that if everybody could be prevailed upon to use Tanlac, the death rate in North Carolina would be entirely eliminated. It is said that death takes to his heels on the sight of a bottle of Tanlac. Can't Our State Board of Health take the public into its confidence and write a little essay on this TANLAC business?

Dr. W. A. Evans, an expert on the fly, has gone to the trouble to trace the record of just one winter fly—one that escaped freezing or being swatted—which begins to lay eggs by April and starts her operations for the year. Up to October this particular fly, on which the doctor gives a detailed report, will be the great, great, great, great, great grand-mother of five different generations of flies, and, by m thod of arithmetical progression, it is accurately calculated that the whole number of flies, whose existence can be traced to this one old winter fly, reaches the modest number of 131, 220,000,000,000,000,000, or figures to that effect. Moral: Locate and swat that particular fly.

The oldest town in North Carolina is Bath in the Eastern part of the state. Like Roanoke, which enjoys the distinction of having been the only city in the State of Virginia that ran their candidates for mayor and alderman for years and years on the issue of "Cow or no cow on the Streets," the town of Bath has a large element that insists on a free and unlimited liberty of the Streets for the Cow. The whole population is stirred mightily over a proposed town ordinance that would deprive her cowship of the same privilege of the street that any other resident enjoys. If the town of Bath has within its corporate limits as much farming land as has the city of Charlotte, the little town might compromise by giving the cows free range in the entire town excepting in the fire-limits. This fire-limits term affords many escapes in mooted questions where the division is sharp, and where alderman have pets to take care of.

STEPHENS AND WOOD.

In 1911 Messrs. George Stephens and Word H. Wood, President and Treasurer, respectively, of the American Trust Company, acquired a large batch of stock in the Charlotte Observer property. At the death of Mr. D. A. Tompkins, by agreement, they came into possession of a majority interest. It is announced that recently these gentlemen have secured the balance of the stock held by the late D. A. Tompkins, and Messrs. Stephens and Wood are now the sole owners of this magnificent newspaper property.

The Observer has materially strengthened itself in the past few years. Always a good newspaper, but more recently it has broadened its news agencies and meets every want that an average North Carolinian could wish for in his daily newspaper. That good fellow, Sims,

the general manager, in his tireless energy devoted to the cause of the Observer, doesn't even know how grass looks. The editorial page grows more Harrisesque, which is to its advantage and therefore more entertaining to the reading public. Editor Harris is not so old but starting early he occupies a strong position—his personal knowledge touches everywhere in a period between two wide extremes in the social, economical and political history of the state. The Observer is all right. There is no limit to the growth of a newspaper, backed by two aggressive Bankers.

GOT SOMETHING TO DO.

The Asheville Gazette-News, an afternoon paper, has been purchassed by Hon. C. A. Webb and associates. The Gazette-News enjoyed a long life, and as a newspaper filled quite acceptably an important field. The name has been changed to THE TIMES. There is a splendid field in Western North Carolina for an afternoon paper, and it is given out by the new owners that nothing shall be left undone to make The Times a thoroughbred.

Of course, the new purchasers are not going to stick their fingers in the ink keg, neither are they going to set type, nor trot their legs off in running down social stunts or a sensation, neither are they going to rack their brains to give to the Times' readers a daily dish of food for thought, for entertainment, for encouragement or for excitement—they are too busy with other important matters to undertake that job. They will content themselves financing the institution and the salaries of the talent, which will make it a go. Charley Webb is a good lawyer—that's a good asset for a newspaper; he enjoys the confidence of strong bond dealers—that association isn't bad for a newspaper; and he is a United States Marshall—and that assures that whoever goes to monkeying in ways unbecoming to the dignity and well-being of the community will have a pacifier near by. Above all Col. Webb is wise and judicious and square—that's a great asset for a newspaper.

When Col. Webb finds time hanging heavy on an otherwise very busy man he might as well smear some printer's ink on his fingers and look the experiences of actual newspaper life square in the face—it is, to say the least, very fascinating. Editor Webb must come to the next meeting of the State Press Association and take the regular initiation, which makes a lasting impression on a candidate.

NO PRIZES AWARDED.

Mrs. Glem G. Wright was hostess to the members of the Round Dozen Bridge club yesterday afternoon, at her home on North Elm street. A unique feature of the meeting of this club is that no prizes are awarded for high scores, although they are kept, and at the end of each year the member who has scored the highest number of points is the honoree at a luncheon tendered by the remaining members of the club.—Greensboro News.

Those, who engage in these prize contests, have no feeling or desire to get something by chance, however sorry in value the prize may be, and are innocent of any wrong doing or a purpose of doing wrong. It is not in the value of the prize, but the human desire in seeing the social column of the Sunday newspapers rich and teeming with social stunts provided for is perhaps the incentive. The victorious and charming winners of these prizes—real elegant and high-standing folks—so widely advertised and in such conspicuous company, reaching the uttermost parts of the globe, unconsciously and unwillingly become the reason why other folks attempt something that they can not afford, or an excuse for others to pursue the chance game into questionable limits and at questionable places. The person caught in the act, and suffering the sting of capture, gives solace to his wounded pride in saying why so and so does this and that and the public conscience is blind.

But this Greensboro function has set a good example; and the plan offers just enough excitement to keep the dear women from losing interest in the sport and becoming, as they certainly do not want to become, an excuse for their young sons, hiding away in some secluded nook, to try the game with coin of the realm. And being caught, as they surely will sooner or later, these boys become fearful accusers.

What's become, anyway, of the old-fashioned way of holding parties, when women were not ashamed for their husbands and their sons and daughters to meet together in a social gathering? Insurmountable lines have been drawn, whereby men go one way, their wives another, and the sons and daughters, even down to the trundle-bed size, go, as if the law commanded it, in different directions and separately for satisfying the social desires that must be in all normal people.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

We have always suspected that that sign on the fence of the Asheville baseball park, "Dont kill your wife—let the Mountain City laundry do the work," was not as ingenous as it appears. It has been quoted from one end of the United States to the other; it is a hit. But classic though it is, we do not hesitate to put this ad of a High Point moving picture show right along side it. Of this theater is is alleged in the Thomasville Times, "They run the Mutual Programe every day and Patha Monday, Thursday and Friday. Every Tuesday the Vise features. Every Saturday the Girl in the Game, put out by the General Fillem."

We suppose it would have been giving the secret away to have specified the offense for which Referee General Fillem put the girl out. But the feature that most strongly evokes our admiration is the sublety that emphasizes, rather than conceals. the charms of the Tuesday feature, Just by the substitution of one letter propriety is propitiated and curiosity titillated at once. We hazard the assertion that the second day of the week this theater hangs out the S. R. O. sign fairly before the performance begins.-Greensboro News.

Speaking of signs that advertise a business, and catches everything in sight, brings to mind what was to be seen in Savannah, Georgia, some years ago. On a principle business

street there was a common restaurant with an electric sign which read; "We Never Close." Some few doors away was a cafe sporting an electric sign which said "Open All Night." Down the street a few yards away was a Chinese laundry, which in its endeavor to harmonize with the great, throbbing business life of the city set up for itself an electric sign which declared to all night prowlers and others that "Me-Wakee-Too."

SOME MEN, as the world grows older, are beginning to realize the enormous power, for good or evil, of publicity. They are beginning to see that a daily paper which every day publishes all criminal news and all the shady transactions only breeds crime. It has been suggested that moving pictures depicting crime which looks so easy on the screne also have a tendancy to promote, rather than deter the criminal instinct which is supposed to be born in many people.

Recently in New York District Attorney Cropsey spoke on "Law and Advertising." He said that with the exception of old statetes against certain classes of advertising, such as lotteries, the present laws were of recent enactment. He told briefly what these laws were and then said that a good advertising man needed a good lawyer. He then referred to the advertisement or publication of crime in newspapers which does not minimize crime but on the contrary tends to spread it. "Only recently," he continued, "I took two evening newspapers, one of New York and one of Brooklyn, ana looked to see what amount of space was devoted to crime. The New York paper had 18 cases and the Brooklyn paper 13, and no case was duplicated. Not one of these had an unusual featvre, not one case involved a public officer, and not one was deserving of mention.

"These accounts were read by young men and boys from whom the bulk of the criminals comes. Three quarters of our criminals are under 30 years of age one and-third under 21 years. These, reading the report, get the idea that it is the eaiest thing to committ a crime and imagine that they never will be arrested.

"Let there be a little more effort to prevent crime. Discontinue the publication of crime indiscriminately and form instead of reform boys."

It will perhaps be a very hard matter to suppress the publication of the news of crime, but if, or the police regulation a newspaper can be prohibitea from running a whiskey advertisement it lookes like it also might be prohibited from running advertisewents which increase crime. Verily, we are progressing.

Our Eudcational Advantages.

We have always contended that the children of the Orphanage have better educational advantages than those of the average home, and the reason for this is very evident to all who give the matter a mement's thought.

Parents sometimes get in the way of the progress of their own children. They listen to the tales the children tell of the teachers favortism, cruelty and so on, and without waiting to investigate raise a row with the teacher and demand better treatment for their girls and boys. This ruins the child and makes him harder to control.

We have none of this parental foolishness to contend with at the Orphanage. While the discipline is always mild and reasonable it is discipline, and is never affected by the influence of petulent or ignorant outsiders. The children are required to respect authority and this in itself is a vital element in the training of a child. Parents obey their children oftener these days, than children obey their parents. At the Orphanage the Bible rule obtains and is strictly enforced.

The children are not annoyed by the distraction of the streets, and the various forms of amusement that so often hinder the progress of the youth of the community. Instead of spending their nickels and their time at the picture show they are poring over their lessons and getting ready for the next days recitations. Picture shows and other modern amusements are not at all essential to the happiness of childhood as is held by so many soft headed fathers and mothers. Wholesome recreation is neccessary to the child, of course, and wholesome recreation is provided at the Orphanage.

Another thing that the public may not know is that the literary training is far better at the Orphanage than it usually is in our graded schools. The lectures that are provided are of the best. The course of reading is carefully selected by persons of cultivated literary taste and the library, while not large, is rich and sound and wholesome.

A very good illustration of the effects of the excellent training the children of the Orphanage are receiving was shown to a fine audience last Friday evening. The children not only knew their various parts in the beautiful play "The courtship of Miles Standish" but they entered into the spirit of the poem, and those looking on likewise caught the vision that inspired the poet as he penned the glowing lines.

The Orphanage influence is not appreciated by the flippant and shallow, but the thoughtful and substantial element of this community knows its real value and are proud and thankful for what the institution is doing for the youth gathered within its walls. We only wish more of our good friends who having not seen it, yet love it, could feel the thrill of joy that would flood their souls if they could come here and breathe the spirit of the place. The children here are having a blessed opportunity.

—Charity and Chidren.

"The Square Deal."

Many of us seem to think that a "square deal" is what each of us is entitled to without bothering our heads to see whether the other fellow gets one or not. In other words we seem to think that we ought to get the "best of the deal."

Giving the other fellow the worst of it, is a poor way of trying to get a "square deal" for ourselves. When we give the other fellow a "square deal" we can expect one in return.

The fellow that howls the loudest about not getting a "square deal" generally has no one to blame but himself. His actions toward others are responsible, and when he tries to "slip one over" on the other fellow he generally finds that the other fellow has forestalled him.

Just think this over, and when you imagine you are not getting a "square deal" either from fellow-inmates or officials of the institution, see if the whole thing didn't start when you failed to give the other fellow the "square deal" that he is entitled to just as much as you are.
—The Umpire.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crushed are sweeter still.
—Rogers.

The Chapel on the Rock.

On the morning of Oct. 26th, 1915, the leading editorial of the Charlotte Observer was as follows:

"One of the prettiest things ever chiseled from stone and put together by artisans is the chapel at the Jackson Training School, at Concord, the chapel representing the heart of the North Carolina branch of the King's Daughters. The Jackson Training School is located in that wonderful bit of geological section of Cabarrus where the floor is granite and where great boulders tower amid the limbs of the trees, and it is on one of these boulders that the chapel, itself, is erected. It is a beautiful structure of granite carved in Rowan County, and architecturally it is an assembled gem. It is set so near the main line of the Southern Railway that it greets the eyes of speeding travelers like a glistening temple in maniature. This tribute by the King's Daughters to a noble benefaction is to have formal dedication Thursday afternoon, and The Observer would be the better pleased if the better Charlotte people keep the event in mind and lend their presence, for a closer acquaintance with the institution and the excellent class of work it is preforming is a consideration much to be desired. The public estimation of the Jackson Training School as a splendid charity is correct so far as it goes, but it stops short of the real measure of the appreciation, The Jackson Training School is taking in hand the rough element of the State's younger citizenship and turning it out in the finished form of useful artisans in the different avocations of life. The work it has already done has more than justified its existence and has established its claim upon the support of the State as one of the most noble objects upon which it may bestow its money and its attention."

The King's Daughters' Chapel, Memorial of Margaret Burgwyn,

A PERSONAL STORY FULL OF HUMAN INTEREST.

In the Charlotte Observer of Feb. 27, there appeared the following story of greatest human interest:---

One evening while visiting in the home of a young clergyman in a Western city, we were invited by the minister to join his wife and himself in attending their Wednesday evening prayer service. We found ourselves early and had time to observe attendants. Seated near us was a beautiful young woman in deepest mourning, truely widow's garb of dress, and her painfully sad face and dejected manner arrested our attention and aroused the keenest sympathy for her in her apparent loneliness. After the service the courteous young minister approached and asked if he could see her to her hotel or home she was stopping at. She cordially thanked him for the comfort she found in his prayer service, and we joined her in her walk to a nearby hotel. She told us she would leave at an early hour the following morning for a school in the North Carolina mountains. About a month later I went to the same mountain resort, and found this beautiful, refined, cultured lady had offered her services gratuitously (as she had wealth) to the superintendent of this industrial mountain school to instruct girls in Bible study. While boarding in the same hotel for some weeks I felt much drawn to her, as she often sought my society, and wished to tell me of her life, and what led her to this work and her recent terrible bereavement in loosing the young husband she had idolized, and wished me to see a miniature of him, a remarkable fine face set in a little medallion of etruscan gold and pearls.

She was the daughter of a prominent politician in a Western State, who was in her early girlhood, Ambassador to Russia, and not liking the schools of Russia she was sent to Switzerland to be educated. After a finished education on her return the United States, she married a talented young Virginia lawyer, who took her to a large Worldly Western city to live. There he was a successful, and deeply immersed in his profession. She was most attractive to the society world, was sought after by its devotees and soon gave her life up to card playing and the ball room, though, like her husband, a professing Christian.

Suddenly the young husband was strickened with appendicitis and was carried quickly to a hospital and operated on. There were found to be complications and his case pronounced by the surgeons hopeless. When he realized the fact the life was ebbing away, he requested to be left alone with his beloved wife, that he wished to have a dyeing interview with her. He told her he had truly adored her, but had felt for some time that her time was vainly spent in the frivolities of life, and as he was near death would she not promise him to give up cards and the ball room, as they led the heart from all that was worth while in life and to devote her life to more ennobling pursuits. She stated she resolved then and there, if she survived this heart-breaking sorrow to devote her life to home missions, and give him this promise:

As his noble spirit faced eternity and reviewed life's follies, he was impressed with the fact that prize winning games, so justly termed "gilded gambling," which society women engage in, was detrimental to all spiritual life. One of the profoundest mysteries, as well as one of the deepest sorrows of life is the death of a noble-talented young man, in many cases it has been as though the sun had gone down at noon. So many young men and women have fallen just as they stood upon the threshold of their power. These events have always seemed to us anomalies in the Providential order and challenge our faith to the straining point and yet the secret of eternity contains many a lesson of our Savior's discipline of His saints on the earth and many a noble, precious rarely gifted, and promising life has been taken from earth, that it might be resumed and perfected in Heaven.

—A KING'S DAUGHTER.

Social Service in the Church.

Many people do not like the word Social Service; but we have not yet discovered a better one to define the awakening of Christian people to the material needs of a suffering world. Whatever you call it it is coming. Our churches are beginning to realize how much they have lost by paying no heed to the social conditions about us, but have depended wholly upon the preaching of the gospel, which is only one side of the work of the church. Christ preached to men, but He healed their broken bodies as well; and He fed the hungry and supplied all their material needs. Our father's who used to worship in houses without stoves, and listen to sermons an hour long while the children shivered and cried, were dangerously near doing penance for their sins. We have passed out of that period and now realize that it is our duty to make ourselves comfortable and others as well; that religion is intended to improve our physical as well as our spiritual surroundings. Our town churches are becoming the centers of social and civic improvement, and this blessed doctrine is slowly making its way into the country churches too. A very valuable agitation has been carried on in the Progressive Farmer in favor of widening the scope of the work of the country churches, including the betterment of farming methods, of sanitation and of cultivating flowers. The country preacher of the future will be the ablest man in the neighborhood. He will have a knowledge of everything that engages the attention of the people and be able to lead them into the more excellent way of doing things. He will make his church the center of all these improvements, and thus tie the young people to it. Not only will the church find joy in the support of the Orphanage (which is already the case to a remarkable degree) but it will also be the mightiest factor in the neighborhood in favor of good schools, good roads, attractive homes and sweeter and more wholesome social life. Social service has a broader field among our country churches than it has anywhere else in the world, for the country church has no competitor. When it comes into its own, it will dominate the civic as well as the religious life, and without partisan politics it will uplift and purify politics. To the country church we must look for the extermination of buying and selling as well as drinking of liquor, the smoking of cigarettes and other social evils. The church is the friend of man.—Charity and Children.

How To Treat Lives Touching Ours.

Letting go the unworthy things that meet us---pretense, worry, discontent and self-seeking---and taking loyal hold of time, work, present happinesss, love, duty, friendship, sorrow and faith, let us live in truth as an inspiration, strength and blessing to those whose lives are touched by ours.---Anna Robertson Brown.

Wherefore putting a way lying, speak every man the truth with his neighbor.—Ephesians iv. 25.

IT IS NO FICTION.

Tom Pence ot Raleigh, Becomes a Political Power.

James Hays, Jr., in the American Magazine tells a story that thrills:

In the present administration no state has played so conspicuous a part as North Carolina, which has certainly come in for her full share of recognition. It is a matter of pride too that for once in the life of the nation the newspaper man has come into his own. Among the pencil pushers holding important positions in Washington, and one who has more than made good, is a former Raleigh man whose sudden rise to political power, second only it is claimed, to that of the President of the United States, is interestingly told by James Hay, Jr., in the American Magazine:

"Less than four years ago he was a Washington newspaper correspondent and a popular man about town. Every Monday he received his check and every Saturday he counted with regret the numbers of hours that must elapse before the arrival of Monday. Today, with the exception of President Wilson and Albert S. Burleson, the Postmaster General, he wields a greater political influence than any other man in the United States.

"In a little closet in his two-room apartment over a store in the noisiest business section of the national capital, he keeps eggs, bacon, coffee, and a gas stove. With this outfit he provides himself with his own breakfast and frequently feeds famous politicians.

"Up the long, steep flight of wooden stairs leading to his rooms, Cabinet members, Senators, governors of States, Democratic national committeemen, and many lesser lights clamber at all hours of the day and many hours of the evening. The obscure and modest place which he inhabited as a newspaper man has become a mecca for the biggest politicians of his party.

"His name is Thomas J. Pence, and his old, discarded official title was Director of the Permanent Headquarters of the Democratic National Committee. However, since the President himself has written to the members of the National Committee expressing his admiration of Pence and urging his selection as secretary to the committee, it is definitely announced that, when this is printed, he will hold that title. His principal tasks are to preserve party harmony, to help distribute patronage and to manage the campaign this spring and summer for the renomination and re-election of Wilson.

TOM PENCE.

"He will be in charge of the permanent headquarters in New York while the campaign is on. When he is in Washington and campaign fight are not in the air, he keeps the telephone number of his apartment secret, is called to the office of the President every morning, and confers daily with Mr. Burleson, the recognized political commander-in-chief for the administration.

"He lunches at a well known uptown hotel which is the regular meeting ground of the Democratic party chiefs, dines at an obscure but famous little eating-house near the foot of Pennsylvania avenue, and takes a late supper in a men's cafe famous for its steaks. By this elaborate system he manages to evade his unimportant and boring callers and to see all those who have real business to transact.

"But when the political battling is on in earnest, he works pratically all day and all night, giving himself up to the big burdens and the little nagging worries that fall to the lot of any man who is the real brains of a national campaign.

"In the early part of 1912, when the Wilson presidential boom had become a palpable thing, some body passed the word along newspaper row that Tom Pence was going to handle the publicity end of the struggle. 'Wilson got a good man,' everybody said. 'Tom knows the newspaper game from A to Z.'

"When things were looking blue and the Baltimore convention, and some of the Wilson delegates were 'broke' and in debt to the hotels, Tom borrowed enough money to keep them from walking home before the final vote was taken.

"Tom's a good sport," the political writer said. 'He'll play the game to the end.'

"When Wilson went into the White House, the announcement was made that Pence had been given the job of Assistant to the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

"That's fair enough," was the Washington verdict. 'Tom's got a good job, and he can loaf along for the next four years doing nothing He deserved it.

"But Pence did not loaf along, He was more valuable to Mr. Wilson the President that he had been to Mr. Wilson the candidate. He knew everybody, and everybody knew him' The result was that, before the Administration was a month old, Senators. National Committeemen and State leaders had become impressed with the fact that Tom Pence was the man to be consulted whenever anything was to be put over.

"The final proof of Mr. Pence's extraordinary ability as a politician and adviser of the President is that

his head is exactly the same size that it was four years ago. He has a jet-black mustache, hair of the same hue, pink cheeks that would make many a woman envious, a ready smile and a Southern drawl thick enough to cut with a knife.

"His other characteristics are that he carries a cane with which he never touches the ground, and that he keeps a list of all the men who have ever deceived him or broken a political promise. The general belief is that the cane and the deceivers may come in violent collision if he ever looses the smiling, philosophical calm with which he is enveloped.

"Before Pence arrived in Washington, he had been through various things in North Carolina, getting out of each one of them much experience and not one cent of financial profit. He once ran a theater in the Tarheel State. Next, he managed a semiprofessional baseball team which won neither pennant nor pelf. His third venture was as a sporting editor. And from that he went to writing newspaper articles about politics.

"If the versatility of a man may be judged by his friends Pence is the prince of versatility. Hack drivers, baseball players, newspaper men, corporation presidents, big politicians, clergymen, and the President of the United States call him 'Tom.' He and all the other Southerners pronounce it 'Tawm.' Taking it all in all, 'Tawm' Pence is the most unobtrusively powerful man Washingtsn has seen in the last fifty years."

The Value of Things.

The value of things is based on the trouble entailed in procuring them or on the degree of rarity, and the rarity and the trouble are first cousins. If I give you a present which cost me nothing in time or effort or personal sacrifice, the gift is valueless. For the cause---whatever it is---that the man puts closest to his soul he will give himself. The diamonds of Kimberley have a price determined by the difficulty it is to dig them out of the hlue earth and by the monopoly that releases a few of them at a time to the open market. The pearls from the East Indes command a princes's ransom when arranged in a perfectly graduated chain, because they have been winnowed from the toil of thousands of dark-brown men groping in the dim sea-dcpths and holding their breath to get them.

There is a checkbook representation, and there is a personal representation, and a man might empty the mines of Golconda on an object of charity and it would need men to minister to the aided need. We may be pennywise or pound-foolish in our giving and still we have not done away with the fine thing it is to go ourselves and give ourselves as the best and most precious bestowal of all.

Let us cease to give away things we do not want, or, rather, after we have given away these things, let us be a little reckless and give away something that we care to keep. If "high heaven rejects the lore of nicely calculated less or more," high heaven presumably does not care to have its altars piled high with a rummage sale of the votive offerings that are merely what we have discarded as superfluous. It is no compliment to heaven to immolate what we do not care to keep.

That is where the poor are often wonderful. They give till the shoe (if they have a shoe) pinches. The rich man trims a little off the edge of his fortune as a cook might trim scraps from the edge of a pie, but he does not stint himself. The poor man, who has next to nothing, shares with him whose bookkeeping knows only minus quanities.

It sometimes hurts to see the way the generous strive to atone for the non-giving of the ungenerous; even a little girl may give in and give up too much to some spoiled tyrant of the nursery, a boisterous domineering brother. Fair play has to step in and prevent a rank imposition. We all know people, big and little, who would give till there is no more to give. They need to be protected from their own warm hearts. "It is a shame to take the money;" and there is always plausibly friendly panhandlers standing ready or lurking in ambush to fleece them, for they, are as easy prey as the lamb led to the slaughter.

He Fills It Full.

God is continually giving. He will not withhold from you or me. I hold up my little cup: He fills it full. If yours is greater, rejoice in that, and bring it to the same urn. Were your little cup to become as large as the Pacific ocean, He still would fill it.---Theodore Parker.

Yourself.

Your greatest enemy is yourself.

The only person who can drag you down into drunkenness, thievery, or uncleanness is yourself.

It is the fashion to talk much maudlin self-pity, and to blame environment, heredity, temperament, fate, and your fellow creatures for the evils that happen to you.

No real calamity ever crushed you that did not enter the door you unlocked yourself.

All hell could not make you despair, except you yourself joined in.

Fate, malicious people, and other factors can threaten, hurt, and wound you; nothing and nobody can put you down but yourself.

The one unquenchable light is the human soul—the one unquenchable force.

Only when you love yourself, rationally, are you qualified to love others helpfully.

Only when you revere yourself and fear yourself are you capable of reverence and fear toward God.

The world is but the mirror of yourself. Keep clean, and you see clean men and women everywhere. Be cheerful, and all mankind smiles. Be unafraid of events and men, and the stars in their courses will fight for you.

Whether you be an inmate in a Reformatory or a bedridden invalid or a victim of the conspiracy of men or of the accidents of fate, if you fall back upon yourself, believe in yourself, and are loyal to yourself, you will succeed.

Let all the world despise you—it makes no matter as long as you do not despise yourself.

Whatever the past may have been, begin now to stand for yourself, your best self the high and great self that you know you are, away in the deep recesses of your heat.

Stand! Yield not an inch! Be faithful to yourself! And from this moment things shall take a turn.—Dr. Frank Crane.

It is an old saying that Charity begins at home; but this is no reason it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he, may have a perference for the particular quarter or square, or even alley in which he lives, but he should have a generous feeling for the welfare of the whole.—Cumberland.

War loves to seek its victims in the youth.—Sophocles.

THE UPLIFT

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

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INSTITUTIONAL NOTES

Things of local interest happening among our own family; pupils and teachers and officers. Reported by Elisha Neathery.

O'Dell Gregory was pleased to receive a box from home last week.

The erection of fourth cottage will soon be under way. About 80,000 brick have been hauled and one car load of lumber. The rock crusher has been running steadily for the past three weeks, crushing rocks for the foundation.

Our latest arrivals are Hubert Kittrell of Winniford, and Paul Baker of Smithfield, N. C. Tho' they have been here but a short while they promise to become well liked by all and they are fast making friends among the boys.

We now have milk and butter in plenty. Eight of our cows are giving milk and the boys get milk every night and butter twice a week It is a real treat for the boys to have good fresh butter for their breakfast and many thanks are tendered to Uncle Jim, who looks after the cows.

The voice of coming spring has been appealing to the boys to come to the woods and hear the birds sing and we have had more runaways in the last two months than we have had in the preceeding twelve months. The music of the woods became monotonous to most of them and they are now settled again at the work at the Jackson Training School.

Many acquaintances of Mr. T. L. Grier, will be grieved to learn of his illness. He is cottage officer of the King's Daughters' Cottage, and has charge of the school department. He left for his home in Harrisburg, N. C. Monday morning and will return when he is fully recovered. We all wish him a speedy recovery and hope he will soon return to his duties as an officer of the institution.

Mrs. Nellie Price, of the State Board of Internal Improvements, spent a few days with us last week looking over our boys and the Institution. She seemed to be very well pleased with the work here. The health record here was something marvelous to her---not a single boy in bed over three days in near three years---no doctor bills except for croups, broken arms, tonsilitis and dentistry. All our boys are strong and healthy.

The following pastors have recently held services for our boys in the Chapel on the Rock. Rev. T. W. Smith Concord, Rev. C. P. McLaughlin Concord, Rev. Forbes Concord, Rev. L. D. Miller Mt. Pleasant, Rev. Short Concord, Rev. Loving Concord. Rev. W. T. Albright, of Concord. delivered the first sermon in the Chapel. All services held have been good and the boys enjoyed them. The thanks of the entire school is extended these gentlemen for their kind services.

It is a very interesting sight to see the nine take their position on the field, all dressed in full uniform and with determination shining on their faces. Their looks and actions show that they will be a hard bunch to whip. We are not able to place our old 1st and 3rd basemen back in their positions this season, but we have players that can take their places and handle the pill as well as the old players did.

COOK LITERARY SOCIETY.

Our next debate will be one of unusnal interest, for it is the nationwide discussed subject of "Preparedness." Other schools and colleges are debating the question and we will try to make the debate as interesting as possible. The query reads: Resolved, That the United States should adopt the proposed program of the prepardness policy." The affirmative side will be represented by Messrs Frank Hewlett and Sheldon Merritt. They will be opposed by Messrs O'dell Gregory and Howard McCormick. Our society is not as old as the Cone or the Stonewall Literary Societies, but we are taking long strides toward being a well organized and well developed society, and it has the backing up of every individual member.

REPORT OF THE CONE LITERARY SOCIETY FOR FEBRUARY.

Our regular debate was held on the 28th of last month and the question was the much talked subject "Preparedness." The query was: "Resolved, That the United States should adopt the policy of greatly enlarging its army and navy." The affirmative side was upheld by Messrs. Joseph Gardner, of Monroe, and Elisha Neathery of Rocky Mount. Their opponents were Messrs Harry Lewis, of Roseboro, and John Sanderford, of Raleigh.

The Society Hall was decorated to suit the occasion and the "stars and strips" adorned the speakers' table. The judges were Supt. Boger, Miss Mary Gaither, and Mr. Lee White. The debaters did their level best and the debate was enjoyed by all present. The judges retired and conferred on the question and announced the decision to be 2 and 1 in favor of the affirmative side.

At our next meeting Miss Dora Barnhardt was elected as an honorary member of our Society.

The election of officers was the next important event in the history of our Society, and the officers elected were:

President, Joseph Gardner, of Monroe; Vice-President, Edgar Laney, of Hudson; Recording Secretary, Robert Webb, of Spencer; Corresponding Secretary, James Swaney, of Statesville; Treasurer, George Brady, of Smithfield; Censor, Elbert Driver, of Selma; 1st reporting Critic, John Thomas Seabrooks, of Charlotte; 2nd Reporting Critic, Hunter Parker, of Lillington; Reporter, Morris Lefkowitz, of Greensboro; Sergeant-at-arms, Clayton Houk, of Newton. At this same meeting a motion was made to elect Miss Sarah Boger, the little daughter of Supt. Boger, Mascot of our Society. The

motion was carried by a unanimous vote. As she was not capable of signing her name Mrs. Gertie Fox signed the roll of membership for her and she affixed her seal (a cross mark---X---) to the roll.

Report Of Stonewall Literary Society For February

At the begining of the month, we drew up a new Constitution. It was presented at the first meeting in this month. It was explained and then voted on, and was accepted by almost a unanimous vote.

We then elected officers for the term of three months. They are as follows: President, Harrison Byrd of North Wilkesboro; Vice President, Sam Phillips of Wilmington; Secretary, William Elkins of Fayeteville; Prosecuting Critic, Robert Lloyd of Winston-Salem; 1st Reporting Critic, William Garrett of Graham; 2d Reporting Critic, Lenard Lancaster of Winston-Salem; Reporter, Amos Willis of Lexington; Treasurer. Percy Lewis of Rocky Mount; Librarian. Sam Phillips of Wilmington; Sargent-at-Arms, Gordon Kimball of Statesville. The Excuse and Appeal Committe consists of Robert Lloyd; Chairman, with Mr. J. C. Fisher and Roy Gantt as assistants. We hope to make much improvement under our new constitution and the officers that now hold office.

We have had four Regular meetings and one call meeting this month. All of the debates have been real good, but we want to get them up to the standard.

Our motto is "Face Optimum," and all of the boys are trying to live up to it. All are real proud of our society. Two of our members have left us with honorable discharges this year. They are Earl Murphy, of High-Point, and Henry Daniels, of Wilmington.

We have had two new members to join our ranks this month. They are Dewey Caviness, of Concord, and Emery Belk, of Kings Mountain.

Mrs. Fox and Miss Barnhardt were elected honorary members. Both were elected by a unanimous vote.

We now have eleven honorary members and thirty-one active members. a total enrollment of forty-two members.

Visitors are cordially invited to to our meetings when visiting the school. We hold regular meetings every Thursday night at seven o'clock.

Measure your minds height by the shade it casts.---Browning.

Harry.

I was staying for one night with some friends, and when I came down to breakfast at 8 o'clock I was surprised to see a boy of about fifteen in the sitting room. reading a book.

"How do you do?" he said as soon as I came in, getting up from his chair at once and coming across the room.

"Why, where do you come from?" I asked. "You were not here last night."

"No," he said, laughing; "but I am at school nearby, and we broke up this morning, so I have come to see my aunt on my way home."

All through breakfast I watched him. He was a real boy, as hungry as a hunter. "I had one breakfast before I started, but I'm quite ready for another, if you don't mind, auntie," he said.

However, all the time he was enjoying his own egg and bread and jam he was not forgetting other people. He watched every other plate, and was quick to cut his uncle some more bread, or to give his aunt the butter, or to go and get the hot water. We all sat still through breakfast, just because Harry was there ready to do everything.

They are all very fine things---there were no great things to be done. But as I watched him, I thought:

"Harry has a careful mother. He has been taught to look after other people instead of expecting others to wait on him. He has been taught to get up from his seat when anyone comes into the room, instead of lolling in an easy chair, and leaving them to find places where they can. He has been taught to answer simply and brightly, and to conquer that foolish self-consciousness which makes some boys so shy and silly."

After breakfast his aunt told me what a joy and comfort he is to his mother, She said he was just the same at home---always seeking a chance to help and serve those around him. And the result is that Harry is welcome everywhere.---Young Soldier.

Don't Let Your Brains Snore.

Are you making any effort to store away the bits of knowledge which come your way each day?

If not, how can you expect to be anything more twenty-five years from now than you are at present?

Your value to yourself, to your business, to your employer, is based on what you know, on what you have learned by experience.

Every day, every week, should find you with more knowledge.

This will necessitate an effort, but if you are interested and you should be, for it is your own storehouse you are building---you will go into it with the zest of playing a game.

Just how many useful things can you remember this week that you did not know last week.

Are you willing to follow beaten paths all the time, or are you willing to put into practice a few of the things you have learned this day or year?

Enjoyment of the present is all right, but it will be keener if you charge your memory with useful things. You can learn something every day of your life if you keep your brain awake.---New York Journal.

Flying Foxes in India.

People who have lived in India are familiar with the long line of flying foxes which can often be seen wending their way in single file from their places in remote trees to the fruit gardens upon which they prey.

These curious creatures, says a writer in one of the magazines, sometimes measures as much four feet across the wings and have reddish brown fur and mole colored wings. After they have taken all they want, they fly away with the dawn to a tree in some isloted place and there rest during the day. hanging head downward from the boughs in the manner of bats, clutching the branch with their feet.

As the flying foxes gather on the trees selected there is a tremendous commotion, for each newcomer is vigorously driven off from one place after another until he eventually manages to secure a perch for himself. Those on the tree meanwhile keep up an incessant wrangling, each endeavoring to secure the highest and best place to rest on. Sometimes many hundreds of these destructive ereatures may be seen hanging from the branches of a large tree.

When opportunity offers they are often shot, and some of the natives consider their flesh a delicacy, though Europeans do not care for it.

---Apples of Gold.

Perfection in outward conduct consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing common things extraordinarily well.--Madame Arnaul.

The dearest child of faith is miracle.---Goethe.

The Legacy of the Confederacy.

[Address of Gov. Craig accepting the monument to the Women of the Confederacy, Raleigh, June 10th 1914.]

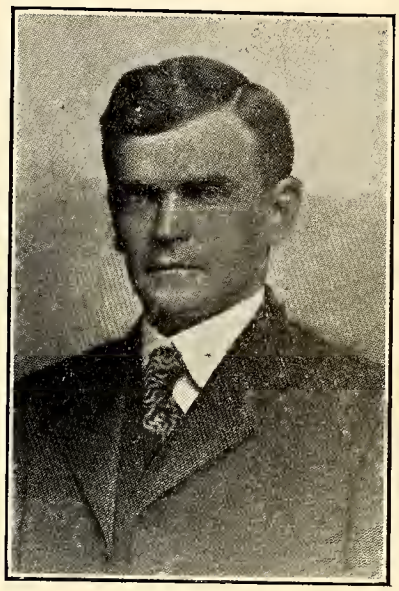
The State accepts this monument with grateful appreciation. It is the tribute of a knightly soldier to the Women of the Confederacy.

The statue is epic: Arms and the Man. Its theme is heroism and devotion; the inheritance of the children of the South. The bronze group represents the grandmother unrolling to the eager youth, grasping the sword of his father, the scroll of the father's deeds. The bronze etchings on the faces of the pedestal suggest the outlines of her story. To the earnest beholder the statue is illumined with unfolding meaning. His vision will determine its revelation.

As we look upon it, there rises out of the past a time when the spirit of war moved upon the depths of human thought, and summoned the elemental forces to titanic strife. We feel the throes of the mighty upheaval. The heavens are black with tempests, and ominous with the voices of ancient war and unutterable woe. We see "the marshalling in arms and battles magnificently stern array." Lovers say goodbye with tokens of plighted troth; the young mother and the father in uniform kneel together, weeping over the cradle of their new born babe; there are tears and everlasting farewells; the cavalcades are filing off, the tramp of innumerable armies is heard. In secret the mother—this Woman of the Confederacy—prays and weeps with breaking heart for the boy who marches away to the wild, grand music of the bugles.

We hear the din of martial hosts, and squadrons galloping in the storm. They rush to the onset amid the rattle of musketry and thunders of field artillery. They defy courage and death; they are torn by bursting shells, they are pierced by bullets and cut with steel; they stagger and fall on the bloody ground; the resolute survivors close in and press on. In the crash of doom the gray line stands, despising hunger and pain and death. Before the numberless battalions they are Vikings in the hour of despair. They feel the pulsations of the unconquerable hearts that beat at home. At home alone, the wives and mothers, these Women of the Confederacy, in patience and suffering, are listening for the coming of those who will never return—will never return, but march on forever in the militant hosts of the heroic of all kindred and nations, that have redeemed and glorified the world.

We dedicate this monument as a symbol of our veneration. We dedicate this monument as a covenant that we too, in blessed remembrance of them, shall strive for fidelity and courage.



HON. CHAS. A. WEBB

The head of the company of gentleman, who purchased from Mr. Hilderbrand the property of the Asheville Gazette-News. Mr. Hilderbrand will devote all of his time hereafter to the Greensboro News.

In unfaltering obedience Abraham would have sacrificed Isaac. For this, "the Angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of Heaven and said, By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hath not withheld thy son, thine only son, that in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of the heaven, and as the sand which is upon the seashore; and thy seed shall possess the gate of his enemies; and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

The Women of the Confederacy, in supreme consecration, did lay upon the altar of Dixie their first born, the fairest and the bravest in the world. And because they did this thing, we too are the children of the Covenant.

In the onward march of the race, these world conflicts must come. That people survives, gathers strength, becomes puissant in human destiny that has the faith and the courage for the supreme issue. The immediate result is not the final judgment. Who won at Thermopylae, the Persians or the Spartans? Who was victorious at the Alamo-Santa Anna or Travis? Who triumphed, Socrates or his judges, Jesus or Pontius Pilate?

The glory of France is the Old Guard at Waterloo. The noblest feelings of the English heart are stirred by the Light Brigade charging to death at Balaklava. Lexington and Guilford Court House are as dear to us as Trenton and Yorktown.

Disaster does not always destroy. The winds may blow; the rains may descend; houses and lands may be swept away; but God has placed His bow in the heavens as a promise that the storm shall cease, and the waters subside: the scorching drouth may wither the fields, untimely frost may kill our corn and fruit; yet in the procession of the seasons, the rain and sunshine will again clothe hill and meadow in verdure, and harvest fields will wave in golden plenty. Armies may be destroyed, "Far called our navies melt away;" yet from a land consecrated by the blood of the brave, from a soil enriched by glorious tradition, tried and purified by fire, a nobler, stronger race will come. But over the waste of moral desolation, there comes no rejuvenating spring. Upon a land blighted by the cowardice of those who should defend it, there is the judgment of decay and death.

The heroic past is the priceless inheritance. Our armies were destroyed; our land was smitten by war; our homes were ravaged by avenging armies. We were plundered by the hoards of reconstruction. But standing in this land that has suffered amid this throng of grey-haired veterans, and their kindred and descendants I declare that the legacy of the war is our richest expression. I utter the sentiments of every maimed soldier; of every soldier who gave the best of his young life to "the storm-cradled nation that fell," of every bereaved widow and mother; and if I could speak for the dead, I would utter the sentiment of the forty thousand sons of the State who fell upon fields of battle, when I declare that they would not revoke that sacrifice.

Some of you can remember when the young soldier was brought home dead when the maiden was clothed

in her first sorrow, and the old gray head was bowed in the last grief. The mothers of the South had their sons to the front as the Spartan mother when she delivered the shield to her son with the command to "Return with it, or upon it." They wept in Silent desolation, but in their grief there was exaltation, for they knew that their sons had done a soldier's part that in the tumult of historic days they fought and fell beneath the advancing flag; that in strange lands, wounded and neglected, they had suffered without complaint, and bequeathing a message for home, had died, as a conqueror, without a murmur.

"While one kissed a ringlet of thin gray hair,
And one kissed a lock of brown."

Hail to you, Women of the Confederacy, that bore them, and nurtured them, and offered them for sacrifice!

In you and your descendants is vouchsafed the promise to Abraham: Henceforth all generations shall call you blessed.

For the shadow of war we sweep into the grander day. The earth is hallowed because it is the sepulcher of the brave; not men whose victories have been inscribed upon triumphal columns, but men whose memorial is, that in courage and loyalty for conviction, they were steadfast unto death; men who have been stoned and scourged, and quailed not before the mighty. "Their heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven out of all lands and out of all times, as a sacred Miserere; their heroic actions as a boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph." They are the conquerors. The South has forever a part in that chorus of Victory.---

The Superfluous.

Gilbert T. Stephenson spoke an obvious truth at Elon College the other night when he stated that there are too many men in North Carolina holding law licenses, and too few real lawyers; but we do not see why he confined it to the legal profession. There are too many men running newspapers in the state, and too few real editors; there are too many storekeepers and too few real merchants; there are too many plough hands and too few real farmers; there are too many mechanics and too few real artisans.

The much sought after quality of efficiency is no more than genuineness under another name. The distinction runs through every trade, every profession, every walk of life; the difference between the politician and the statesman is precisely the difference between the bricklayer and the mason. Politician and bricklayer hold their jobs, and are satisfied, whether they really do their work or not; statesman and mason do their work, first, and consequently do not have to worry about their jobs.

The state may be full of shysters masquerading as lawyers, Judge Stephenson complains; but they are no more numerous than bricklayers masquerading as masons, or politicians masquerading as statesmen. They are costing North Carolina a heavy price, too, in money and in things worth more than money; but in the end the toll they exact from others is nothing compared to the frightful price they all eventually have to pay themselves. Plated ware is attractive at first, but only your sterling spoon is treasured after 20 years' service.---Greensboro News.

The Table Knife.

The knife with which you cut your meat today is the result of a slow development from the most remote ages. The human cannot long have existed before necessity prompted the use of a rude cutting instrument with which game might be killed and divided.

The knife was chipped out of flint or stone, although originally such instruments may not have been fashioned at all beyond the rude shape that nature gave them. Sometimes they were made from shell or the bones of animals or sharpened pieces of tough wood.

For ages the same implement served indiscriminately on the field of battle, in the chase and at meals. Finally it took the different shapes according to the use to which it was to be put. A curved blade was used for whittling, a straight one for domestic purposes and a pointed or dagger-shaped knife served as a weapon.

When history opens, men were always ready using knives of copper, then later tin was added to the copper, and bronze instruments resulted. Bronze continued in favor until the time of Caesar, but iron had come into use a thousand years before. The steel of Damascus gradually took the places of these two.

In literature, the earliest use of the knife has reference to its use in the sacrifice. We are familiar with the reference to be found in Genesis, which tells us, "And Abraham stretched forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son."

The Greek word knife is derived from a verb which means fight, and refers to a large knife worn by heroes and used by them for slaughtering animals. Since the Greeks were in the habit of feasting on their sacrifices, we can hardly imagine that this knife would often be used in carving meat. In the works of Herodotus we have reference to its use as a carving knife, Pherecrates, a comic poet, mentions a knife for cutting meat on one's plate.

At the begining of the Christian era table knives were still without favor. That they were used to a limited extent is indicated by the fact that ivory-handled knives were found in the Roman tombs, besides dishes of food. There are certain monuments depicting banquet scenes at which the guests were provided with knives, but ordinarily the food was cut before being placed upon the table. We learn fron Clement Alexandria that by the second half of the second century the use of knives at the table had become common in the Roman empire.

But certain it is that until the fourteenth century the table knife did not appear in a class by itself. Up to that time the guest attending a party provided his own, if he failed to do so, used his fingures. Within another century, however, the table knife became so popular that three distinct knives were manafactured---a small knife used in eating, a carved knife with a broad blade and the pare pain, or bread peeler, designed to trim the crusts from the flat pieces of bread, which were often used instead of plates.

During the first half of the seventeenth century Cardinal Richelieu, the founder of the French Academy, became offered by the rude manner in which pointed knives were used and thereafter caused his knives to be rounded. Before long the fashion was generally adopted, and the pointed blade, which in lieu of a fork, had been useful in picking up pieces of meat, was abandoned. Since the seventeenth century the form of table knife has remained substantially as we know.—Pittsburg Post.

"IN THE NIGHT."

Charlotte News.

The Monroe Journal has just republished "In the Night" which appeared in the papers several years ago. The Cleveland Star this week uses the story on its front page, and makes notes of the fact that its author, Rev. W. E. Abernathy, now pastor of a Methodist church in Shelby, can write in equal vein for the newspapers at any time he wishes if he would do so.

"In the Night" to our minds is one of the rarest gems ever appearing in a newspaper. It came from the pen of a writer who possesses the power to portray the agony which gnaws at the heart when filled to overflowing with sorrow.

The newspaper fraternity of today has perhaps forgotten Rev. W. E. Abernathy for Mr. Abernathy was not always a reverand by any means. From his lips this writer got his first fascination for a journalism such as Abernathy, as an editor of the Morganton Herald, with vast enthusiasm, pictured it on the canvass of eager imagination. It was splendid work he did in those days, but as many of them do, he reformed and quit the game of journalism to do service for the Sky Pilot. Newspaper men of today know, too, that strange freak genius, his brother, Arthur Abernathy, who, also received from the gifted parents a rare art of expression' and who now does time as editor of the "Yellow Jacket."

On yesterday we republished "Little Boy Blue," that masterpeice of Eugeune Field in which the very heart of the man was turned into ink and spread upon the printed page. There is in "In the Night" a touch of the same tragic yearning, the same beautiful trust--the appeal which goes to very soul of man which fills the lines of Field's masterpeice.

"In the Night" follows herewith:

"Midnight and past in the village parsonage. The hall clock is pitiless; twice each hour it tolls through the megaphone of silence like some iron-throated, iron hearted ghoul. For there is silence; silence that will not not hush; silence which, like the sphinx, challenges the wise with its age long riddle: 'Why should love outlive life; stricken sore but bleeding, living loving all the more? Why should love's velvet caress end in unsheathed claws?' These are some of the things the silence speaks. In yonder room the wife and mother—so tired—sleeps by the grace of the doctor's opiate, yet her mother-heart aches and dreams under the drugged stillness. Near her, with yet moist lashes, the girl of six forgets in childhood's sleep. And Guy --poor, brave patient Guy—sleeps too, he will wake in God's morning. In his study the paster sits alone—entirely alone. The day has gone; God seems far away. More than once' standing above some little casket, he has spoken words of comfort to others; now it is night, and in his own need his mutinous heart refuses coinage to those words. Only a baby! Yes. He had seen the leaves growing and greening but one spring-time yet his thin, white fingers knew where the preacher's heart-strings lay and gathered them all in his little fist.

He never spoke, save in that dialect of heaven, a baby's prattle; but the smile which dawned from his curving lips, almost to the last pain, told of love beyond speech, and his deep, dark gray eyes, following father and mother in seeming wonder that they--big—strong and loving--did not give him ease and rest---the look of them hurt now though the lids are sealed. Only a baby. Yet in the courier dreams of the pastor and his wife, he had already grown into a tall fellow, strong and good; the wreck of that vision lies yonder in a little snowy casket.

"The heartless hall-clock tolls. The dawn, careless as the clock, comes through the lattice. It is the hour for the morning kiss; it is the hour of prayer. To the pressure of the pale lips there will be no response---will there be no answer to prayer? The preacher is on his knees. His lips utter the old submission; 'Thy will be done;' his heart cries: 'My boy, my baby.' Then as his prayer deepens with the deepening dawn, the voice of the incarnate Love whispers: 'Suffer little children to come unto me.'"

Life Without Bitterness.

In an active life like mine one is brought face to face with stiff dogmatic censorious, unreasonable people. It is easy to say rough and sharp things about them and to them; and one is tempted to resist them, to demolish their certanties, to show their lack of reason.

But one wins no victories that way, because the only victories are when one persuades and attracts and encourages. Then you can, perhaps make people see what is beautiful and good, and find more things to love. But when you argue and controvert, the only thing you win is a little admiration for your skill, a little terror of your tongue.

So I thought that I would henceforth only try to praise and bless what I thought worthy of love, and that if I were met by controversy I would argue, if I argued at all, with good humor and amusement, not with bitterness, not to wound. Because bitterness really betrays a little touch of fear. It only means that you cannot trust the beautiful things by their own beauty and sweetness and you try to maul your foe because you are afraid he may damage you if you do not anticipate him.

Life is short and yet there is so much to admire and love and to be interested in, that these ugly tempers are just a waste of time and strength. By yielding to them you only increase your power of being wounded. It is not as if you decreased stupidity or roughness by striking at it; you only put yourself on a baser level.

I do not mean to practice mildness and meekness; that is another sort of feebleness, but I would wish to be generous and chivalrous, and to be amused rather than angry. Life is full of pleasant absurdities, and the certainties of perimpatience and rudeness and contempt are only the signs of timidity.—North American Review.

What Becomes of That Cent?

A farmer comes to town with thirty apples, which he sells three for a cent, getting, of course, 10 cents for them.

Another farmer, also with thirty apples, sells them two for a cent, getting 15 cents for his. They get 25 cents in all.

The next time they come in, with thirty apples apiece, they meet at the edge of town and put their ap-les together making sixty apples. One man having sold two for a cent, the other three for a cent, they decided to sell them five for 2 cents.

They do so and when they're through find out they have received but 24 cents.

The problem is Why did they not get as much for their apples selling them for five for 2 cents as they did when they sold them separately, or, what becomes of the cent.---Columbus Dispatch.

"Self-respect is a manly quality. It has nothing to do with selfishness. It means the keeping of one's soul clean."

Self-Confidence Gets the Job.

BY ORISON S. MARDEN.

"A pleasing address and an air of self-reliance," says a large employer of men, "are often worth more to an applicant for work than a dozen letters of introduction and testimonials. When he has secured the position he has only to display industry, good sense, and confidence in himself, and advancement is merely a question of time." Young men everywhere might profitably ponder that.

A great many employment seekers go on their quest in a half-hearted, discouraged, dejected, indifferent way. They are convinced before they make their application that they are not going to get the place, and of course they don't; for they do not carry the conviction that they amount to anything; that they have the ability which the employer is seeking. They are fore-doomed to failure by the atmosphere of doubt that surrounds them.

If you are looking for a job, you have to convince the employer to whom you apply that he is going to get a prize in you; that you are going to be a real addition to his business; that you have the qualities that win. In other words, he must see that you are yourself a success before he will be convinced that you can add to his success.

When you ask a man to give you a position, and he reads this language in your face and manner: "Please give me a position; do not kick me out; fate is against me; I am an unlucky dog; I am disheartened; I have lost confidence in myself," he will only have contempt for you; he will say to himself that you are not a man, to start with, and he will get rid of you as soon as he can. If you consider yourself a worm of the dust, you must expect people to tramp on you; if you make a door-mat of yourself, people are sure to wipe their feet on you.

I know a young man who has lost many an opportunity of securing a good position by his indiscretion in answering questions.

He has not a particle of tact or diplomacy. He says anything that comes into his head. He does not know how to make a favorable impression. He is more than likely to say things which will counteract the very impression he is trying to make and lose him the position he is seeking. Much of his misfortune due to his extreme nervousness, sensitiveness, and timidity.

Before he applies for a position he feels certain that he will make the right impression, but the moment he gets into the presence of his would-be employer, he seems to go all to pieces and is utterly unable to give a fair account of himself. Indeed, men are prejudiced against him even before he opens his mouth, because his nervous, timorous manner so belies him. He does not know how to plead his cause with the slightest effectiveness. In fact people often think he is foolish when really he has more ability than many of the men of whom he seeks employment. Undoubtedly his total lack of confidence and the fear that he is going to make a fool of himself add materially to his embarrassment. He can make a good impression everywhere but in the presence of a prospective employer.

What you think of yourself will have a great deal to do with another's estimate of you.

If you show in your manner and appearance that you have not much of an opinion of yourself, that you want to apologize for intruding upon a busy man's valuable time, or even for being alive, an employer will not waste a minute with you. You must respect yourself, you must think well of yourself, or he will not think well of you. No argument is needed to demonstrate this.

It is not necessary that you should be brazen, forward, or egotistical. But you must show that you are a man, and that you know you are; that you have confidence in yourself; that you are self-reliant and independent.

Above all things, when you are seeking a job, you should show courage. Nobody wants to hire a discouraged person, one who is down at the heel.

Employers do not engage people out of pity. It is a pure matter of business with them. It is just like buying goods. They want to know if they are getting their money's worth, and they want to get all they can for their money. They want a good bargain. Every man wants to feel when he hires an employe as he would when buying a horse. He wants a horse with something in him—staying power, spirit, style, force. He does not want to buy a horse that is all played out. He does not want to—and in nine cases out of ten he won't.

A man does not want to hire a weakling or a dyspeptic, bilious, long-faced person, who has no faith in himself. He wants force, efficiency, cheerfulness, self-confidence. He does not want to hire depression, discouragement; he probably has more than enough of these in his employ already. He wants energy, life, animal spirits; people who are bubbling over with enthusiasm, who can enter his service with a zest that fore-shadows victory. If you have not these qualities; he will prefer to wait for some one who has.

Your very manner and bearing must carry the evidence of power and ability.

You must impress your prospective employer with your fitness and peculiar ability to perform the work you apply for. He does not want to take on a man who is full of doubts, who hesitates, vacillates, apologizes, and sneaks. He wants a man who will hold up his head and move firmly and swiftly toward his goal. If you make the impression of a weakling, a nobody, you may either wonder until doomsday without getting a job, or if you do get one you will not be able to hold it. Show yourself a man. Stand erect and show that you have a backbone as well as a wishbone; that there is reserve in you, grit and stamina equal to any emergency. This will be your salvation.

If you carry with you evidence of your power, the badge of superiority, then you will not wander the streets looking for a situation very long. Everywhere employers are looking for men who can do things, who can conquer by inherent force and indomitable energy. Let nothing convince you that you cannot become this kind of a man. Nothing in the world is more certain than that you can. The latent power is with in you. See that you bring it out.

The Most Perfect.

The most perfect and best of characters, in my estimation, is he who is as ready to pardon the more errors of makind as if he were every day guilty of some himself, and at the same time as cautious of committiug a fault as if he never forgave one.---Pliny.

High birth is a thing which I never knew anyone to disparage except those that have it not.---Bishop Warbueeon.

The Wild Animals of Our Barnyard.

No more interesting group of animals can be found the world over than those in the zoological garden of the average farmyard. The history of their domestication is exceedingly, humanely interesting; but still more interesting is the phenomenom itself---what it has wrought in the animals, and what it has left unchanged. For if domestication has not changed the leopard's spots, it is because the leopard has never been domesticated. There is little in the style of spots that domestication cannot change. Color, size and shape are as clay; habits and tempers, even, have been made over. But not the creature itself, not the wild instinctive thing within the fur or the feathers; for this has hardly been touched by domestication.

The tame turkey is essentially a wild bird, and none of our farmyard creatures shows more strikingly than he how hardly feather deep is the domestication which he wears. He has learned nothing new in his hundreds of years in the farmyard (he was domesticated by the Indians of Mexico long before the "discovery of America); nor has he forgotten one of the old, wild things he came from the woods knowing. He accepts the fenced and cluttered farm yard, turns it into the tall, timbered river-bottom, and lives his primal forest life among the corn-cribs and Baldwin-apple trees as of old. He has not turned by one quill's breadth aside from his original wild ways. He roosts in the bare tops of the apple trees or along the ridge pole of the barn as if the jaguars and panthers were still prowling for him; he wakes in the night, gobbles, ducks, and spreads his round targe of a tail over him to ward off the swoop of the imaginary owl. He breaks the hen's egg out of jealousy, in order to prolong the honeymoon; she steals her nest from him and covers her eggs in leaving the nest, just as she used to; and when the small turkey bands of any neighborhood are gathered into a flock to be driven to market, as they still are in the less settled parts, the old flock spirit returns to them, and they fall into the old migration habits of their wild forbears, who used to gather in great numbers in the autumn and follow the course of the river-banks, some times across several States, as they fed on the autumn mast.

Stroke kitty the wrong way and she spits. Yet she sleeps in the kitchen by the fire. What of it! The very lap of her mistress has not counted with the cat in her. The cat in kitty is wild to the top of her twitching tail. Watch her---if she hasn't already scratched you---as, crouched in the grass, she makes her way toward some unsuspecting bird. A shiver runs through you. You can feel her claws---so tiger-like is she, so wild and savage, so bent on the kill. Or come upon her at dead of night in some empty, dimly lighted alley. She is on the prowl. The light of the narrow gulchlike street falls on her with a startling largeness and marks her silent shadow on the flags. She moves stealthily out to the corner, and, well within the shadows, stops to glance furtively up and down the open cross street. But the people are all within the shut doors. There is no one for her to devour.

The other day I stood in the edge of the woods when a fox hound, hot on the fresh trail, came baying through the trees toward me, his whole body working convulsively, in the very agony of eagerness, so absolute, single, and compelling was his one wild, masterful desire. He saw nothing, heard nothing, because he was tasting the warm scent. I spoke to him but I might as well spoke to a tree. Neither hunger nor fear could stop him. He could not feel hunger or fear or weariness. He had forgotten utterly---gone wild.

None of our domestic animals is milder-eyed or of a meeker mein than the cow. She is never abject like the donkey; but centuries of gentling and giving down have made her cow-like, until she is in danger of forever losing her horns. She is not in any danger of forgetting how to use horns, however. More than once I have been chased in the evening by the cow I had driven peaceful to the pasture in the morning. On one occasion, I narrowly escaped with my life from the kindest of of old cows, one which I had been driving to the meadows all summer. Her new-borne calf was the trouble. She hed hidden it among the mallows, stationed herself near-by and waited for me, as a thousand years before she had waited for the wolf or the bear Her swift and unexpected lunge was the very fury of wildness.

Little as domestication has changed the individual animal, it has changed still less the animal group---the herd, the flock, the pack. The spirit of the pack and the herd springs from deep and primal needs --common fear, or hunger, or the call of kind to kind. The gregarious animal must be separated from its clan to be domesticated. Allowed to return to the herd pack. it lapses promptly into the wild state; for the spirit of the herd is wild.

Our western cattle are none of them native. There are no wild native stock except the bison. Our cattle are all European, and they represent centuries of careful breeding. I have never attempted to trace their several lines dack to Aurocks, the European bison--- they can be traced; but the wild black blood of that anarch old must have ceased running in their veins long, long ago. Not so his spirit in them. A herd of heavy, bald-faced Herefords, just beneath their corn-fed coats, may be found as wild and dangerous as a herd of buffalo.---Atlantic Monthly.

India's Queer Beliefs.

India's population is 325,000,000. Practically all the races and religions of the world are represented. Ninety-eigt and six tenth per cent of the people cannot read or write. Four per cent of the inhabitants eat regular meals. The remainder eat when they can and where they can. The average native in India lives on less per diem than any other human being in the world. Religious prejudices are intense. Men willingly die rather than submit to some dismembering surgical operation, for did not Allah command them to appear before him as they left him to come into the world?

The Buddhist will not eat meat or take even a medicine derived from an animal. They died by millions during the bubonic plague rather than take a prophylactic serum made from pepsin and beef broth—because the pig from which pepsin was obtained was unclean to the Mohammedan and Hindu, and the killing of this animal and the bull from which the broth was made was against the tenets of the Buddhistic faith. I knew an editor in Poona, India, to absolutely refuse a $3,000 yearly advirtisement of a patent medicine because it contained pepsin.

Indians are fond of sweets and last year imported over $40,000,000 worth of sugar. Clothing is made chiefly from cotton, which is largely grown in the country.—W. E. Aughinbaugh in Leslie's.

There it no debt with so much prejudice put off as that of justice, --Plutarch.

Behind the dim unknwn standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.--James Russel Lowel.

The Boy Who is Never Ready.

The boy who is never ready when he should be, is going to have rather a hard time of it in this life, and he is not going to "get on" as he should. In the first place, he is going to find the door of opportunity closed again and again because he is just a little late in reaching it, and he will be late because of his habit of never being ready to do a thing when the right time comes for doing it. Of course you have heard those famous lines of Shakespear's quoted again and again, but it will do no harm to quote them once more, and they "fit in" so well with all that I am saying, and all that I am going to say:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shollows and in miseries."

You "never ready" youngsters would do well to pay heed to the teachings of these lines. They mean a lot in connection with your future weal or woe.

When in the year 1870 France declared war on Germany, news of the declaration was brought to Von Moltke at night, and it was expected that the news would throw him into a state of great excitement, but he was not in the least disturbed. Turning to one of his officers, he said:

"Go to pigeonhole number—, in my safe, take a paper from it, and telegraph as there directed to the different troops of the empire."

Then the great commander went to bed and slept as soundly as if nothing of any particular consequence had occured. The next morning he got up, and while he was taking his morning walk in a leisurely way a friend met him and said:

"General, you seem to be taking the news about the war very easily. You do not act as you thought it of much consequence. Are you not alarmed over the situation? It seems to me that there ought to be a great deal for you to do."

"There is not," replied Von Moltke. "All my work for this has already been done. I did it when I first heard of the possibility of the war. There is nothing more to be done now; I am ready."

So many of the failures of life result from a total like of readiness to take advantage of the opportunities that tarry for no man to "get ready." Here is another little story illustrating the way in which opportunity declines to tarry for anyone:

It is said that there once stood in an ancient Grecian city a very beautiful statue. One day a traveler came along and held the following conversation with the statue:

"What is thy name, O statue?" asked the traveler.

"I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thou on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is the hair so long on the forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed, I cannot be caught."

This figure is not without its amusing side, but the value of the lesson it teaches is not affected by this fact.

Then the boy who is always ready has a lot of what we call "reserve force" stored away ready for use when it is needed. That is, he is ready when the emergencies of life come, and they do not down him because he holds himself and his powers so well in hand. He is prepared for them, just as Gen. Von Moltke was prepared for the anouncement of war. He did not have to get ready. You see there is no time to get ready for the emergencies of life. They come so suddenly. Now everything that you boys do in the way of fitting yourselves for the work of life is a storing up of reserve force and energy, a kind of a getting ready for the time when you will be put to the test and your real strength must show itself. An old cardinal once said: "There is no man whom fortune does not visit once in his life; but when she does not find him ready to receive her, she walks in at the door and flies out at the window." Some of the men whose lives have been failures know just when it was that fortune visited them and found them unprepared to receive her.

Now, boys, the best thing you can do is to keep off the street of "By and By," for it leads to the house of "Never." The boy who is never ready, but who is always just "going to get ready," is also journeying toward the house of "Never," where so many people who have lost the opportunities of life dwell. Again I repeat that the boy who is never ready when he should be, is going to have a hard time of it in this life.
—J. L. Harbour.

A Prayer.

This world has not provided for my heart. It has proveded for my eye; it has provided for my touch; it has provided for my sense of beauty; but it has not provided for my heart. Provide thou for my heart, O Lord. It is the only unwinged bird in the whole creation; give it wings, O Lord. Earth has failed to give it wings; its very power of loving has often drawn it into the mire. Be thou the strength of my heart. Be thou its fortress in temptation, its shield in remorse, its convert in the storm, its star in the night, its voice in the solitude. Guide it in its gloom; help it in its heaviness; direct it in doubt; calm in its conflict; fan it inits faintness; prompt it in its perplexity, lead it through its labyrinths; raise it from its ruins.

I cannot rule this heart of mine; keep it under the shadow of thine own wings.---.George Matheson.

My Creed

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be strong for there is much to suffer;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

I would be friend of all---the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving, and forget the gift;
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;
I would look up---and laugh---and love---and lift.

Contentment in Work.

The most miserable people in the are those who have nothing to do. Only a little better off are those who are forced to work, and do it so grudgingly that life is merely a matter of dull routine. Happy is the man who loves his work, who rejoices in all the details of his calling because he can carry them out perfectly who rises slowly and surely towards the height of ambition, and sees the labors of his mind and his hands growing out of the weary days into the beauty and strength that he gave them.---Keith J. Thomas.

The Other Man's Life.

Presumably you are fairly well satisfied with your own life as you live it, and are inclined to congratulate yourself and be glad because you did not make a worse mess of things. You pass in complacent review the number of errors you might have committed, and modestly admit that you refrained from making a fool of yourself on many occasions. Your autobiography thus becomes, like Stevenson's diary "a melancholy school of posturing and self-delusion;" and you may now ask yourself what good it did to sit in a box, taking your hat off to this parade of your own virtues. The world does not particularly care to listen to a man's serenade of himself. It is pleased to find one who can be great and keep it a secret as far as his personal confession of the fact is concerned. It is a little doubtful whether a man can be really great and be vain at the same time.

Instead of developing expertness and eloquence in setting forth to others, and to our own entrance hearing, how remarkably gifted and successful we are, is it not a happier process to acquire the art of comprehending and translating the point of view of others? There are people who have made themselves greatly loved by their knowledge and use of this art. You feel when you are with them that they are not critical (in the sense of censorious) and so you are at your ease, which means to be at your best. This postive genius for tact, this inspired insight makes the rough places plain for you, and expounds your true meaning so that it is apparent to others. Sometimes, when it is used in a company, we call it, "the social gift." A woman blest with it is herself a blessing where she comes, for a true sympathy---not a mere sirupy effusiveness---enters the room and pervades the atmosphere with her presence.

"To know all is to pardon all." Like every epigram, the saying overstates the truth, but the truth is there. Could you see into the other man's life you would be at once more forgiving and more admiring. Those who care for him---and you cannot see why they should care---have found something in him you were too blind to discover. Perhaps their liking has a better right to live than your aversion.

Few men can resist those who seem to take an intelligent interest in their concerns: This is the strong, sure means of seductive flattery. But if it does not proceed out of sheer goodness of heart, and a real and kindly solicitude, it will soon appear for the artifice it is, and be rejected for sincerity, even though sincerity be curt and plain of speech. Compliment for the mere sake of compliment wears its betrayal on its face, and is brought to confusion by its own tongue. The well-beloved are those whose desire to help is as unaffected as it is benign. They are dear and good because they know no other tongue. Their lives are a continuing sacrifice; they go like motor ambulances where they are needed, and they bring first aid to those injured in ways beyond the reach of implements and bottles. They do not know that their faces shine, and that communion with the angels is looking from their eyes.

YOU MAY HAVE OBSERVED.

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes.
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes.
Then one fowl is goose, but two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole lot of mice,
But the ploral of house is houses, not hice
If the plural of man is always called men,
When shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine.
And the plural of vow is vows, not vine.
And if I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give yon a boot would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth and the whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular is this and plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that, and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of rat is rats, not rose.
We speak of a brother and also of brethern,
But though we say mother, we never say methei.
The masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine, she, hiss and shim.
So the English, I think, you all will agree,
Is the most wonderful language you ever did see.

—San Francisco Call.

A Quick Decision.

The form of questioning while getting a jury used to be different many years ago, from what it is now. On one occasion in Judge Foran's court, much difficulty had been experienced in finding twelve men competent to hear the testimony in a case. Finally one old fellow answered every question satisfactorily. He had no prejudices; he had not read a word about the case; he didn't know any one connected with it; he was not opposed to capital punishment. "Juror," said the prosecutor gravely, "look upon the prisoner, prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his glasses carefully and peered long at the man before him, pulling nervously at his long chin whiskers. Then he ejected a large amount of tobacco juice and facing the court solemnly said:

"Judge durned if I don't believe he's guilty,"

The unconscious humor of it was so irresistible that the court did not try to quell the laughter that rang through the room from everyone—except the prisoner.

A FEARFUL OCCURRENCE.—A gentleman farmer tells of a city lad who once worked for him.

The lad was called one winter morning before dawn and told to harness the mule to the dearborn.

The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he did not notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house:

"Billy! Billy! What on earth are you doing?"

"I can't get the collar over the mules head!" yelled back the boy "His ears are frozen!"

---Collier's Weekly.

"Don't try to dazzle people with your brightness. Automible lights are something of a nuisance."

Curiously enough, the family loafer never thinks of providing the family loaf.

---The Youth's Companion.